

Australian PENT

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

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MAY 1985

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UNCOVERING
THE AUSTRALIAN
CONSPIRACY**

**A MILLIONAIRE'S
GUIDE TO
MOTIVATION**

**BEYOND
TOUGH:
CROSS
COUNTRY
SKIING**

**HARD DRUGS:
FACTS AND
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**MICK JAGGER'S
MOST
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**SEALED SECTION:
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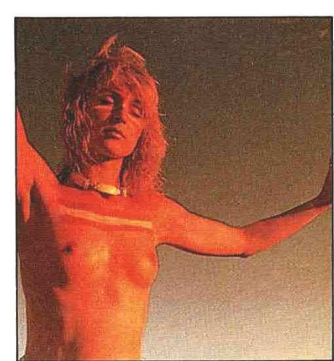


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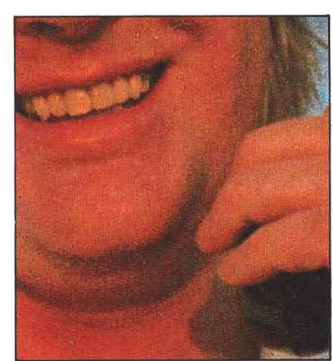
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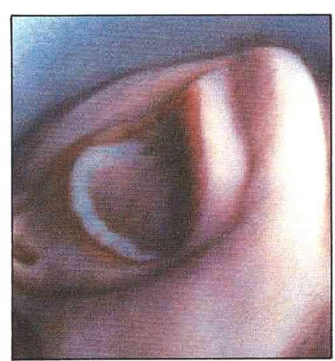
CONTENTS			PAGE
COVER	Julie Lambert	Photo by Nick Brokensha	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		4
FEEDBACK	Opinion		6
FORUM	Correspondence		9
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Opinion	Emily Prager	19
SOUNDS	Reviews	Edited by Jeremy Cook	20
FILM	Reviews	Edited by C.J. Mackay	22
SPORT	Opinion	Greg Hunter	24
SEX	Opinion	C.J. Mackay	26
WORDS	Reviews	Edited by Peter McKay	28
WINNING	Opinion	Michael Korda	30
TRAVEL	Service	Edited by Fred Baker	32
THE CHILD SEX CONSPIRACY	Article	Adrian Tame	34
SHOCK VALUE/DANUTA	Pictorial	Photos by John Copeland	42
HARD DRUGS	Article	Richard Hall	52
BUMS	Cartoons	Brian Kogler	57
CLAYTON'S COMMANDMENTS	Profile	Frank Robson	60
JUST A COUNTRY GIRL/JULIE	Pictorial	Photos by Nick Brokensha	65
THE ALIEN INVASION	Article	David Halpin	78
AUSTRALIANA	Pictorial	Photos by David Marshall	85
THE BIG KNOT	Fiction	Peter Corris	92
BEYOND TOUGH	Article	Leigh and Barbara Hemmings	98
GIVE AND TAKE/TAMMI	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	104
MICK JAGGER	Interview	Allan Sonnenschein	114
ARE YOU AN OUTLAW?	Quiz		121
TIME MACHINES	Motoring	Peter McKay	124
PREMATURE EJACULATION	Sealed Section	Dr Carl	129
PEOPLE	Profiles		138
CRITICS' CHOICE/GINGER	Pictorial	Photos by Suze Randall	142
ARE YOU A SEXUAL HARASSER?	Advise and Dissent	Greg Tillett	148
LOOSE ENDS	Service	Edited by C.J. Mackay	150



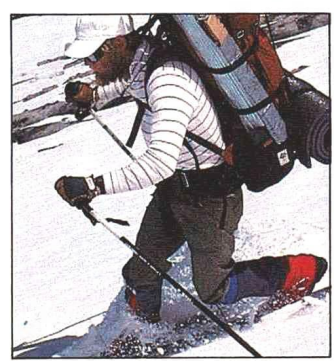
Australiana



Clayton's Commandments



The Child Sex Conspiracy



Beyond Tough

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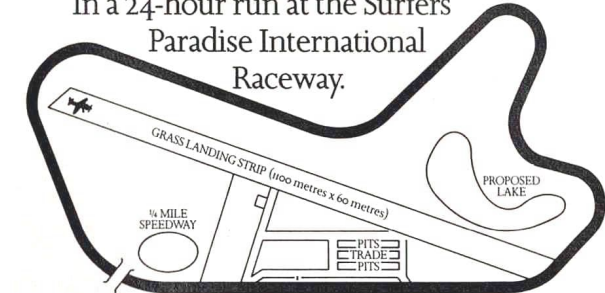
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It's also quick.

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Circuit details: Length - 3.2 km, Width - 9.4 metres, Surface - Hot Mix, Max. Straight - .8 km
AERIAL VIEW OF SURFERS PARADISE INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY.

A grand total of 36 national and international marks were recorded.

The 360 GLT clocked blistering quarter mile and half kilometre times.

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All this is packaged in a 5-door hatchback with a low-drag aerodynamic shape.

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Australian PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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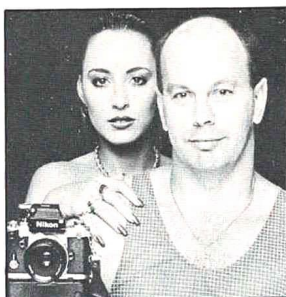
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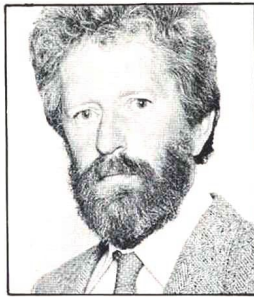
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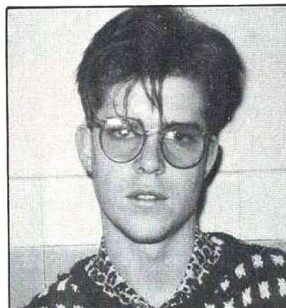
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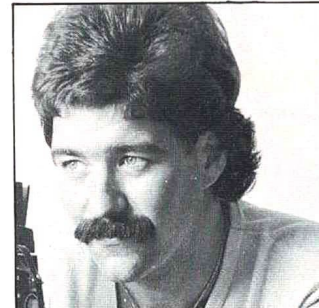
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THE CHILD SEX CONSPIRACY

In 1983 a female schoolteacher rang a Melbourne radio talkback program to express the view that the age of consent could justifiably be lowered to 10. She then gave her name and occupation before hanging up to return to the classroom. That's only one of an incredible series of recent developments in Australia which amount to a major conspiracy: a conspiracy designed to convince Australians that there is nothing wrong with the desire of an adult male to make sexual advances to children. And as Adrian Tame points out in this shocking story, the unbelievable thing is that people are actually starting to listen to these monsters. Tame's investigation of the paedophile file begins on page 34 with a haunting illustration by Gottfried Helnwein.

HARD DRUGS

Richard Hall, best-selling author of *Greed* and one of Australia's foremost authorities on organised crime, shatters the myths surrounding heroin and cocaine distribution in this country in an extract from his forthcoming book on crime and corruption. If you're sick and tired of sifting through the layers of bullshit perpetrated by self-serving authorities and hysterical nobodies on the subject of hard drugs, then turn to page 50 and read the facts. Nigel Buchanan created the illustration.

CLAYTON'S COMMANDMENTS

"I thought money would make me a nicer guy. In fact, they tell me I've turned out to be a real prick." That's Clayton Crowe, the quintessential self-made man, shooting from the hip. If you like Frank Robson's tales of terminal tastelessness from the

Deep North, you're going to adore Clayton. He plans to become the richest man in Australia, and he's just dying to tell you how to follow in his footsteps. Danny Nolan's photo opens this hilarious profile on page 60.

AUSTRALIANA

A beautiful bonus pictorial featuring the artistic lens of Cairns-based photographer David Marshall, who set out into the wilderness of Australia's gulf region armed only with a camera, a remarkable imagination and a couple of very scenic models. The results of his journey to the heart of Australiana are displayed in a sequence beginning on page 104.

THE ALIEN INVASION

Each year up to 10,000 people enter Australia on tourist and transit visas, slip quietly into the background and never return to their homelands. The Department of Immigration is virtually powerless to stop the flood of illegal immigrants - and if that doesn't worry you now, it will after you've read David Halpin's analysis of this rapidly growing problem. Shane McGowan's illustration begins that story on page 78.

MICK JAGGER INTERVIEW

Jagger, the world's greatest rock 'n' roll legend, has never been renowned for opening his heart and mind to inquisitive journalists. This month's *Penthouse* interview is an exception. Allan Sonnenschein conducted a disarmingly frank interview with the Stones' frontman, who reveals a diverse array of viewpoints that will surprise even his staunchest fans. Turn to page 114.

Go

Now there's a new way to go-anywhere:
Go Rocky!

Daihatsu Rocky.
All new outside. Inside. Even the underside.

Outside: Knife-edge styling with excellent aerodynamics (0.47CD). Inside: A totally re-designed interior with much more space and a superb dashboard display.

The underside: A new suspension tested and proven over two years in Australia.

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All Rocky models offer as standard equipment: 5-speed gearbox, free wheeling hubs, laminated/tinted windscreen, halogen lights, power assisted front disc/rear drum brakes, AM/FM radio, reclining bucket seats, single rear loading gate, rear step bumper.

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Who gives you a choice of petrol and diesel engines?

With our proven, powerful 2.8 litre diesel engine and a brand new 2 litre petrol engine, when we say "Go Rocky," we mean "Go!"

The new 2 litre petrol engine not only delivers more power and torque but better constant-speed cruising fuel economy as well. The diesel engine also has a new intake exhaust and fuel system.

The result is reduced noise and vibration levels, with improved fuel economy plus significantly better acceleration and top speed.

Who changes roads at the touch of a button?

Also standard equipment on the Rocky long wheelbase EX (optional



on DX model) is 3-way adjustable suspension. At the touch of a button, you change the suspension from soft to medium to hard, to suit the road surface exactly.

No other four wheel drive in Australia offers this feature!

You can change settings standing still or on the move.



Rocky is ready for anything!

Who gives you a new dimension in practicality?

With a choice of short and long wheelbase models, Rocky can take you and a friend, or your whole family - and your gear - in its stride. Rocky offers significantly more interior space in all areas (head-room, leg-room, shoulder-room, luggage space) than earlier models. And the big, easy-opening single rear door and low lip makes loading/unloading a breeze.

Which adds up to this:

If you're looking for a go-anywhere vehicle, really there's only one way to go:

Straight to your Daihatsu dealer. And go Rocky!



Rocky!

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Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Her name was Joanne...

Congratulations on your February pictorial entitled Downward Mobility. Miss Joanne Latham is the woman I have dreamed of for as long as I can remember. When I opened that issue and saw her, I couldn't believe my eyes. Her comments printed beneath the photos also summed her up as my kind of woman. She gets my vote for Pet Of The Century. — *Keith Stubbins, Brisbane, Qld*

I thought all my dreams had been realised at once when I began perusing your February issue. Your first pictorial was a most pleasant and heartening surprise — the one and only Miss Joanne Latham. I regard this stunning 23-year-old as one of the most beautiful women to have walked the face of the Earth in the past five years. — *Mr T.W., Qld*

The pits

I was greatly offended by Peter McKay's motoring article entitled The Great Race in February *Penthouse*.

I am a truly devoted Ford fan, but I view all the other teams with great respect. McKay's criticisms of other drivers' attempts to win the James Hardie disgusted me. It's a free world, sir, and anyone can drive whatever car they choose. How would you know whether a Ford driver would perform just as well in a Commodore? If you really think that BMW, the Bluebird and, of course, the Falcons have no chance of winning the event then say it to the drivers' faces and not to the motor racing fans among *Penthouse* readers. I'm sure Dick Johnson and Steve Masterton would be interested in what you've got to say. Your article was a disgrace to *Penthouse*. — *Bruce Lange, Garran, ACT*

Come on, decency

You should be castrated before you print another edition of such filth or allow another girl to be raped by the perverted creatures who buy the rottenness you print and advertise.

Why not revert to common decency? Then everyone would buy your magazine, not just those with little more intelligence than the average fourth-grader with the sickness of mind to need this dirt. Do you have a sister or a daughter or a wife? Did you have a mother? I think you were born of a monster to degrade women as you do. Print magazines portraying men in the



Joanne Latham... Pet Of The Century?

same way and see how many filthy mags you sell then. — *A decently brought up girl, Parkes, NSW*

Frankly speaking

As a Queenslander, I wish to applaud the recent stories you have printed by Frank Robson. His approach to the lively characters that make this the most interesting and fun state in Australia is of uniformly high quality. In my opinion he never fails to be both amusing and informative. My favorite was his article about the Phantom Club in Brisbane (February '85 *Penthouse*); I'm still laughing. Keep the Bananabenders' flag flying. — *Mr F.S., Surfers Paradise, Qld*

Frank Robson's latest story, Clayton's Commandments, begins on page 60. — *Ed*

Hi-fi made easy

Thanks *Penthouse* — your aptly titled article Sound Advice (February) put a lot of things to do with music systems into perspective for me, and I'm sure many others. David Frith's witty and comprehensible style was up to your usual high standards. I, for one, would like to see more of such informative consumer-oriented articles in your excellent publication. — *Tim Doyle, Glebe, NSW*

Stale mates

Congratulations *Penthouse* and Greg Hunter for your very timely story The Mat-

ing Game which appeared in the February 1985 issue. It was really about time someone exposed the rapacious, money-grabbing tactics of some of those in the business of introducing lonely people to each other.

Unfortunately I was in the situation last year where I felt the need to go to an introduction agency. I'd recently been through quite a bitter divorce, was not meeting anyone, and was desperately depressed. Then I saw an ad for an introduction agency and thought my lonely days were over. I was to be very disappointed.

To cut a long story short, I contacted the agency and paid an initial "membership fee" of \$300. I resisted taking out "executive membership" despite the counsellor's claim that with it I'd be much more likely to meet "that special kind of girl." Executive membership, incidentally, was worth \$500. The counsellor took down a lot of vital particulars concerning myself, my hobbies etc. At the time I naively presumed that this would be to assist in arranging an introduction with a woman with whom I had something in common. What a joke! Of the three girls I was introduced to I shared a vague interest in pottery with one of them — unfortunately I found her halitosis rather distracting. The other two girls, needless to say, I had nothing in common with. One was totally vacuous; the other was grossly overweight and unconcerned about it. When we went out to dinner she helped herself to three servings of dessert!

I informed the agency of my great displeasure at the service they'd provided and all they could do was suggest I pay another \$200 to acquire "executive membership", where I'd be able to meet women "who were really more my type." I knew much better than to hand over more cash to them.

I was very upset about my treatment by the agency and even considered seeing the Consumer Affairs people about them. The "embarrassment factor", plus the fact that I had met a girl (quite independently of the agency) with whom I got on very well, meant I didn't.

I thought my case might have been exceptional; I can see after reading The Matting Game that it's much more like the norm. Keep up the good work, *Penthouse*; the more the activities of these shady businesses are exposed, the better off we'll all be. — *Name and address withheld*



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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All in a day's work

Reading the letters in *Forum* I am never sure whether or not they are true but I recently came to the conclusion that in either case it doesn't matter. Why should it? And so I am going to tell the story of my favorite fantasy. I'm 33, married (happily) and have no wish to change anything. I don't know what I would do if this fantasy came true, but I use it to wank to.

I am sitting in my office and a beautiful, blonde woman walks in. She's tall, taller than me, and a real stunner. Any man in his right mind loves to have a blowjob from a real expert and, looking at the mouth on this woman, I immediately know that she is an expert. My heart begins to race as she walks towards me. She is carrying a sheaf of blank paper — a simple prop to save my reputation within the company — and as she drops it to the floor I know what is expected of me.

We discuss the weather, the last episode of *Possession*, and then she tells me to get out my cock and shut up. She tells me that she is an expert in giving blowjobs and wants to see what I have to offer. She radiates warmth and slutty casualness. I buzz my secretary, tell her to hold any phone-calls, and walk around the desk to face my visitor. I sit on the edge of the desk, undo my fly and my prick leaps out. She reaches out with her slim hand and takes my prick into her palm, lightly weighing up my balls with her other hand. She makes breathless comments about its size and beauty and then slowly leans forward to take it in her mouth.

She feathers it gently with her tongue and runs her mouth up the underside as far as the glans and then back again. She circles her tongue around the knob and it begins to pulse visibly. It throbs and thrusts towards her as she takes it in her mouth and gently but firmly sucks it in. She teases me but never lets my knob leave her tempting lips. She strokes the knob along the ridges on the roof of her mouth and I start to breathe more heavily than before.

One of her hands holds my prick just below her lips — she's not ready to deep-throat me yet, but I know that this'll come later. Her other hand lightly tickles my balls, stroking them with her own hair and I start to think of other things — gas bills, bus rides, whatever — so that I could make this last a little longer.

Now she starts to make things a little rougher, sucking harder than ever as she

makes the up-stroke. Her hand holding my cock has become as wet as any cunt and I can't hold out any longer. I pull her face down on to my prick and explode into her mouth a thousand times. She swallows it, wipes her mouth, picks up the papers and leaves.

And that's my fantasy. I just know that you couldn't *learn* to suck like that — she's so good because she loves cocks so much: mine, anyone's... she just loves oral sex. But the fantasy never goes any further than what I've told you. She leaves the office and I get back to work. — *Name and address withheld*

Doin' what comes naturally

For a number of years I have been a member of a naturalist club which, unlike most others, allows single men to join. I'm 28, of average build, and have an income that allows me to enjoy a pretty comfortable life. My wife and I split up about three years ago — there were no children; we are still good friends but we're unable to live together.

The club to which I belong has a party night occasionally. These events are very well attended, mainly by couples but with a sprinkling of singles. Naturally I know a lot of people in the club but I sometimes feel that I am being left out of certain things because I have no partner. It is well known that several of the couples have private parties where "anything goes."

A couple of weeks ago one of the men I know was talking to me whilst his wife was elsewhere in the club. John said that on the following Saturday night there was to be a private party with six couples attending. He said that the group had been talking together during that week and decided to invite six single males to boost the party. They had discussed the single men in the club and I had been selected as one of the men they would like to attend. Naturally I was eager to join them and so readily accepted. I began to wonder what I had let myself in for... Saturday could not come fast enough.

The party was at the home of John and his lady, Jane. When I arrived, four of the couples were already there along with a couple of singles. Soon everybody turned up and the evening began with some drinks and dancing. Everybody was pretty relaxed and some of the married women began to dance with the singles. After a while it got rather warm and so we

stripped off; soon everyone was in the nude. The women agreed not to dance more than two dances with any one man. Dancing in the nude soon got many of the men excited and I was no exception. As I danced with Jane she said that I must control myself and not waste the evening too soon.

After a couple of hours the video was switched on and we all sat around the room to watch it. Looking around the room I saw the lucky fellows who had been dancing when the music stopped. The women were now sitting on their laps and as the films became more explicit they began to fondle and massage each other. Very soon all the men had erections.

One young woman knelt in front of her partner and as she performed oral sex on him another entered her from behind. Other men and women watched them and then inhibitions vanished as a full-scale orgy began.

A woman, about 10 years my senior, lay on the floor with a cushion under her bottom. It thrust her snatch up high to receive the enlarged penis of a man kneeling over her. I positioned myself so that I could enter her mouth and after a while we swapped partners altogether. I moved over to a young girl who told me, as I entered her, to be quick as she wanted to try all the men before they and she became exhausted.

I could go on for some time telling you about the happenings, but I won't. Let me say that I witnessed things that hitherto I had thought reserved for hard-core porn. Can you imagine a man holding his wife's legs high and open so that man after man could penetrate her, or a woman being penetrated by three men — simultaneously and to the hilt.

After this initial outburst things began to quieten and slow down. One man asked me to accompany him to a bedroom wherein his wife lay waiting. He enjoyed watching her being fucked by another man and she enjoyed it but only when her husband was close by.

I hope that I'm invited to another of these parties soon and I do know that this latter couple want me to visit them for a repeated and prolonged session at their home.

By allowing single men to join the club the proprietor has given many single men a new interest and the opportunity to meet others. And for a selected few he has opened the door to a whole new world. — *Name and address withheld*



Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

Master strokes

I was recently sent out of town to evaluate a customer's computer needs for my firm. June, another employee, also came. We're both in our late 20s and married; we'd always had a proper working relationship — until the second night of this trip.

In the bar at our motel that evening we discussed various things. After quite a few drinks we discovered that we each wanted to play slave-and-master games, but had been afraid to tell our respective spouses. We agreed to act our fantasies over the next two nights, the last nights of our stay. By a toss of the coin it was decided that I would be June's "sex slave" the first evening.

I thought June might have had cold feet, until on returning to the motel late the next afternoon I found a large envelope waiting for me. Inside was a green male G-string and a note which just said "8 PM."

At eight, I knocked on June's door. She was dressed in a grey tailored suit. June sat in a chair and told me to go to the bathroom and strip to my G-string, so she could "inspect the wares." I came out after a few minutes with a hard-on that the little pouch could not contain. June was still fully dressed. She had me stand in front of her chair as she inspected me and felt me up. Then, when my back was toward her, June reached between my legs, gave my balls a firm squeeze, and warned that "insubordination" would not be tolerated from her slave.

In the next hour or so June had me do all the things she had fantasised having her husband do — she told me so on our flight home. I was first blindfolded, and made to bend over with my back to June, caress my balls and then my cock. I had to sit on the bed and masturbate. After I had come, I was told to remove the blindfold. I saw June had undressed and, evidently, had been masturbating while she watched me. I was then instructed to kneel in front of June's chair and had to eat her until she came again. We fell asleep together around midnight, but only after June had tied my wrists and ankles to the legs of the bed with her nylons, and ridden me until we both came.

June and I worked together the next day, just as always. At lunch hour I went off and bought her a transparent black bra and matching G-string, which I gave her at dinner saying, "My room at 8.30."

When June knocked at my door at 8.45, I decided to punish her for lateness and show her who was master that night. I had her raise her short denim skirt and bend over my knee, while I laid six solid swats on each side of her arse with a stout wooden ruler. As I hit her behind, I pinched her left nipple with my free hand through her blouse.

Next, taking a leaf from June's own

book, I had her put on a blindfold and strip in time to rock music from the radio. I reminded her of the penalty for disobedience. Once she was stripped down to my "gift" of earlier that day I ordered her to sit on the bed and spread her legs wide. She blushed deeply when I had her play with herself beneath the transparent undergarments. I then took my cock out of my pants, and (after a reminder about the ruler) got June to suck its entire length into her mouth as she kneeled before me. I pulled out and butt-fucked her on all fours on the floor — a first for us both.

All this was last week. June and I have since each volunteered for the same trip to Perth for the company next month. I don't think I'll find Perth dull, for once! — *E.E.B., Epping, NSW*

Suspender animation

My wife has always been something of a prick teaser, but then she has the kind of body that shouldn't be hidden. Her measurements are 38-26-36. Her tits are cone-shaped, very firm and have very large nipples. Her stomach is trim and flat, her arse very firm and she has a seductive sway when she walks. Her legs, long and graceful, would give any man an instant hard-on. Flashing green eyes and long dark hair set off a lovely face.

In the early days when I brought up the subject of men seeing up her skirt, Ann just laughed and said they would see more of her when she was wearing a swimsuit; if men enjoyed the view, she didn't mind. The more I thought about it, the more I realised how much it turned me on to watch my wife showing off in public.

I bought Ann a black and a red suspender belt, several pairs of stockings including black fishnet and black silk, and several pairs of brightly colored bikini panties. When she tried them on I suggested we go out, and that she go out of her way to give men a view up her skirt. She carried on better than I imagined. It was a windy day and she selected a dress that would catch every breeze. We took a walk through the city with the wind blowing Ann's dress up often, showing off her legs and panties. By the time we got home we were both so hot we couldn't wait to go to bed. Ann wouldn't let me undress her. She lay back on the couch, pulled her dress up and slipped her panties to one side. I screwed her in one of the wildest fucks of our marriage.

We agreed to continue our little game. Ann started wearing her skirts and dresses shorter or with splits, and wearing low-cut brassieres. The more she teased in public, the more it turned us both on. One afternoon we were sitting in a cocktail lounge with Ann giving one man in particular "stolen glimpses" all the way up her skirt. He was obviously enjoying the view. I asked Ann if she would like to have him fuck her. In response, she hiked her skirt up a little higher and asked me what I

thought he would want to do to her. As we talked about the possibility she started to squirm. She went on teasing him for a few minutes, then insisted that I take her home and screw her straight away.

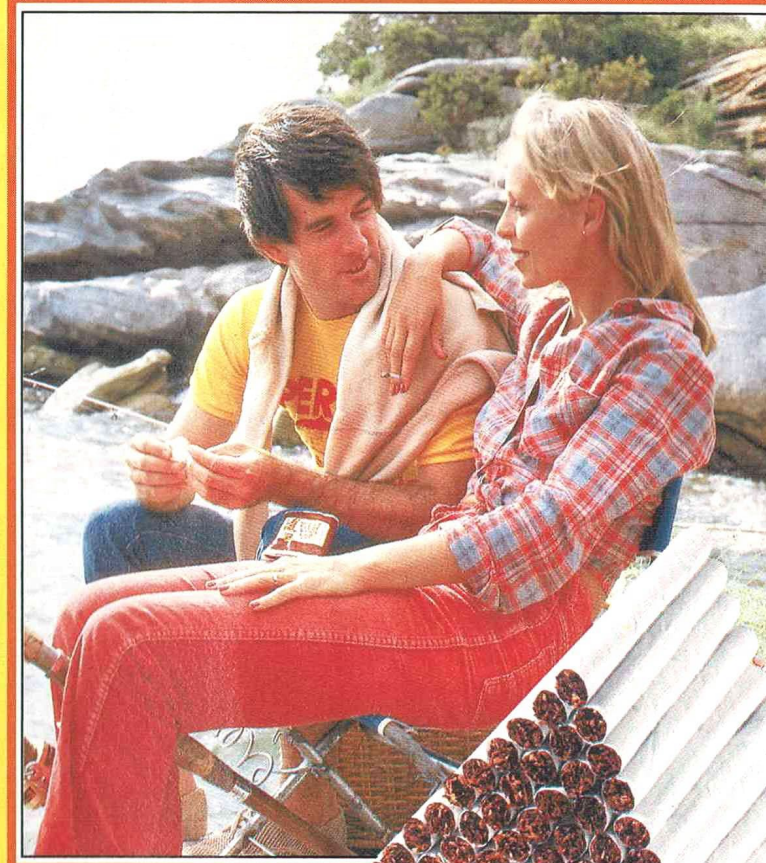
The next evening I gave my wife several packs of rubbers and told her to carry them in her purse. I told her if she ever wanted to get fucked by someone else I didn't mind, so long as it was strictly sexual. I knew she had put out to a number of men before we were married, and it hadn't bothered me. Now the idea turned me on.

A couple of weeks later I came home from work and my wife gave me back one of the rubbers, used. She started undressing while she told me about letting a man pick her up. Ann told me he had fucked her twice and she had sucked his cock. She straddled me, then when I had my cock in her pussy she described everything he had done to her and how much she had enjoyed it.

One afternoon I came home to find Ann in the bedroom naked. She told me a man had just left her and he had not used rubbers. When I shoved my cock in her pussy she was still wet with his jism. Ann told me she had wanted me to come home early and find her being screwed.

Over the next few weeks my wife got laid several times. We both agreed it would be exciting for me to watch someone fucking her, but it would be somewhat traumatic for the guy involved. A few days later Ann called me at work and asked if I could take a couple of hours off. She told me she was in the city and had met a man. She was going to take him home and let him fuck her. Ann told me to get there before they arrived and to wait in the next bedroom, but I was not to walk in on them. They arrived only minutes after I did and Ann led him straight to the bedroom. There was silence for a few seconds, then I could hear the rustling sounds as he undressed my wife. Seconds later I could hear the squeak of the bedsprings and Ann started to moan. I heard her asking him to suck her tits and feel her up. Her moans grew louder, until she was begging him to fuck her. I wanted to go in, but it was wilder to just try to imagine what was going on. I listened to my wife cry out when he shoved his prick in her. I could hear their naked bodies slapping together and the squeak of the bedsprings. Minutes later I heard Ann cry out that she was coming. She made it again before he finished. There was silence for a few minutes, before Ann told him she wanted to suck his cock and that she wanted him to come in her mouth. I could actually hear the sucking noises. It didn't take her long to bring him off. Minutes later he screwed her again, this time with Ann riding him.

He left quickly and as soon as he was gone I went into the bedroom and found my wife lying naked except for her suspender belt and stockings, her lovely legs spread wide apart. I could see his cream



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In the last 25 years, Toyota LandCruiser has become a legend in Australia, for supreme reliability, and strength.

The new generation of LandCruisers is built on these foundations. Reliability remains unchanged, but everything that could be improved, has been improved.

There are 24 models in the new LandCruiser range, from the heavy duty work-horse to the Bundera – the first, quick 4WD to earn the LandCruiser name, and 10 new wagon models, 4 with automatic transmission.

On every model you'll find fresh modern styling, aero-dynamic lines, and more glass area for better visibility.

Inside, you'll find a higher degree of comfort, wide cabins

with plenty of space, and a surprising number of features such as tilt steering – standard on all models.

The new LandCruisers aren't just completely re-styled, there's also a host of new engineering features.

When you look under the bonnet, you'll see that LandCruisers' tireless engines now

come in more powerful versions.

The new 4 litre, 6 cyl petrol engine provides a major increase in power yet it's lighter and offers better fuel economy. The 4 litre, 6 cyl diesel engine is improved, and the faithful 3.4 litre, 4 cyl diesel power plant is just as reliable.

There's a re-designed suspension system with longer leaf springs in the back, and on

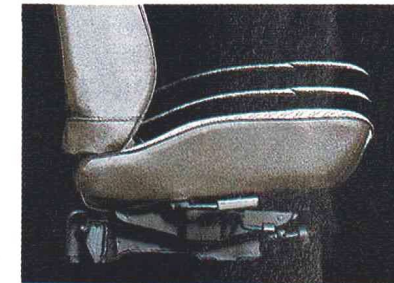


most models†, a stabilizer bar in front. This system gives a more comfortable drive without being any less rugged in operation.

There's also a new differential which increases 4WD traction.

The new range includes two new kinds of LandCruiser models never seen before.

One, the Bundera is a rugged, fun-loving outdoor vehicle, powered by a strong 2.4 litre, 4 cyl petrol engine that delivers



A special two-stage suspension seat smooths out the ride on Bundera Hard-top and FRP-top de luxe LandCruisers.

welded box frame for extra high unit-beam strength – in fact the torsional rigidity of the Long Wheel Base frame is three times that of any previous LandCruiser.

So although every model in the new LandCruiser range, with its extensive re-design and re-building, may look unfamiliar at



LandCruiser Bundera – the sports 4WD convertible! Vinyl top, rear windows and frames, and side windows, are all removable – and the windscreen folds flat on the bonnet. Enjoy the wide-open spaces.



*Not available in NSW & Victoria.

outstanding pace through its high power-to-weight ratio. It's got coil springs all round, plus style, comfort and fuel economy. Two, the Mid Wheel Base Cruiser with F.R.P. Top sets a new standard in off-road versatility with power and torque to spare.

LandCruiser's famous durability has gone even further in this new range. All body panels are a full 1mm thick, using a remarkable new steel sheet, called "Excelite", which is given two layers of galvanisation, to improve rust resistance and paint-coating characteristics.

The whole frame is welded, not riveted, into a closed section

first – don't be misled. In terms of its appetite for hard work and



One-touch 2WD – 4WD selector switch is standard on Bundera Hard-top and Mid Wheel Base de luxe models.

absolute reliability, you can bet your life it's a LandCruiser.

†Not applicable Cab/Chassis, or Pickup.

TOYOTA
Oh what a feeling!

FORUM

running out of her pussy. She started rocking again as soon as I stuck it in her. We tried this scene a few times over the next few months. One afternoon Ann told me she had a surprise for me, but wouldn't give any indication of what it was. Around eight o'clock Ann went to answer the door. When she came back she was with a couple. The man was well-built; the woman was almost as lovely as my wife. Ann introduced me to Karen and Grant. The two women sat together on the couch. We had a drink and talked a bit. After a few minutes Ann put her arm around Karen and the two women started to kiss. I had an instant hard-on when I saw my wife start to play with Karen's legs and tits, and as Ann eased Karen's skirt up I saw that she too was wearing a suspender belt and stockings. Ann slowly undressed the woman. Karen was laying back in my wife's arms while Ann felt her up and sucked her tits.

The four of us went into the bedroom. Karen lay back and spread her legs. She was writhing all over the bed, drawing Ann's face between her legs. Ann licked Karen's cunt until she was close to orgasm, then moved around to a 69 position. After they brought each other off they asked Grant and I to join them.

I went down on Karen while I watched Ann sucking Grant's cock. When he

mounted Ann, I moved up between Karen's legs and rammed my cock up her snatch. We took turns fucking the two women for about an hour. While I was screwing Ann she told me Karen would sleep with me while she slept with Grant. But none of us got much sleep that night!

Ann has never told me how she met Karen and Grant. She did tell me she had taken them both on before bringing me into it. We have traded wives a number of times since then. At times Karen and Ann sleep together, or Grant and I will take turns on one of them. — *Bob J., Miranda, NSW*

Slime queen

Are there any girls out there who relish the feel of thick sticky things splattering against their bodies or cold creamy liquids trickling down their skin? Any men who get turned on by this? For years this has been a secret turn-on for me, ever since I was at university and got a pie shoved in my face at a football match.

Since those carefree days, I've become respectable. My husband has a conservative job in a staid university and although the thought turns me on immensely, it simply would not do for his wife to get a cream pie shoved up her skirt in public. Sometimes when he leaves in the morning, I retreat to my bathroom and engage in a little private fun, but it isn't really the same.

While standing in the tub, I'll fill my panties with jelly, break eggs over my head un-

til the yolks run over my face, fill my bra with whipped cream, and then empty one of those industrial-sized cans of creamed corn over my head. The feel of the cold lumpy mess oozing over me, plastering my hair to my scalp, sliding over my face, oozing down between my tits and over my belly, really gets me going. I run my hands over my slimy body and delve into my pants. I sit down with a disgusting but exciting splat in this pile of goo and masturbate myself to orgasm after orgasm.

This summer, while my husband was away for a week, we had a boarder in the extra room of our house. She was a delightful Asian girl who I became good friends with. One evening, Lana brought home some grass and some wine and we spent the evening imbibing. Somehow I let slip my fantasy and she seemed to think it was a great idea. She also thought a public show made it sound even better, and reminded me that because we *did* live next to a college house, finding an appreciative audience would not be difficult. Drunk and high, I agreed to finally live out my fantasy. We made plans for the next day.

We have a pool surrounded by a fence, but if the boys in the house sit on their roof they can easily see into our backyard.

Lana set the bait by sunning herself in a tiny spandex bikini. After I was sure there was a sizeable audience, I made my entrance. My heart was beating in my throat and I was shivering with so much excitement that it was difficult to walk. I entered the patio wearing a short skirt and a thin summer blouse. I had just been to the hairdresser, so my red hair was neatly permed, and I was elegantly made up. There were several wolf whistles from the roof, which really did my ego some good, and made me more determined to go through with what we had planned. In front of me I pushed the most exciting part of all: a two-level dessert tray stocked with every sort of goopy foodstuff you could imagine.

Lana stood to greet me. She gave the tray a slight push and I fell backward, arms waving, into the pool. My hair was ruined. My clothes were soaked and clinging to my body like a second, heavy skin. As I climbed out of the pool, Lana was on me like a cat, producing handcuffs from the bottom level of the tray and clipping them around my ankle. The other end was attached to a leg of the tray.

Lana danced behind me and slipped off her bikini top, which brought applause from the neighboring rooftop. With her bikini top, she quickly tied my hands behind me, and then reached around my back to unbutton my blouse. I could feel her pointy nipples on my back through the wet fabric. She pulled my blouse open and back to reveal my large tits stuffed into the wet bra. The chill from the water had stiffened my nipples to their peaks. Next, Lana unzipped my skirt and slid it down my legs.

She returned to the tray and picked up

a carton of eggs. One at a time, she smashed them on to my head. The yolks and bits of shell ran down my face. The boys were quiet now. They must have thought we would disappear if they made any noise. I resisted the urge to look up and see how they were reacting. Instead I looked at Lana just as she smashed a thick marshmallow cream pie into my face. For a moment I could see nothing, just feel the heavy goo clinging to my face and hair. Then, bit by bit, I felt the crust and large blotches of marshmallow drop off my face.

Lana carefully cleared the mess from my eyes so that I could see again. My head was so heavy and I could feel large pieces of crust weighing against my scalp. Lana then slid one of my bra cups down, baring my tit. I tried to push my arms together to make my tits look even larger, but that was difficult with my hands tied as they were. Lana then bared my other breast and stood behind me. In front of me on the tray was a large frosted cake and a deep bowl of chocolate pudding. Lana gave a push to the small of my back and I jackknifed forward at the waist, pressing my tits in the thick pudding. When I emerged, Lana wiped my eyes clear again and I looked like two mounds in a sundae, covered with thick, liquid chocolate. Before I could think, Lana picked up the pudding bowl and dumped it over my head. The cool liquid slowly flowed over me; running into every fold and crevice of my upper body. A small pool of it welled up in my cleavage. My legs grew unsteady as pleasure hit me, and I thought I could feel my pussy juices adding to the other liquids on my body.

Lana pushed me into the cake again. My breasts were crushed beneath me against the table. I felt a sudden rush of air on my backside and between my legs as Lana pulled at my panties. Then I felt an intensely pleasurable squishiness against my buttocks. Lana had emptied a can of spaghetti into my panties. She then gave me a few seconds to wriggle and writhe as the cold macaroni sauce slithered around my most private regions. Then she spanked me: the first slap crushed the mess against my arse, the second forced some of it between my cheeks.

Then I felt the whole mess fall away. Lana had slid my panties down. I was now mooning nearly a dozen boys on the roof and I was ever so turned on! I spread my legs as far as I could, hoping to show everything I had. Lana emptied a bottle of sauce over my crack and the red cold liquid flowed between my cheeks and over my pussy lips. Again both of my legs went weak and I had to fight just to remain standing.

Then she went to work on my pussy with a vibrator. And I orgasmed like I never had before. I was flat on the table now, heaving and shrieking, scattering food and mess everywhere. Afterwards, Lana moved to the end of the table and wheeled

me back inside. Our show was over, and I didn't come down for the rest of the day. I had lived out my greatest fantasy and it was everything I expected it to be. I urge everyone to fulfil their fantasies at least once in their lifetime. You'll never know what it's like until you try it. — *Name and address withheld*

Fringe benefits

A couple of weeks ago my new boyfriend did something very erotic with me and I would like to share it (the idea and the act) with you.

The first time Nick and I were in bed — after a pretty hectic party — he lay by my side and, while we were talking, stroked my pubic patch with his fingers. After about 10 minutes of this he interrupted the conversation to ask whether he could give me a trim sometime. His old girlfriend had very short pubic hair (or so he told me) and so he'd never been able to indulge this wish of his. I was a bit taken aback, just because no-one had ever asked such a thing before, but the following day I said yes and I've no regrets.

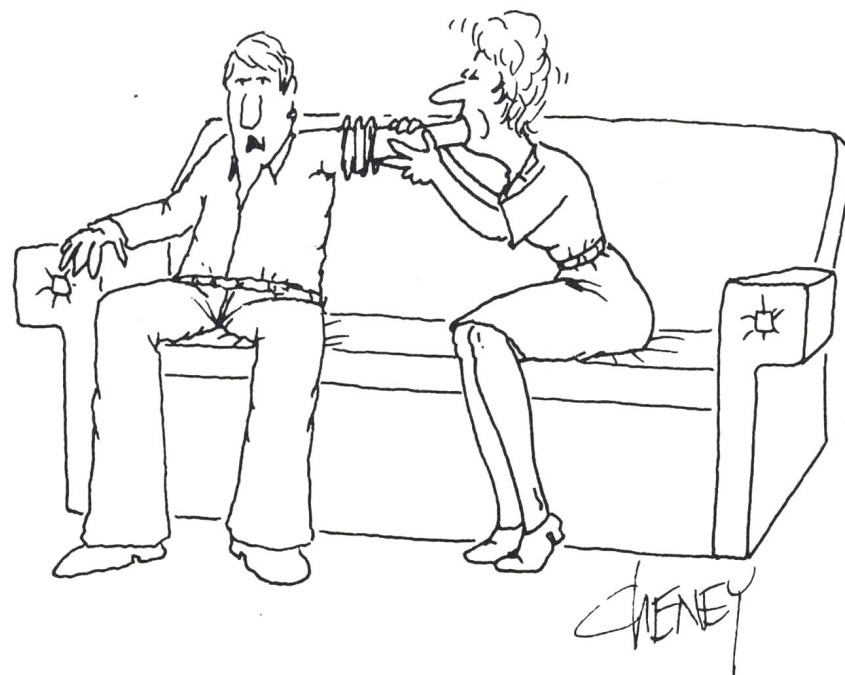
Naked, he knelt between my thighs which were parted as far as was comfortable. Nick worked with a pair of nail scissors, a comb and a small face-towel which he used to brush away the hair-trimmings. It was very sensual and I loved the way he stared at my thatch, trying to decide how to style it. I have a huge pubic bush; it

spreads up my tummy and across my thighs and, more significantly, it is also very long. After a shower the hairs really hang — something many men have found erotic. It also makes for pretty wet and tangled fucking too!

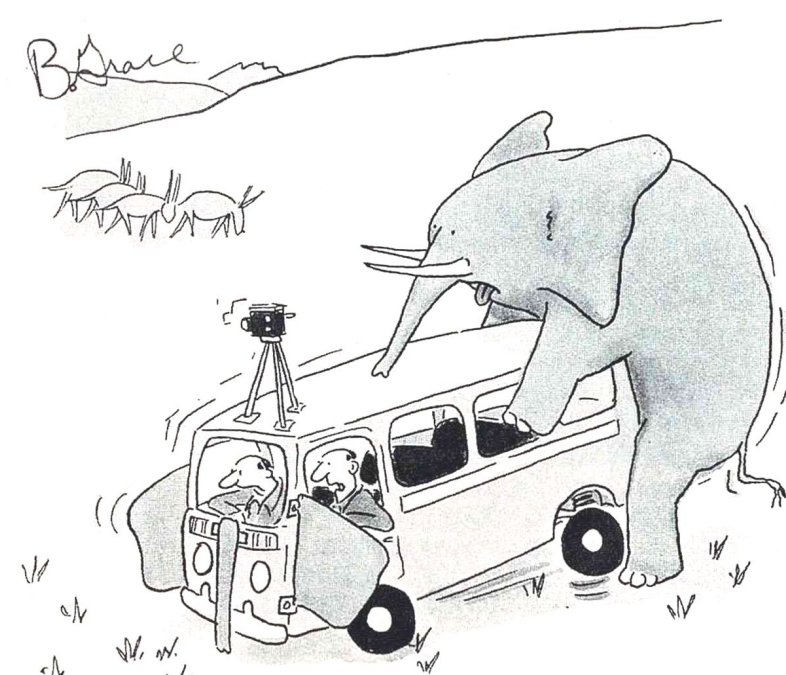
The sheer intimacy of the act was very exciting — especially the moments when Nick paused to remove the stray hairs — often grazing my labia with his finger tips, the towel or, even more deliciously (I love a *little* pain), the tips of the scissors. Gradually, as the evening progressed, I became more and more turned on. "A balding bitch in heat" was how Nick later described my wanton behavior. I must admit I had to agree with him.

However, before Nick would let me fuck him I had to inspect his handy work with the aid of a small mirror. I could hardly concentrate because I wanted him so much but I made sounds of appreciation and then leapt astride his prick and rode fast and hard until we both came, not simultaneously but as deliciously as one could expect!

In fact, it wasn't until a day later — when in a sauna with a girlfriend of mine — that I stopped to admire Nick's clipping. It was beautiful but the best bit of all was knowing that as soon as my hair has regrown Nick'll have to do it again. I wouldn't let him shave it though — that *would* be difficult to explain to my friend! — *Name and address withheld* 



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"On the bright side, we did get some terrific close-ups."

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Wheels Magazine—September 1984

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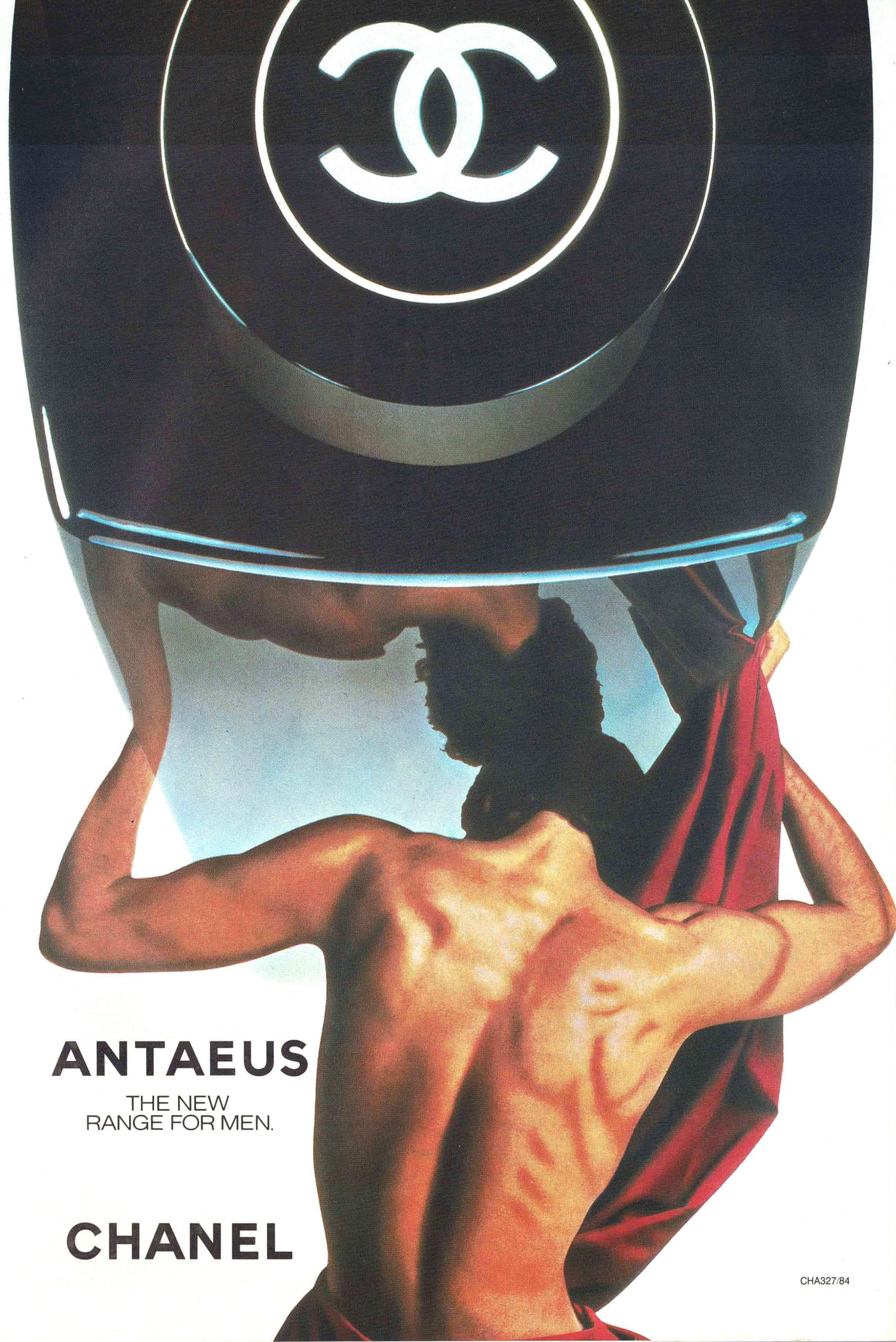
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IT'S ANOTHER
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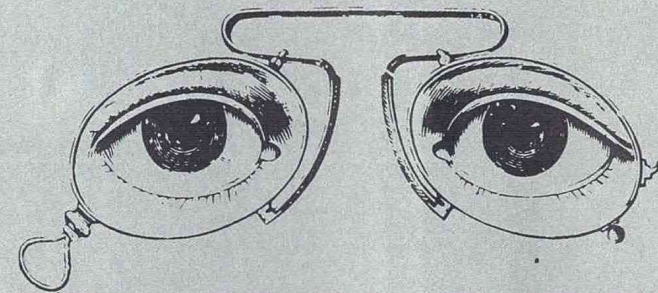


ANTAEUS

THE NEW
RANGE FOR MEN.

CHANEL

CHA327/84



VIEW FROM THE TOP

ON HUMAN EXPERIMENTATION

BY EMILY PRAGER

I don't know about you people, but I cannot take the human experiments. I just can't take them. Every two months now, it seems, there is some poor human stuffed full of tubes and drugs, hooked up to some Arthur C. Clarke creation that 200 years down the line might work, maybe, and we're supposed to be mentally humming battle hymns praising his courage, the medical profession's courage, everyone's courage, and I just can't do it. I think trying to conquer death with machines is hubris and bullshit. It's the emperor's new artificial heart, if you see what I mean.

Actually, I don't know how this started. Five years ago, I recall reading lots of articles about developments in medicine. They brought up important issues about human life and how we should view these carefully before things got out of hand. The next thing I know is that in America they are planting a plastic pump in one Barney Clark's chest and calling it a miracle. Look, this is no miracle. This is simple mechanics. The heart is a pumping tool. You put a guy flat on his back, strap him to a respirator, feed him blood-thinners, painkillers, anticonvulsants — you name it — suture his aorta over the pump valves, and until the time it takes for the body to come out of shock and get enraged, you've got a "go." Then the body, which cannot tolerate artificial organs, rejects. And rejects again. And rejects again until you have a death.

And all this time in America they were standing up, hands on hearts, and singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." But it's clear that the unfortunate Barney Clark didn't know what he was in for. He did it for extra life and historical fame, and to help medical science. They told him about the pain, but of course, the thing about pain is that it's not in the telling. So, after the first rejection, the stroke, the pneumonia, the convulsions, he's out of the clouds and right down there with the lowest lab rat, dying a hideous, protracted, painful death — and all on live televi-

sion. And for what? What have they learned from this? Of course, there is a suicide button on these machines, if the human lab animal can no longer stand it. But what hero is going to commit suicide on television and shame his family? Some option.

Although I do not think there is such a thing as informed consent in human experimentation, at least Clark was an adult. What about the more recent case of Baby Fae? Right-to-lifers — who feel they must bomb abortion clinics to protect the rights of the unborn, and who pursue like banshees the tortured parents of the severely deformed — expressed not one iota of concern for the rights of this child. Baby Fae was seized at birth and thanks to the emotional blackmail of her parents was made the guinea pig in a clearly doomed experiment.

No-one was on the side of Baby Fae: not the media, who gloried in pictures of this suffering infant with a telephone clapped to her ear, supposedly hearing her mother's voice; nor the animal lovers, who mourned the death of the baby baboon donor; nor the medical profession, who harrumphed a bit about protocol and then shut up. Obviously the doctors feared that if they condemned this one, they might limit their future schemes.

Not one person spoke up on behalf of this tiny soul who spent two weeks in needless pain. Why? Why was everyone so polite about this little human sacrifice? So uncaring about the anguish of the victim involved? So casual about her right to die a peaceful and dignified death?

Human experimentation is becoming an accepted thing. Ask the elderly. Ask the loved ones of the dying aged, who have to fight to have their relatives removed from life-support machines and life-prolonging drugs. The search for mechanized immortality is another nail in the coffin of human dignity.

So, if you're sick and dying, take my advice: stay away from the doctors. They'll never let you rest in peace.

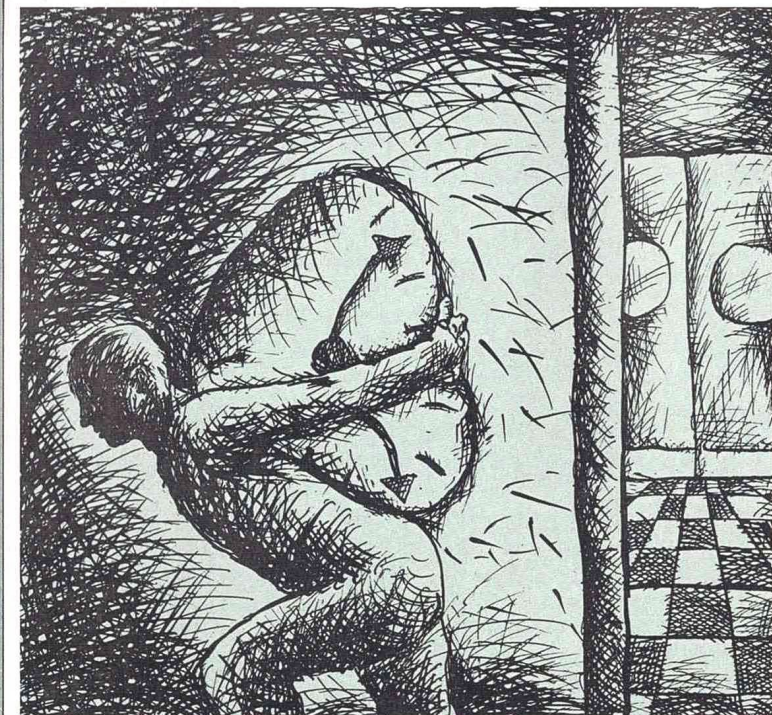
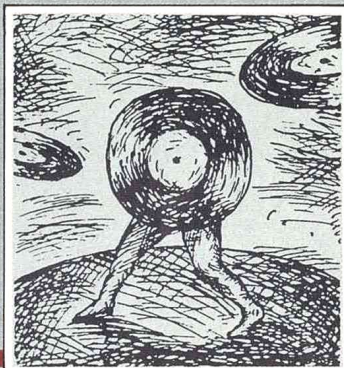


Illustration by Graham Fendoch



SOUNDS

MALCOLM'S MYTHOLOGY

right thing by opera, but he has at least come up with a new slant — opera, the flavor of the month. Unfortunately he doesn't give any background pointers for non-operatic punters. The 12-inch single of "Un Bel Di Vedremo" (from *Madame Butterfly*) came with lyrics and a precis of the original plot. *Fans* comes only with his name on the front and no mention of the performers. We get a few minor speaking appearances from Malcolm including his potted life story: "All work and no joy make Mac a dull boy", but McLaren



Malcolm McLaren's Fans; The Flying Lizards' Top Ten

Rock. While compiling music for some of his fashion parades The Man discovered opera.

On *Fans* (Virgin) McLaren avoids the more epic composers like Wagner, and the rhythmically and harmonically sophisticated like Stravinsky. He is, after all, not trying to rival bands like Yes and Queen in striking grandiose poses. This is dance floor material so he has opted for the saccharine strains of Puccini and the passionate mood of Bizet ("Carmen"). Hold the pomp, this is pop circumstance: the combination of modern disco with rap and legitimate vocal styles is a much more ambitious project than tacky ventures like disco Vera Lynne.

If rock and roll is seen to have institutionalised adolescence, it's stretching more than the mix to claim McLaren has finally done the

seems happy enough organising other people to foster his personal mythology.

Another outfit wreaking havoc with the purity of form are the **Flying Lizards**. This duo originally deadpanned their way to popular acclaim with their idiosyncratic versions of "Summertime Blues" and "Money." We now have another *Top Ten* (Powderworks) tracks that were once pop classics. David Cunningham, responsible for the musical settings, exudes the deeply troubled nature of someone who lives simultaneously on sardines and ice cream. He finds sonic terror in the most innocent of situations. It is the terror of tedious, regularly repeated tasks. Some songs work as great parodies. Sally (the voice of innocent interpretation) has the slightly accusing tones of a school ma'am on

"Dizzy Miss Lizzy", and her reading of James Brown's "Sex Machine" is hilarious. However, over ten tracks you start to feel that the humor may have been an accidental by-product of intellectualised art.

Local rock boffin Glenn A. Baker and scribe-about-town Stuart Coupe released their second ambitious volume last year, *The New Rock and Roll: The A-Z Of Rock In The 80s*. They have now released a double album under the same title on CBS. Thirty-two tracks from Britain, America, Australia and Germany covering the period 1977 to '84 is like condensing *War And Peace* to ten words or less. They should stick to writing well researched books with notable omissions.

Post-ska survivors **General Public**, rising from the ashes of the British Beat, claim to be *All The Rage* (Virgin). The feel of the material is close to their previous blue-beat but with beefed up rhythm sounds and smoother melodies. Local trio **Spy v Spy**'s ska hasn't fully healed and their music speaks from the Glebe squats. *Meet Us Inside* (Powderworks) carries the ideologically sound promise (for them) that the disc is free of drum machines and synths.

The main problem with "Best Of" albums is that they come out after you've bought all the artist's previous records (with a couple of great tracks on each). **Japan** try to make amends by finally providing a lyric sheet with the double *Exorcising Ghosts* (Virgin), **Ultravox** recap the post-John Foxx years on *The Collection* (Chrysalis) and **Ray Parker Jr** mixes up the old with the new on *Charbusters* (Arista).

The Eurythmics thankfully did not compromise their basic tenet of strong melodies beautifully sung with interesting arrangements for

their film score album *1984 For The Love Of Big Brother* (Virgin).

From San Franciscan post-punk royalty, **Romeo Void**'s third album *Instincts* (Epic) comes after a temporary break-up. They have avoided veering towards a heavy funk form, unlike Gang of Four, and if anything have a gentler feel than before: mellow sax, keyboard washes and Debra Lyall reassuring us that, "A girl in trouble is a temporary thing."

Perennial rocker **Steve Miller** has entered digital heaven and produced his best sounding album ever with *Italian X-Rays* (Phonogram) — though play it in a darkened room or with a paper bag over the lyric sheet.

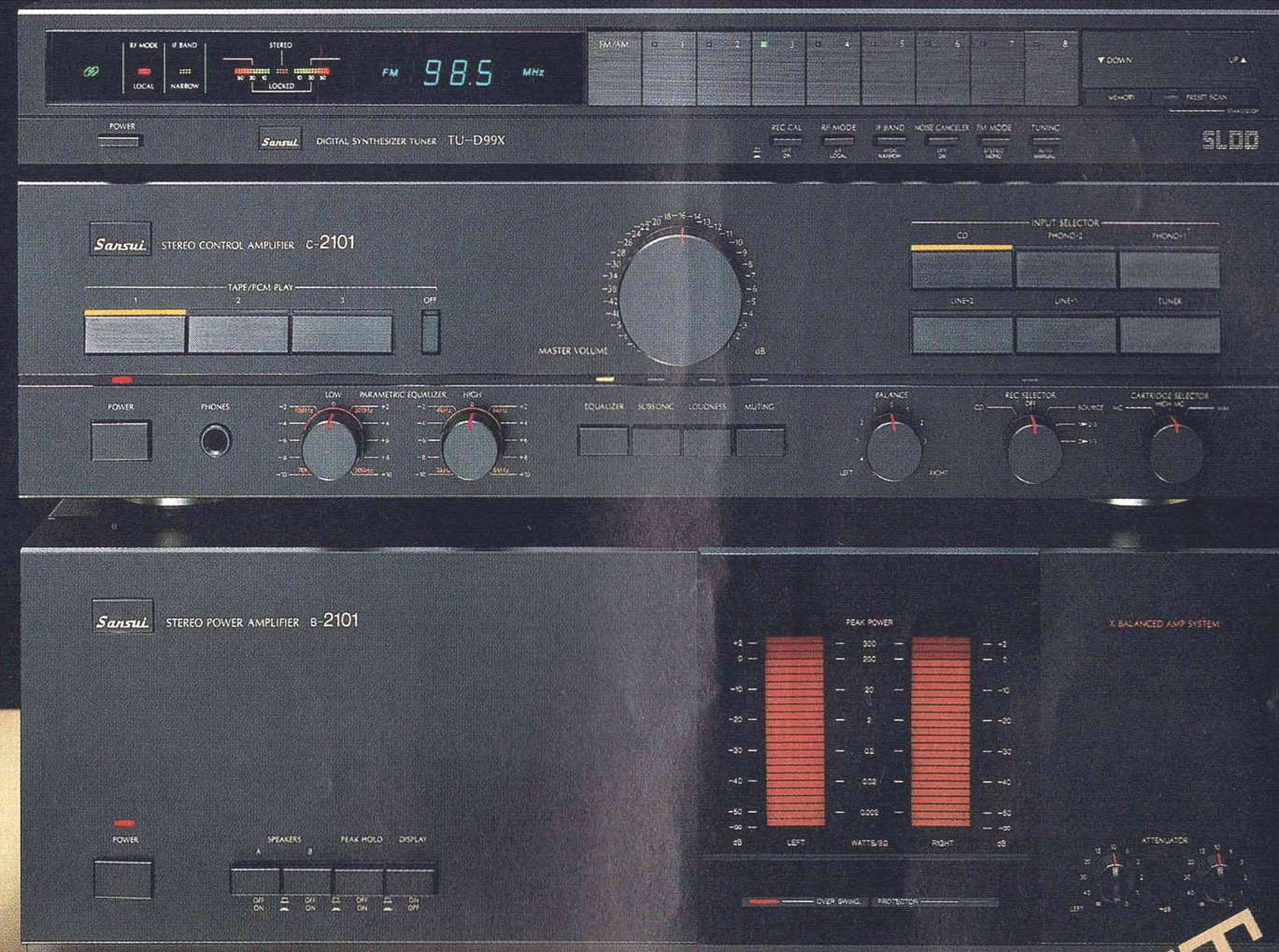
Football, meat pies, kangaroos and **Angels** albums: *Two Minute Warning* (Mushroom) has Doc Neeson reciting Bertold Brecht to relieve the boredom.

New York rappers the **Furious Five** had an auspicious arrival internationally with the tale of the streets, "The Message." The fact that it was written and mostly rapped by a black academic (not the Grandmaster) who was quickly ostracised by the other soul brothers explains why the rest of their material bears little relation to its sentiments or quality. *Grandmaster Melle Mel And The Furious Five* and the **Sugarhill Gang's** *Living in the Fast Lane*, all on the rap label Sugarhill Records, peak with lines like: "Well, I'd try to swim a whole ocean just to see the girls in motion."

Meanwhile, ace mix-extender Arthur "Schweppes" Baker puts **Face To Face Under The Gun** (Epic) for a "Son of" Message.

Locally, the current incarnation of **LRB** are *Playing To Win* (EMI) Toto's mantle.

From Scotland, **Sheena Easton** gets funky in *A Private Heaven* (EMI) and **Mike Scott And The Waterboys** explore *A Pagan Place* (Island) with vulnerable, passionate intensity and a thundering acoustic brass-backing, strings and drums. — *Jeremy Cook*



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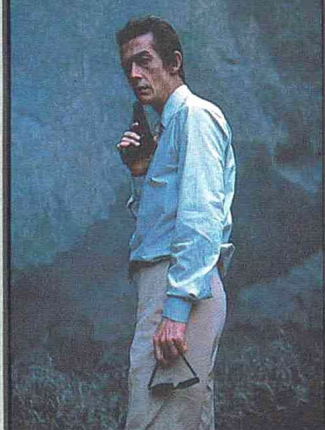
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FILM

BUNDLES FROM BRITAIN

Hurt and Stamp in *The Hit*



Caine and friends in *Water*

provides one of the film's more memorable sequences.

Wiping out the Australian, they take the girl hostage and set out again for Paris — a trail littered with bloody violence. The climactic shootout is a fitting end to the adventure's reign of chaos and one that robs Willie Grant of the peace he had expected in death.

Casting and acting can't be faulted, but Tim Roth shines particularly brightly and freshly in his first feature film role, considering his heavyweight company. It is his performance that injects much of the humor into the film. Capped off by evocative cinematography and a fine score by Paco De Lucia, *The Hit* is a suspense thriller with loads of difference. It's a class act.

Talking about bright and fresh and British — *Loose Connections* is worth seeking out at the art-house cinemas in which it will no doubt be hidden. On paper its plot may not get you all aquiver, but the way it's handled up there on the big screen makes it one not to be missed by lovers of romantic comedy.

Sally, a feminist, non-smoking, intellectual vegetarian, advertises for a German-speaking female travelling companion with similar interests. She receives one reply from a man called Harry who claims to be a bilingual, non-smoking, gay salad fiend. Desperate for someone to share the driving between London and Munich, she takes him on. He turns out to be an utter klutz whose German stretches as far as ordering a beer, who likes his bangers and his gaspers, and who's about as camp as George Best. After many ludicrous adventures and catastrophes on the road, they come to terms with each other and fall a little bit in love. The End.

In American hands this would no

doubt have starred Dudley Moore, a female lead with big bosoms and featured loads of funny sex scenes, sight gags and car binges. In the hands of English director Michael Eyre, working from a screenplay by Maggie Brooks, it has turned out to be one of the warmest and most quirkily funny efforts since *Local Hero*.

Stephen Rea as Harry looks like a wrongly put together jigsaw puzzle of Imran Khan. Lindsay Duncan as Sally has the appearance and snooty bearing of a young school marm with a cold poker lodged somewhere in her anatomy. Together they interact with a lighthearted magic that gives you the feeling you're having a breezy trip through Europe in a dinky Fiat 500. It may not be the slickest, tightest or most uproariously funny of all films, but what the heck, it makes up for it in many delightful ways. Look out for it; you'll be pleasantly surprised.

Well, so much for the good news from Britain. The land that used to rule the waves has turned out a dumper with *Water*, the latest effort to be spat out by George Harrison's Handmade Films.

The film's production notes tout its cast as being rich in market potential; the line-up is certainly of interest — Michael Caine, Billy Connolly, Valerie Perrine and Brenda Vaccaro among them. But many a slip twixt cast and script combine to pull the plug on the film. Nothing can save this unfunny, puerile piece of piffle. A musical sequence featuring George Harrison, Ringo Starr and Eric Clapton backing Billy Connolly momentarily relieves the tedium towards the end, but it's a mere drop in an ocean of tawdry stupidity.

Cast and crew no doubt had a whale of a time filming *Water* on the Caribbean island of St Lucia. You may get the impression that they all gave the local ganja a fair old nudge — this is one hell of a dopey flick. — C.J. Mackay

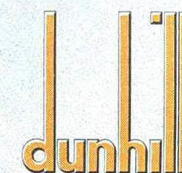
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SPORT

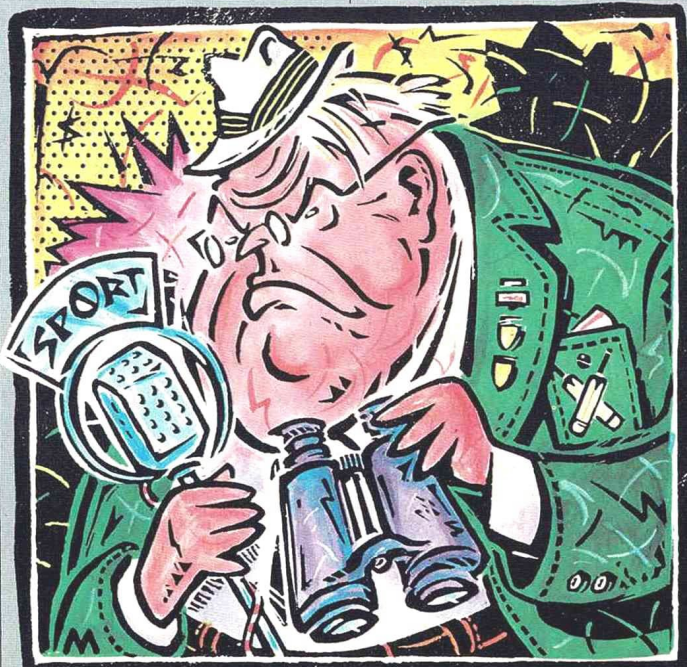
SPORTING MYTHS

I don't blame the old codgers in the Members' Bar. They're entitled to a bit of self-indulgence, and nobody's listening anyway. No harm done there.

I blame the commentators, because people do listen to them. When some bleary-eyed has-been with access to a microphone chances his arm and announces that The Game (be it cricket, rugby league, Aussie rules or whatever) was in his day played with greater finesse than it is now, inferring that the paying public is being ripped off by a bunch of overpaid no-talent faggots who aren't fit to wash the jockstraps of the giants of yesteryear, people believe it. That's a damaging brand of bullshit for players and spectators alike.

"The champion of any era," Sir Donald Bradman once wrote, "would have been a champion in any other era." No doubt that's true. If Bradman himself had been born on the same day as Alan Border, he probably would have taken the long handle to the West Indies' pace attack in the recent Test series — but only because his prodigious talent would have been honed to a razor edge by the rigorous standards of competition and professionalism in modern-day cricket. The Bradman of the Thirties, on the other hand, would have fared little better than a rabbit against bowlers like Marshall, Garner and Holding; not even he could have coped with the rise in professional standards over the past five decades.

The odd thing about retrospection in sport is that it only ever seems to move in the one direction. For instance, when Woodfull, Ponsford and Co were struggling against Bodyline bowling in 1932-33, the old guard commentators were publicly airing the view that if former champions like Victor Trumper and Charlie Macartney had been around they'd have made short work of it. Likewise, the popular view from the grandstand today is that Simpson and



devastatingly fast short-pitched bowling would have made Bodyline far less effective — and I reckon he's right. Aside from that, it's hard to imagine anything the West Indies batsmen would like better than a series of rising balls pitched outside the leg stump. The umpires would get tired of reaching for the sky to signal the sixes.

The tendency to deify former champions at the expense of current ones is endemic in all major sports. And like other more conventional forms of religion, it

seems to fulfil some obscure psychological need despite being totally irrational. Often enough the evidence is on the celluloid for all to see. For instance, rugby league fans would recall old guard commentator Frank Hyde's epic TV presentation of "The Greatest Games Of All" a couple of years back. Among these was the Second Test between Australia and England played at Swinton in 1963 and won by the Aussies with a record margin of 50-12. This

match, according to league folklore, featured the greatest collection of players ever to wear the green and gold. All the "immortals" of that era were there: Thornt, Langlands, Gasnier, Raper, Muir, Kelly, Walsh. What the commentators have neglected to mention all these years was that one of the Poms was carted off early in the first half (no replacements were allowed in those days) and another was so badly maimed shortly afterwards he had to play out the game as a passenger on

the wing, effectively reducing the opposition to 11 men. Apart from that, local commentator Eddie Waring described the Englishmen as the slowest team he had seen in years. The Australians would have scored another 50 points if they'd been able to employ the simple tactic of passing the ball along the line without dropping it. The current Australian team would have blown those pot-bellied impostors clean out of the park.

While it's always been fashionable for has-been commentators to knock the skills of contemporary champions, we now have to endure a pitiful torrent of whingeing about the financial rewards for sports stars in the Eighties as well. Sure, the old-timers ran around for pocket-money compared with the sums available now, and it's not surprising that many of them are crying into their beers about it today. The fact remains that in most cases they got about what they deserved. These recent comments by VFL legend Ron Barassi put the financial aspect into perspective: "A lot of Australians are not sophisticated enough to know that if you want all this improvement in standard of play it's going to cost big money. Players today are putting three times as much into the game as we did. They're happy to do this until they're 26 or so, when someone would start complaining, like the wife and kids. Now the players can say they're building a future. If the people want the extra standard of these champions staying in the game they've got to be paid well. And with the specialised training we do today you've got to be fitter, stronger and more skilful. Standards have improved incredibly. The modern team would thrash the team of 30 years ago."

So let's give the champions of the Eighties their due, secure in the knowledge that given half a chance they'd wipe the floor with the pious pontificators who sneer at them from the safety of the commentary box. — Greg Hunter

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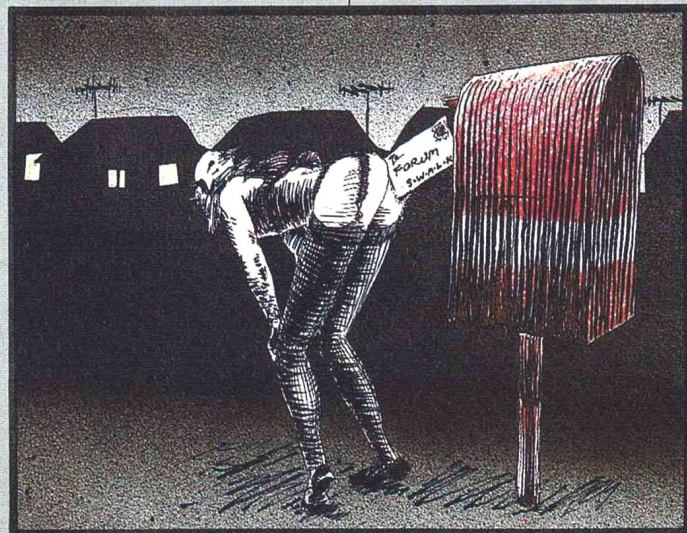


SEX

NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD

Today started out as a pretty normal day. Got into work, stood around shooting the breeze for a while, grabbed a cup of coffee and sat down to read the day's mail. When I started in on the letter from the hunchback, things began looking up.

He wrote with a crabbed hand that became almost illegible at the exciting bits. It seemed that he'd hit a purple patch when a set of identically gorgeous quadruplets took pity on him at a party. They were 23 years old — all of them,



he took pains to point out. It had cost him an arm and a leg to wine and dine them but, what the heck, it was more than worth it when it came time for the old push-ups on the Posturpaedic. Hell yeah, they went off like a string of firecrackers, like a brace of dunny doors, and when they came (in unison, naturally) their combined moans could be likened to a chorus from a host of fallen angels...

It was a Forum letter. A real one, on real paper with a real stamp affixed to a real envelope. A lot of folks are under the impression that the Forum letter pages are the lurid outpourings of *Penthouse* staff members' imaginations, or beefed up accounts of our last staff party. They don't seem to realise what sort of effort that would take month after month... what sort of stamina. True, certain turns of

phrase have a habit of recurring from time to time. Things like "my glistening purple helmet", "my crimson Darth Vader", "her slick rattlesnake canyon" and "I was harder than a Russian roll call", etc, have all appeared more than once in the past few years. This is not, however, due to us writing them, but rather to a tendency for

the filing cabinets somewhere in my frontal lobes where they're all stored, neatly catalogued in thematic groupings.

Henry Hunchback and his four female friends posed a cataloguing problem. Hunchback humping was a new one on me and I didn't know whether to file him under "D" for "Deformity" or start a new file under "H" for "Hunchback." I settled on "Q" for "Quads" — reasoning that it also stood for "Quasimodo."

All of this got me thinking about the demise of monopedomania. That's amputee sex to the layman, filed up top under "S" for "Stump Humping." When the Forum detail was first thrust upon me, every third letter seemed to recount some sort of handicapped hi-jinks. Thrown in the deep end, I read wide-eyed about the wild orgies of less than complete individuals casting off their artificial limbs and getting down, getting funky. As the Year Of The Handicapped ended, the star of the scar faded. Everyone strapped their prosthetics back on or wheeled themselves home more than two years ago but I still think of the trend whenever I hear "Let's Go To The Hop."

The following year was the Year Of The Tree, and while no-one wrote about unnatural urges towards knot-holes in oak trees they were sure as hell getting rooted in other ways. That was the year there was a bit of a run on nasal sex. One fellow wrote that while he'd never actually tried nasal sex, he did find himself thinking lewd thoughts in the presence of women with particularly large noses. Barbra Streisand was his pin-up girl and there was nothing he wouldn't give to give her one up the left nostril as she sang "The Way We Were." We can pick 'em at *Penthouse*.

It was in mid 1983 that the first

stirring of the auto-fellatio brigade became apparent. A favorite of the period was an account involving a double-jointed man, an old gentleman in a wheelchair and a bulldog named Charlton. A true classic of the genre. Another one went a bit further with a tale of auto-sodomy, easier on the spine than auto-fellatio but no less trick to master. The well-hung gent who achieved his own end indiscreetly told a friend about his talent. The friend called him a poofster. The friend was decked.

A personal favorite — far and away above all the stories about sex with Martians, spirited tumbles with ghosts, meaningful stuffings of frozen chooks and eyeball encounters — was the one about the man who liked to play Robinson Crusoe in his bathtub. Positioning himself so that his erect member broke the water, he placed a sprig of parsley in its end to represent a palm tree. He then employed a one-winged fly to slowly crawl around and around the little atoll in the bathwater until the island's volcano exploded.

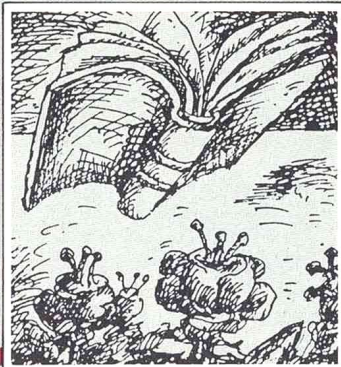
The purpose of Forum letters is to both titillate and to entertain. While the subjects touched on here may not have been titillating to all readers, most of them were entertaining. Of late the trend has swung toward straight, old-fashioned titillation. A plethora of boy meets girl, boy gets into girl's pants or vice versa, and boy and girl live happily ever after. That's fine by me, but now and again everyone needs a little spice, or a good laugh. I'd begun to think that the AIDS scare was leaving its mark not only on the physical activities of Forum letter writers, but also on their fantasies.

That was until this morning, when I read the adventures of the human dromedary and his ready-made harem. I've got a hunch that we'll be seeing a few more such letters in the months to come. Well, I'm ready for anything... this is a dirty job but someone's gotta do it. — C.J. Mackay



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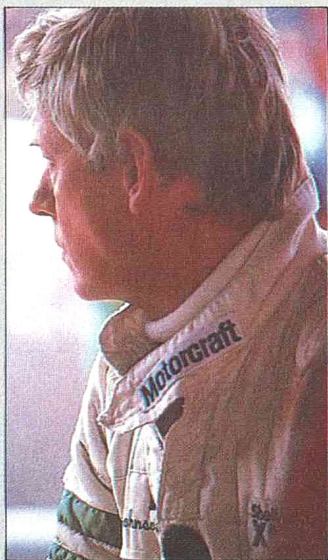
WORDS

ARMCHAIR DRIVING

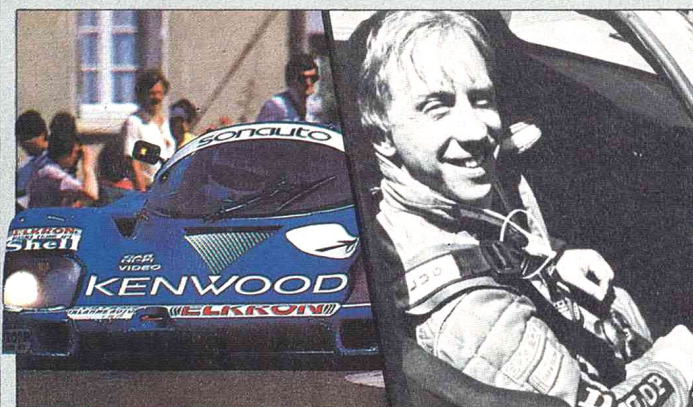
While too few true sporting personalities score the charisma quota of a Newk or a Chappelli, motor racing contains within its ranks about three scouts worthy of a hardcover book. True blue Dick Johnson, the touring car champ and Australia's best-loved motor racer, is one.

Johnson's fan army will lap up **The Unforgiving Minute** (Berghouse Floyd Tuckey, \$16.95). Bill Tuckey hasn't missed much in his 160-page account of Johnson's lively struggle from grease monkey up to, and beyond, his career turning point — clobbering a rock at Bathurst in 1980. Included is how Johnson put the \$74,324 from a remarkable flood of donations to the best possible use by bouncing back to win the James Hardie 1000 in 1982.

There is an overall impression that words and photos have been



Above: Dick Johnson, Below: Vern Schuppan and his '84 challenger



stretched to fill the book. There's some unnecessary repetition and even Tuckey's rollicking style fails to ignite one or two chapters devoted to Johnson's early years. (Dick Johnson's schooldays were much like yours and mine.) But that's not to suggest there are not some marvellous tales and archival photos within. A sequence of an embarrassed DJ frantically spinning his Holden FJ in his very first race is pure gold. And Tuckey cheekily reminds us that the now committed Ford loyalist once (and only once) drove for the Holden Dealer Team.

Magnificent color photography helps chronicle Johnson's post-rock stomp over the Holden and Mazda opposition to collect three national touring car crowns. The author paints Johnson in the way most people find him — a no-frills good bloke who doesn't need to be reminded of who helped him to the top. An occasional wart goes public: Johnson admits he once ran an illegal engine and wasn't sprung. There's also a suggestion that he's crash-prone...

In other years, **Le Mans: The**

Australian Assault (Garry Sparke and Associates, \$16.95) would have limited relevance in Australia. But the most recent 24-hour grind had special significance, as a record seven Aussies participated. Even God was there, masquerading as Peter Brock.

As none of those seven did the right thing by the publisher and won that damnable race, sales will depend more on the content than euphoria — as it should be.

As awkward as it is to review a book to which I contributed a chapter... what the hell. Generously laced with stunning color photography, the 112-page hardback takes a logical bias towards the luckless Australians. It is not a frantic flag-waving, mono-eyed stance but simply a sober appraisal of how the Aussies went (or more appropriately, how they didn't). Those of a pure historical bent might not be completely satisfied; the book does not provide a minute-by-minute account from green light through to chequered flag.

Most of the contributing writers — British and Australians — are recognisable names. Bob Costanduros sets the scene, Quentin Spurring takes a ride with former winner Vern Schuppan, Mike Doodson stayed awake to detail the highlights, and Colin Young conducts a face-to-face with the ever-blunt Alan Jones.

It's the second time around for **Drive To Survive** (Drive Publishing, \$12.95), penned by former international race driver Frank Gardner. First published in 1981, this is a revised edition of the motorist's survival blueprint.

Gardner, currently bossing the JPS-BMW race team in Australia, has always been pedantic about road safety. Between the end of his track career and his current job

he conducted courses in racing and advanced driving. But Gardner is the supreme optimist. With the incompetence of Australian motorists legendary throughout the world, he's attempting to paint the Harbor Bridge with a toenail brush. Fatalities, say the legislators, are the result of speed and alcohol. It's simple for them: lower the speed limit and send out the booze buses. There's nothing about a system that daily pumps the inept on to our roads; nothing about mantrap roads that ensnare those same incompetents.

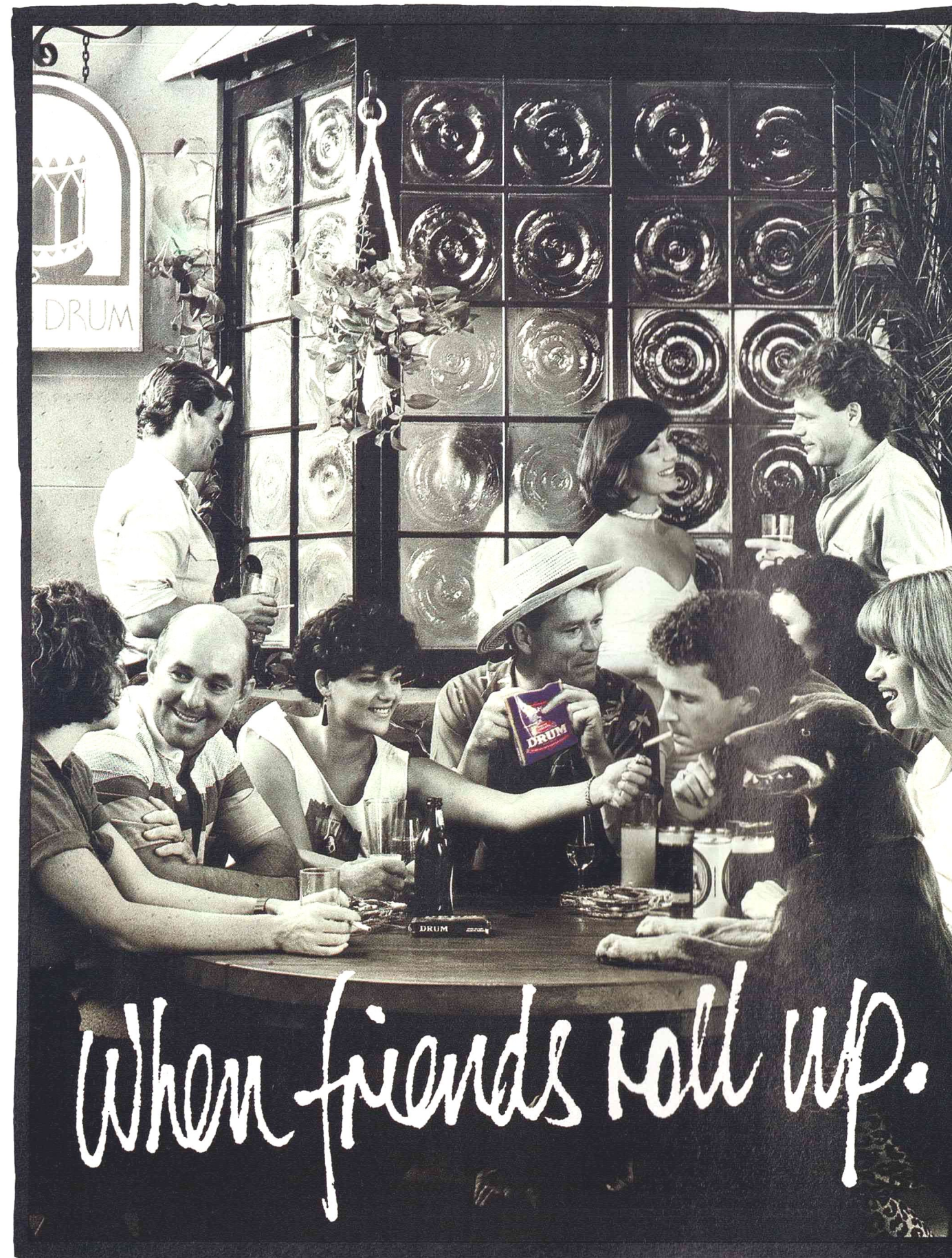
Gardner concedes his book isn't the complete answer but it's the best of its type and could help some of the lethal wheelsmiths lift their game.

Frank has the natural gift of a storyteller, and cartoonist John Stoneham's illustrations serve to lighten the fare.

Two coffee table hardcover publications are devoted to that annual bout of motorised madness, the Bathurst 1000.

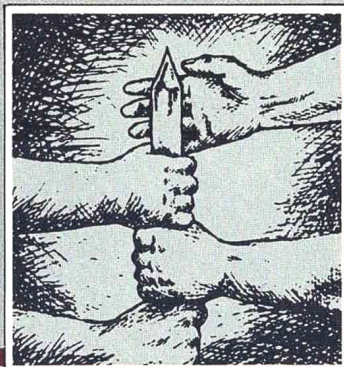
The official book (as publishers Berghouse Floyd Tuckey often remind us) has been around the longest. **James Hardie 1000** is bigger (232 pages), more detailed, and a few bucks pricier than its competitor. The book has an elephantine gestation, appearing just before each Hardie classic. Editor Bill Tuckey pumps out thousands of multi-hued words and the photographic material is all class. It serves as a historical document, despite the occasional error.

Its healthy sales encouraged publisher Garry Sparke to jump into the dollar hunt with something similar. **Bathurst 1984** is his third, and best, annual volume on the big race. It makes even better use of the superb color pictures spawned by the Hardie each year, but doesn't approach the rival tome's coverage. At \$16.95 for 128 pages, Sparke's book is down on the pages-to-bucks ratio, but he earns bonus points for rushing it out so smartly. — Peter McKay



When friends roll up.





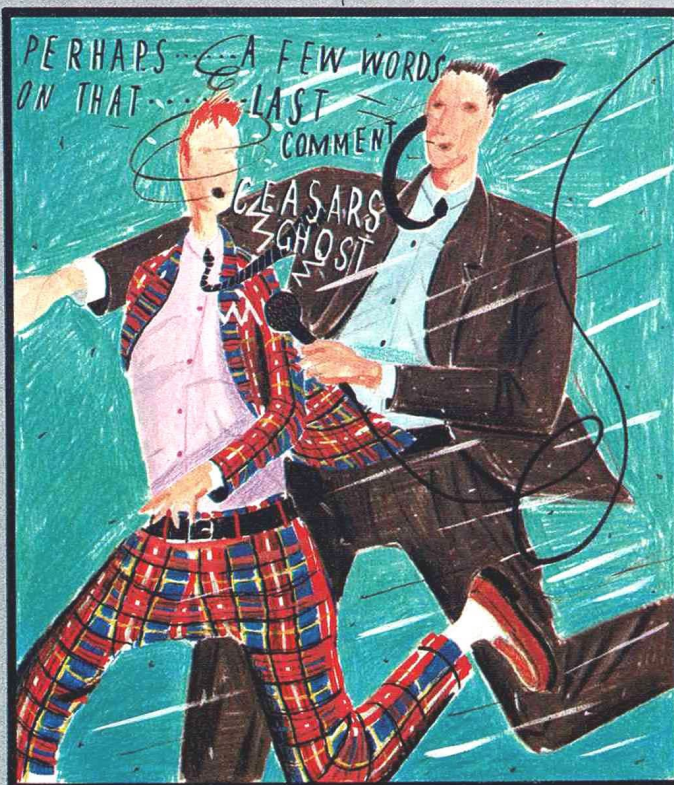
WINNING

BEAT THE PRESS

You may not have been responsible for whatever bad news has attracted the press; you may not even know what happened — but you may still end up carrying the can. As a reminder of just how heavy that can may be, bear in mind that Richard Nixon's staff went to the slammer while he did not.

that a journalist's job is to get a story. He or she cannot ignore what you have said as if you never said it. There are complex rules defining what is "background", "off the record", etc, but in general, if you know something you don't want to see in the newspapers, *don't talk about it!*

3. Much reporting has to be writ-



The following rules, however, may be of help to you (and may also enable you to better understand how the press works).

1. A good journalist is aggressive — but you should remember that there is no law that *compels* you to take a journalist's call. You have the right to remain silent if you want to. You have the right to stick to a prepared text, even if it makes you sound silly. When in doubt, the most important words to remember are, "No comment."

2. It is important to remember

ten into short, snappy stories (particularly television reporting). Do not, therefore, allow yourself to drift into long, complicated explanations, or try to persuade journalists that you're really a nice guy at heart. The more you talk — the more you qualify what you've said — the more likely you are to contradict yourself, or reveal more than you meant to. Short, concise answers are the safest, surest tactic.

4. Remain calm. A good newspaper or television journalist

is sure to be an aggressive questioner, but he is *not* a prosecutor. State your position calmly, pleasantly, then shut up. You are not under any obligation to provide a journalist with the rope with which to hang you.

5. Above all, tell the truth. A direct lie is always a mistake. If, for some reason, the truth may be damaging to you or to your company, say that you don't have the facts to answer the question or "no comment", but don't lie.

6. For all of the above reasons, have a prepared statement and stick to it. It's up to the journalists to find the flaws in it, if any; it's not up to you to reveal them by endlessly qualifying it or explaining every sentence.

7. Insist on an accurate record. If a journalist turns on a tape recorder, turn on one of your own. It will do you no good whatsoever to claim you've been misquoted if you can't prove it.

8. Avoid humor: it nearly always backfires. Nobody can put your foot in your mouth but you.

9. Do not get trapped into the assumption that a journalist's deadline is *your* problem. The journalist wants the story in tomorrow's paper, or on tonight's TV news. The odds are that you have no interest in helping him or her achieve that. A good journalist can produce hysteria in even the most experienced of corporate executives by saying, "We're running the story tomorrow, whether you co-operate or not." If you comply, you're likely to be talking under pressure, without the facts, reacting out of fear to somebody else's deadline. Don't. Usually, unless you talk, there isn't much of a story, and the longer you delay, the less interesting the story is. This isn't always true, of course, but it's true often enough to make it a rule to say "I'll call you back" instead of talking off the cuff. Take your time. Think. Talk to other people. Prepare a statement. Stick to your schedule, not your questioner's. — *Michael Korda*

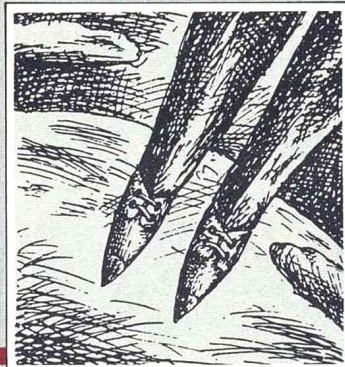
Bacardi rum. Sip it before you add the juice.



You'll discover the reason why any drink made with Bacardi rum tastes so good . . . it's the Bacardi. Smooth and subtle, Bacardi rum has a character all its own.

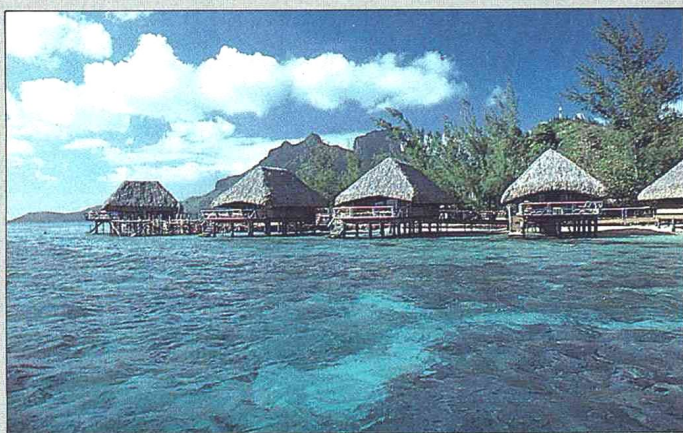
For a copy of the Bacardi rum Party Book with more than 80 recipes, write to: Bacardi rum Party Book, PO Box 498, Milsons Point, NSW 2061.

Get to know the real taste of Bacardi rum.



TRAVEL

SPICE ISLAND



Tranquil Tahiti: a paradise in the South Pacific

Question: What tropical island offers magnificent scenery, beautiful swimming beaches and lagoons, a perfect climate and superb French cuisine? Of course, the answer is Tahiti. Incredibly, the place has something even more alluring than these great attractions: the beauty and sensuality of its women.

With these things in mind it's difficult to understand why in recent years the number of tourists going from Australia and New Zealand to Tahiti has actually declined. In 1982 15,300 Australians and 4700 New Zealanders visited Tahiti. The next year the number of Australian tourists slipped to 11,000 and the number of Kiwi visitors fell to 4100. Preliminary figures for 1984 indicate a continuation of the slide. Yet, during the same period, the number of Tahiti-bound tourists from North America, Europe and Japan actually increased.

The Tahitian Tourist Promotion Board gives a few reasons for the fall in numbers coming from across the Pacific, including cyclones, currency devaluations, and the busy advertising campaigns in Australia pushing other holiday destinations. The temporary closure of the Club Med centre on the island of Moorea may also have contributed.

To counter the decline in the number of Australians travelling to Tahiti, a recent Tourist Board report has suggested highlighting the beautiful golf course at Atimano in its tourist brochures. There was no mention in the report, however, of what should be the island's premier attraction — its women.

The great beauty and sexual freedom of the women of Tahiti have been acknowledged for hundreds of years. Captain Cook commented upon it; the *Bounty* mutineers were seduced by it. Early this century the French artist Paul Gauguin married a 13-year-old Tahitian girl and was moved to state: "In the profound expression

of her face and in the perfect beauty of this statue of living flesh, I have seen a vision of divinity."

Today's travellers can continue to admire the flawless physical qualities of the Tahitian woman — or, to use the Polynesian term, vahine. Vahines walk gracefully on shapely legs strengthened by hours of uninhibited dancing; their teeth sparkle and their full sensuous mouths are rarely disguised by lipstick; their smooth oval faces are highlighted by sultry, bedroom eyes. Their long, straight black hair is often worn to the waist, sometimes with a colorful orchid tucked behind the ear to contrast with the hairline and the smooth golden brown skin.

There are some vahines who sell sex — mostly catering for the single Frenchmen stationed at the Papeete military base and for well-to-do American and Japanese tourists. The prostitutes can be mostly found in the bars of Papeete. There are no brothels in Tahiti: it is definitely not a Bangkok or Manila, catering for the guys who can't make it back home.

There are lots of vahines who are very happy to be courted, however, in the more traditional

sense, and if they like you you can certainly expect to be treated to the same delights that the boys from the *Bounty* were so appreciative of. Expect to spend a lot of money, though. Dinners in French restaurants, drinks and cigarettes are expensive in Tahiti. And don't forget to purchase a garland of flowers for your vahine on your night out.

Finding a base to stay in Tahiti depends on your budget and tastes. Hotel accommodation is mostly modern and very expensive — luxury hotels complete with overwater bungalows cost \$160 a night — although there are some older and cheaper hotels.

One luxurious hotel, the Beachcomber, has moored pontoons off-shore where no-one bothers with clothes while soaking up the sun. The pontoons are moored half-way between the shore and the reef and the hotel provides a boat to take bathers to and from them.

The modern hotels tend to segregate the tourist from the locals, however, and the traveller needs to make a conscious effort to escape the confines of his hotel to go to places where he can mingle with the local vahines and dance until dawn.

Many of those lured by the beauty of Tahiti and her islands never get further than meeting the Tahitians who staff the hotel or dance at the displays put on for tourists. About half of Tahiti-bound Australians go to Club Med to shed their inhibitions — and virtually all of these confine love-making to fellow inmates of Club Med!

The older hotels may not be quite as luxurious but offer a greater chance of meeting the locals at their bars. Some young travellers forsake the hotels for the youth hostels in Papeete, or cheap bungalows on the island of Moorea (\$10 a night when sharing).

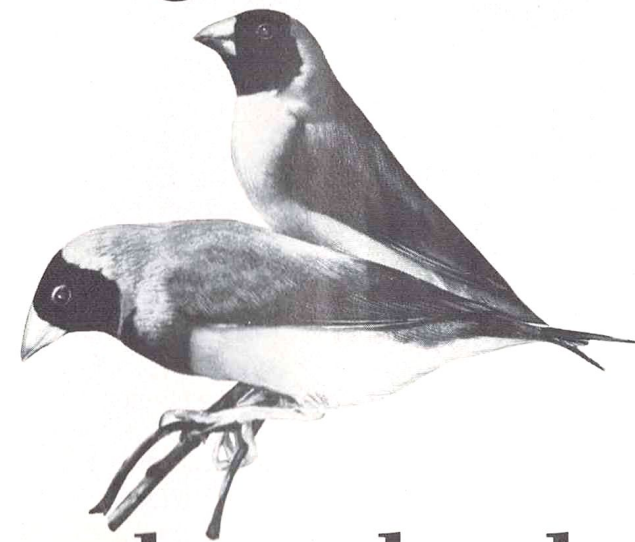
Vahines aren't the only sexual attraction of Tahiti. The local French population has bred a healthy number of girls and these, supplemented by young French tourists, provide a scenic eyeful as they sunbake on the main beaches. For them *le bikini* is passe — more popular is *le thong* on the busier beaches and nothing on the more remote beaches. It would be impossible to make anything briefer than *le thong* which barely covers the pubic hair in front and bugger all at the back.

Australian and New Zealanders who wish to see Tahiti's attractions can travel direct to Tahiti by QANTAS, UTA or Air New Zealand. You can also make Tahiti a stopover on the way to Los Angeles or Hawaii. Alternatively, you can fly a grand circuit to the US, stopping at Hawaii on the way and Tahiti on the way back — at no extra cost. Incredibly some Australians fly to the USA via Tahiti and see no more of the place than the transit lounge at Papeete! For a really exotic journey the traveller can fly from Tahiti to Easter Island and on to Chile with Lan Chile.

If you really want to make it a slower journey, try taking your ocean-going yacht. Sailing around Tahiti and its islands means you'll be fending off the women — be they Polynesian or French! —

Mike Palmer

This is a gouldian finch.



Take a long, last look,

The Gouldian finch is declining alarmingly. Where once it was widespread it is now absent. Where once it was abundant its numbers now are few. Even the small flocks remaining are considered vulnerable.

The reasons are, as yet, unknown.

Saving the Gouldian finch is one of the 88 projects World Wildlife Fund Australia has adopted. It is one of 18 still awaiting funding. Won't you help?

Australia has been the home for unique plant and

animal species for millions of years. Man has destroyed many of them in less than two centuries.

Their loss is immeasurable. Such is the delicate balance of nature.

You can help World Wildlife Fund Australia save our endangered wildlife by becoming a WWF Australia member, by spreading the word, by cash donation, or by bequeathing money or life insurance.

Please support our work.

or fill in this coupon.



To: World Wildlife Fund Australia,
Level 17 St Martins Tower,
Sydney, NSW 2000,
GPO Box 528,
SYDNEY NSW 2001.

Telephone: (02) 29 7572.

Yes! I want to help World Wildlife Fund Australia to save our endangered wildlife.

Tick boxes where applicable:



Yes! ☐ I want to become an Annual Supporter for \$25.00 which entitles me to receive a Panda Lapel Badge, Certificate of Support, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure

and quarterly newsletters.

Yes! ☐ I would like to become a Life Member for \$1,000.00 and receive a Gold Panda Lapel Badge, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure, quarterly newsletters and invitations to functions organised by World Wildlife Fund Australia.

Yes! ☐ I would like to donate \$ _____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.



Yes! ☐ I would like to enrol a young Australian as a member of the Australian Wildlife Club for one year. I understand this will cost \$5.00 per year and the Club member will receive

a Certificate of Membership and Receipt, badge, sticker, poster, an Earth Watch Programme TV. Storyboard and the Club's quarterly newsletter. Recommended age group: (3yrs — 16yrs).

Please find attached a cheque made payable to World Wildlife Fund Australia for the amount of \$ _____

Or charge my Bankcard with \$ _____

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Bankcard Expiry Date ____ / ____ / 19__

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postcode: _____

Behind the shocking headlines about child abuse lies an even more shocking reality — an organised conspiracy to encourage this terrible crime

THE CHILD SEX

An unfamiliar word has recently crept into our vocabularies and our newspaper headlines. It is *paedophilia* — “The condition of being sexually attracted to children.” Paedophilia is spreading around the world. There is nothing new about children being sexually molested, or child prostitution, or child pornography. What is new, in the Age of the Paedophile, is that people who take part in or condone this vile practice are now prepared to stand up and be counted.

They are prepared to speak at conferences and seminars and even on soapboxes and street corners; to say, out loud, that there is nothing inherently wrong with the desire of an adult, full-grown male to place his penis in the vagina of a four-year-old girl or in the anus of a six-year-old boy. They are prepared to argue that a sexual relationship between a toddler in nappies and an adult can be a loving and beneficial experience for both participants.

CONSPIRACY

BY ADRIAN TAME ILLUSTRATION BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN



CHILD SEX

And amazingly, nobody is dragging them down off their soapboxes and stringing them up, right there on the street corner. People are starting to listen, and maybe to wonder: "Could there be something here we've closed our minds to? Could there possibly be a defence — or even a place in society — for the child molester?"

Nobody in their right mind would confuse or connect paedophilia with homosexuality. Even the most unenlightened can accept in the liberated Eighties that what goes on in private between consenting adults is their own business. But there is one similarity — one common factor which is both sinister and disturbing.

Remember how homosexuality was regarded in Australia 15 or 20 years ago, before "gay" became a word that didn't mean "joyful" any more? In those days homosexuals were shut firmly in the closet. They rarely discussed their sexual preferences except among their peer group. It was unthinkable that they would ever emerge from that closet and form a powerful, influential lobby group intent on pursuing the interests of an often victimised minority. But gradually the first stirrings of Gay Lib were heard, the first muscle-flexing of a movement that has unarguably achieved much, and not just for its followers but for society at large. Outsiders now

understand a lot more about the gay community, and that understanding has led to greater tolerance of contrasting needs and aims. Homosexuals are no longer persecuted in their private and professional lives merely because they choose a different orifice for their sexual gratification. All of this can reasonably be seen as progress.

It is in the evolution of public acceptance where the disturbing similarity between paedophilia and homosexuality is starting to emerge. If the worst fears of a number of international experts are founded, we are going to see the gradual appearance of more and more paedophile groups around the world. But they won't be communicating with one another under the camouflage of innocent-sounding code names or swapping their tales of sexual conquest behind closed doors. They will be climbing on street corner soapboxes or arguing eloquently on radio talkback shows. And how long will it be before the first municipal council candidate fights his campaign on a platform of equal rights for paedophiles? How long before the ABC or the Public Service grants travel and accommodation expenses and other de facto privileges to the first paedophile and his child lover? How long before the pastor of some fringe religion conducts the first "marriage" between a four-year-old and a 40-year-old? How long before the paedophile version of *La Cage Aux Folles* or *The Boys In The Band* is nominated for an Oscar?

If that sounds like alarmist claptrap, then let's hope it is. Early signs indicate the contrary. These signs first emerged here in July 1982, when an advertisement appeared in the pages of a gay newspaper circulating primarily in NSW and Victoria. "AUSTRALIAN PAEDOPHILE SUPPORT GROUP," it read. "A NSW-based organisation set up to provide a supportive mechanism for gay men and women throughout Australia, attracted to, or in relations with, children. More information in confidence from the Gayline."

Three months after that advertisement appeared a squad of Victorian policemen known as the Delta Task Force began making a name for itself around Fitzroy Street, St Kilda. For reasons connected less with geography than with bright neon lights and the ready availability of every conceivable drug, Fitzroy Street had come to hold a fatal attraction for Victoria's wayward younger generation.

The head of the Delta Task Force, Senior Sergeant Neil Comrie (as he was then), had become only too aware of what was happening on the street between adults and children in a casual, disorganised way. He was to make a statement, in March 1983, that would shock even the most hardened observer of St Kilda's seamy nightlife. Not only was child prostitution and pornography rife in the area, Comrie said, it had reached proportions that were already proving difficult to contain. Boys as young as nine were working the beat as male prostitutes; one was found soliciting in the company of his five-year-old brother. Comrie's men estimated there were around 150 boys and girls between the ages of nine and 16 regularly working the streets of St Kilda. Payments for homosexual acts, often performed in public toilets or nearby parks, ranged upwards from just a few dollars. The very young used their money to wipe out alien invaders in nearby amusement parlors. Their more seasoned colleagues, aged 12 and up, were already dabbling in drugs which, by that time, had killed an estimated 40 youngsters in the area. Some of the youthful street-walkers were runaways who slept rough on park benches or under railway viaducts. Others caught the last tram or train home to their unknowing or uncaring parents. Not all these children engaged in physical prostitution; the luckier ones merely posed for obscene photographs in the shabby studios which quickly appeared and disappeared from the scene.

About the only thing the Delta Task Force didn't find on Fitzroy Street was some form of organisation among the patrons of the child prostitutes. Customers were, for the main part, middle-aged and often upwardly mobile suburbanites who travelled into the area for 20 minutes of trembling and guilt-ridden pleasure at the hands of a child almost as young as those snuggled up safe at home in bed.

So when Comrie's boys spotted the Paedophile Support Group advertisement

in February 1983, some months after its appearance, alarm bells began to ring. They acted quickly, but as it turned out, not very prudently. Delta decided the best way of nipping the PSG's activities in the bud was to infiltrate them. Accordingly a South Melbourne public servant, Stephen Mayne, was chosen for the unpalatable task of gaining the confidence of the group and ultimately betraying them.

Mayne, 30, was chosen partly because he wasn't a police officer, and partly because he was good mates with Delta member Sgt Wayne Carson. Under the pseudonym "Greg Daniels", Mayne wrote in February 1983 for more information on the PSG. He received a reply giving the name of a member of the group in Glebe, Sydney. Contact was made in May, and "Daniels" flew up to NSW for a dinner engagement. The main topic of conversation was the possibility of setting up a Paedophile Support Group in Melbourne.

When "Daniels" returned to Melbourne he had the phone number of a local businessman in his sixties who was planning to set up a paedophile organisation. Operation Rockspider, as it was named — after the prison slang for a child molester — was off and running. "Daniels" made contact with the businessman and eventually attended the inaugural meeting of the Melbourne Paedophile Support Group at an inner suburban home on July 2, 1983. Twelve men attended that first meeting, and "Daniels" secretly taped the proceedings with a microphone strapped to his chest. A radio attachment transmitted everything that was said to a Delta officer sitting outside the house in a car.

There were five further meetings of the MSPG before Delta brought their activities to an end. "Daniels" attended five of the six meetings and successfully recorded and transmitted four of them. He was to remark later: "There were a number of times when I was apprehensive that they would work out I wasn't one of them. There were a couple of times when I felt sure I would be discovered. I was just acting a part, but when I had to make up a story about what I was supposed to have done with children, it made me feel sick."

At the inaugural meeting, "Daniels" had to listen while one member told how he first fell in love with a nine-year-old boy. Another man spoke of the situation in Holland where, he claimed, the maximum jail sentence for having sexual relations with a child was only three months. A third member, who said he was a retired teacher, provided tips on how to pick up boys. He said his favorite method was "flashing" in public toilets, and claimed to have had 2000 boyfriends during his career as a paedophile.

And so it went on throughout the five meetings. Significantly, when "Daniels" tried to steer the conversation around to introducing members to boys, or even to bringing boys to meetings, there was op-

position to the idea from different members. "I think once we start to act as a sort of recruiting centre for kids, we would really be up shit creek," one participant responded.

Then, on the night of November 5, Operation Rockspider struck. "Daniels" opened the door of the suburban house where the MSPG was holding its sixth meeting and invited 18 police officers inside. At the same time two Delta officers and four NSW policemen raided a house in Sydney, seizing a number of books and files.

That was on a Saturday night. By the following Monday morning the story had leaked out, and the Melbourne *Sun* trumpeted across its front page: "POLICE SMASH CHILD PORN RING" — a somewhat intemperate claim as it turned out, since charges had only just been laid against nine men, and of course a defendant is innocent until proven guilty. This was to go badly for the Delta Squad over the next few months.

At least two Australian men who sponsored Filipino boys had travelled to the Philippines and had sex with the children they'd pledged to rescue from poverty

The *Sun* story also carried police claims that the Australian Paedophile Support Group, as they were now apparently calling themselves, had links with similar organisations in Britain, Denmark and the US. Even more disturbing was the information that of the nine men arrested (eight in Melbourne, one in Sydney), one was a deputy principal of a primary school and another a retired teacher.

During the weekend of the raid the homes of all nine men were searched and a quantity of pornographic books, photographs and videos were seized. The homes were almost exclusively in middle or upper class suburbs like Hawthorn, Kew and East Malvern. The men's occupations included author, advertising consultant and supermarket manager. All were charged immediately with: "Conspiring to support and actively encourage one another to participate in acts of sexual penetration of persons under the age of 16 with intent to debauch and corrupt public morals and create in their minds inordinate and lustful desires." Generally known as "conspiracy to corrupt public morals", this charge had never before been heard in an Aus-

tralian court. Various other charges, ranging from sexual penetration of a boy aged between 10 and 16 to child stealing, were brought against two of the men. All nine were bailed to appear before the court five months later.

In the post-raid euphoria, police announced that the Sydney paedophile operation had been running since 1980. The group had allegedly used various methods of contacting young boys, one of which was to follow up personal ads for work left at supermarkets by the youngsters. They had formed after a conference on homosexuality and lesbianism.

It was then that a bombshell concerning a reputable charity, World Vision Australia, was dropped. All that was said at this stage was that police believed the paedophiles had a system which gave them access to "underprivileged Asian boys." Officials of both World Vision and a similar charity called Foster Parents' Plan announced that police had told them paedophiles had already sponsored Asian children. At least two men who sponsored four Filipino boys had travelled to the Philippines and had sex with the children they had pledged to rescue from abject poverty. One Australian was believed to have spent two weeks in a hotel room with a young Asian boy. Another planned to bring his "foster son" back to Australia as a convenient sexual partner.

By now the affair was taking on the dimensions of a gross sexual nightmare. These were Third World children living hand-in-hand with the permanent misery of poverty and starvation; and here were these knights in shining armor from across the sea, coming to deliver them into a land of plenty. Except the knights in shining armor actually wanted to bed down with their young charges in sleazy hotel rooms.

Predictably, World Vision and Foster Parents' Plan went into corporate shock, and then acted with commendable speed and determination to end this appalling slur on their previously unimpeachable reputations. World Vision chief Bert O'Brien immediately alerted sister branches in New Zealand, Britain, the US, Canada and Hong Kong, and then set off for the Philippines to mount his own investigation. The group's executive director, Harold Henderson, announced: "We are doing everything we can to care for the young victims."

Meanwhile back in the Delta squadrooms, much was being made of the international links of the group awaiting trial. The two main connections seemed to be with an American organisation called the North American Man-Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) and a British group known as the English Paedophile Exchange Group, or PIE. All such groups, it was made known, firmly believed they were right and the rest of the world was wrong in regard to attitudes towards child sex. They wanted various laws changed, including the lowering of the age of consent.



"... And if I grow up ugly, I can always be a feminist."

CHILD SEX

NAMBLA, in particular, was a well-organised and articulate group — ready, willing and able to defend itself against the outrage of society. One of its more inflammatory statements read: "So, when you kiss the boy you love, when you fondle him in your sleeping bag beside the fire, even when you like (sic) naked beside a boy you have never dared touch, you have gone beyond the pale. You have placed yourself outside the normal protections of courtesy, civility, humane treatment and civil rights."

In America, experts have estimated that millions of children are sexually abused every year — as many as one in five of the child population. In 1983 the US Justice Department's Office of Juvenile Justice estimated that more than 1.5 million Americans under the age of 16 were involved in prostitution or child pornography. Venereal disease is not uncommon in children under five, according to researchers at the University of California in Los Angeles.

Thus the activities of groups like NAMBLA are by no means regarded in the US as merely the anti-social behavior of a minority lunatic fringe. Ralph Bennett, supervisor of the Sexually Exploited Child Unit at the Los Angeles Police Department, has heard the warning bells about the unthinkable future face of paedophilia. "The

danger I see," he says, "in that type of organisation [NAMBLA] is, first of all, they reinforce what paedophiles are doing. That, I think, is very damaging. Secondly they do have some influence in getting laws changed in a very subtle way. They don't do it in a way that the average person knows what is going on, because the public doesn't even know these organisations exist. One example is how hard they have been trying to lower the age of consent."

His fears are more than justified by a statement issued by the American Rene Guyon Society (slogan: "Sex by year eight, else it's too late"). The statement reads: "Because of our efforts the day will come, and come soon, when children will have sex freedom (provided contraceptives are used) of a bisexual nature with other children and adults. They will be allowed to happily participate in kid-porn activity." The same 5000-strong group recently published its own instructions on anal sex with four-year-old boys and girls: "The anal cavity is large enough at age four for boys and girls to painlessly hold an adult's penis — an act they constantly desire from adult males they love."

Another American paedophile group, the Texas-based Howard Nichols Society, published a question and answer definition of its aims. Examples included: "Q. What ages of children attract paedophiles? A. Paedophiles are usually attracted to pre-

pubescent, people from about age eight to puberty, although many paedophiles have had enjoyable relations with younger or older children. Q. Aren't paedophiles afraid of, or unable to sexually relate to, other adults? A. Many do not have sex with other adults because sex with children is better: it can be more intense, more satisfying, more productive and more fun. Q. How do paedophiles feel about incest? A. Generally there is no reason to prohibit families from sharing physical affection and sex."

Of all the American paedophile organisations, NAMBLA is the best organised and most affluent, with its membership of doctors, lawyers, artists, writers and businessmen. It never hesitates to assist with the defence of members who come before the courts, even providing advice on how to prepare children for cross-examination by police and how to cope with middle-of-the-night raids.

One of NAMBLA's sworn enemies is Dr Judianne Densen-Gerber, the US founder of the Odyssey House drug rehabilitation centres. Densen-Gerber has been a regular visitor to Australia in recent years to oversee work at the Melbourne and Sydney Odyssey centres. She has long been aware of the paedophile conspiracy. NAMBLA described her thus in a recent newsletter: "Like the proverbial bad penny she keeps turning up. And like any other brazen, loud, Jewish kvetch, she won't

close that motor-mouth filled with lies. Every time that fat trap opens, she jeopardises public safety. It is my fervent prayer each night — to which every god will listen — that some day the legion of drug addicts she cages and spits on and humiliates at the Odyssey House will rise up in a spontaneous fit of righteous fury, and quickly put an end to this blathering, dark, demented daughter of dead Moses."

Another NAMBLA enemy was Lloyd Martin, Ralph Bennett's predecessor at the LA Police Department. Martin, a particularly zealous cop in matters of child molestation, was described by NAMBLA as follows: "A militant faggot with pen in hand bringing down a crooked pro-Fascist Christer cop who hangs boys over cliffs and threatens them with death unless they name boy-lovers."

But perhaps the most revolting thing on the US paedophile front is the correspondence between members of the various societies and clubs. One such letter was written by a Texan paedophile to a pen-friend in California. "I am 37 years, married to a lovely, understanding wife of 29, who knows about my interests in the younger set. We have two children — Heather age four, and Harris age two, almost three. My wife and family are nudists, and a club is outside Austin [Texas]. Heather and Harris are both born nudists, and that is the way you will find them any time you come to the house. Heather usually does not wear anything to bed, and asks me for a special goodnight kiss. She likes her vulva licked and sucked. Harris likes his penis sucked, but not as often as Heather. I have enjoyed pleasing both of them."

So these were the type of groups in America with which, according to the Delta Task Force, the Australian Paedophile Support Group was forging links. Other connections were being made in Britain, it was claimed, with the Paedophile Information Exchange (PIE). Two of the luminaries of this organisation, school teacher David Joy, 43, and electrician Peter Bremner, 45, were jailed late last year for sending indecent material through the mail.

As is traditional in prisons around the world, Joy and Bremner experienced a taste of the behind-bars justice reserved for child molesters, bent cops and errant prison warders. On their first night in a London jail, both were so badly beaten they had to be placed in private cells. "It's got so rough they won't leave their cells to eat," said a recently released convict. "I don't blame them. A lot of guys in there are praying to get their hands on them. On their first night they were on their way to eat when about 10 guys rushed them. They were squealing like pigs when the cons stomped and kicked them."

In another incident both men were badly scalded when boiling hot tea was hurled through the bars of their cells. The judge at their trial had predicted trouble when sentencing Joy to 18 months and Brem-

ner to six. "I realise life will not be easy for you behind bars," he said. During their trial Bremner had told the court he preferred his sexual partners to be around 12 or 13, but he sometimes liked them as young as eight or nine. Joy said he believed grown men should be allowed to have sex with four-year-olds.

But it wasn't just from overseas that the Australian Paedophile Support Group was gaining justification and backing for its aims. Shortly after the Delta raids on November 5, 1983, a furore broke out over the behavior of a Melbourne school teacher. A lecturer in humanities at a suburban technical school, she had telephoned a Radio 3AW talkback show from the school when the subject of paedophilia was raised. She expressed the view that the age of consent could justifiably be lowered to 10, and that children between the ages of 10 and 16 should be allowed to make up their own minds about sexual

In America, experts have estimated that millions of children are sexually abused every year — as many as one in five of the child population

matters. She departed the airwaves after fully revealing her identity and occupation when the recess bell rang calling her back to the classroom.

By that night parents were queuing at the school to demand her instant dismissal. The school principal had disassociated himself and the school from her remarks with the classic understatement: "It's not done us a lot of good." Education Minister Robert Fordham found the remarks "tactless and repugnant", but pointed out, significantly, that the teacher had broken no laws. Shortly afterwards she was transferred from the school to a clerical job within the Education Department's regional office system. But the matter did not lie there. At the time of going to press, nearly 18 months after the woman's statements on 3AW, her union, the Technical Teachers' Union of Victoria, is still negotiating with Mr Fordham for her reinstatement to the classroom.

In addition to her on-air comments, which included a plea that "the rights of the paedophile be defended", the woman also cropped up in connection with a group called the Gay Legal Rights Coali-

tion, headed by an able and articulate advocate called Jamie Gardiner. Her name was included on a GLRC press release deploring the Delta raids and the "continuing witch-hunt" against Victorian gays. Written by Coalition president Gardiner, the release read: "The [Delta] Task Force was set up to help children who, through poverty, unemployment, and family breakdown, were living on the streets of St Kilda. The Coalition deplores the fact that the Task Force has been totally diverted from this worthy area, and is concentrating instead on the persecution of people engaged in consenting sexual activity in ways calculated to gain sensational media headlines." This was just the first salvo fired by the GLRC in what was to become a bitter war of words against Delta.

It was early last May that the sense of triumph around the Delta squadrooms began to turn to bitter disillusionment. The nine men arrested in the November raids finally came up for trial before Mr Graeme Wheelhouse, SM. At the end of an unexpectedly short hearing, Mr Wheelhouse dismissed the charges of conspiracy against all nine defendants because of insufficient evidence, ruling there was not a case to answer. The prosecution case was based on transcripts of the tape-recorded meetings. But the defence argued successfully that the evidence was too flimsy to justify a conspiracy charge. Two weeks later four men arrested by Delta in a raid in May 1983 appeared before the court, also on conspiracy charges. Once again Mr Wheelhouse was the magistrate, and once again he threw out the charges. Suddenly Delta's triumph was in tatters. Months of police work, culminating in the two raids, had produced virtually nothing.

Jamie Gardiner and the GLRC could barely wait to swoop. Gardiner's article in a gay magazine called *Outrage* began: "When Delta Task Force got its comeuppance Melbourne's media were shamefully silent. Journalists sat shorthanded in the courtroom. The TV crews clustered like vultures on the footpath. All set for a re-run of last November's 'Evil Scum' and 'Police Smash Child Porn Ring' headlines. But the court dismissed the charges, of conspiring to corrupt public morals, against the nine defendants. The evidence was so thin the magistrate ruled it was not worthy of being put to a jury. Not a skerrick of this appeared in the newspapers which had trumpeted the original news in front page banner headlines six months earlier. [This was not true — the Melbourne *Sun* carried a seven-paragraph account of the acquittals in its edition of November 11.] Not a word of apology from the radio and TV stations, which in November stirred up a vehement hate campaign against nine innocent men whose names and addresses they gave out — an open invitation to violence — with sickening glee."

Gardiner went on to urge that editors and talkback radio hosts who had covered the

THE CHILD SEX "MONSTER"

"Queensland," a legendary figure in Brisbane media circles once quipped, "is the only place in the world where they'll still put you inside for 10 years for wearing a pink sweater." There has always been a suspicion that the saloon bars of the Sunshine State's more isolated hotels are not the ideal spot for meaningful discussion on the benefits to civilisation resulting from awareness of homosexuality.

There is, therefore, supreme irony in the fact that Queensland was home for most of his 61 years to a man who could claim to have been the most successful paedophile of all time. Clarence Osborne was described at the time of his death as a "sex monster" or, more simply, "an animal." To the 2500 adolescent boys with whom he had sexual contact over a 20-year period, he was someone to confide in and trust. To his colleagues in both the law courts and the Queensland Parliament, where he worked as a shorthand reporter, he was regarded as one of the most skilled exponents of his trade anywhere in the country.

To claim sexual contact with 2500 boys

is one thing; to be in a position to prove it beyond any doubt is entirely another. Clarence Osborne could do just that, thanks to something his biographer, social scientist Paul Wilson, described as "a repository of sexual information surpassed only by the Kinsey Institute." Osborne kept records. The Christian names and first letters of the surnames of every one of his 2500 boys were meticulously filed and cross-indexed. Under each name were photographs of the boy and parts of his anatomy, the date of his birth and age, his height, weight, wrist and ankle measurements and circumcision status. There were also more detailed measurements of the penis (its length when flaccid and when erect), the width of the eye, and so on.

Osborne was also obsessive about tape recording conversations, both important and trivial. These recordings were done in secret with a concealed machine at his home or in his car, where many of his sexual contacts took place. Some of the conversations lasted only 10 or 15 minutes. Others ran for up to three hours. Eight kilometres of tape were collected. His pho-

tographic collection, equally prolific, ranged from tasteful and arty erotica to crude pornography — shots of boys ejaculating, pushing their penises into hoses, or posing with eggs in their anuses.

Wilson has this to say of Osborne's sexual partners: "The boys he photographed, measured and masturbated were not just any boys. Many, some hundreds in fact, came from the most prestigious and wealthy homes in the city of Brisbane. Some were the sons of policemen, some were the sons of doctors, and some were the sons of political identities. Many of these boys are now men, and they, too, have reached the top echelons in various professions."

In the end, when Osborne feared the police were about to catch up with him, raid his premises and seize his unique collection of records, he decided suicide was the only answer. Even then his obsession with recording the events of his life prevailed. Found next to his body in a carbon monoxide-filled car was the most bizarre of all suicide notes: "I've been sitting here 10 minutes and I'm still alive."

CHILD SEX

raids be prosecuted for group libel, contempt of court, incitement to hatred and violence, and attempting to pervert the course of justice. Delta head Neil Comrie was also singled out for Gardiner's invective along with the other "publicity hungry cynics" of the Task Force. "It has indeed worked out well for Comrie and other Delta members. Several have had nice little trips to the US and the Philippines at the taxpayer's expense — to collect further evidence of course. (Even if the only evidence they found was the emptiness of their allegations.)"

Gardiner's article went on to list the damage suffered by the nine defendants: three had lost jobs, one had had his business "very badly damaged", and all were thousands of dollars out of pocket. "[Name deleted], who joined with me in issuing the GLRC press release on November 6 — defending the civil liberties of the accused men and so rightly condemning the police action — is still not teaching. Gays everywhere have suffered again the utterly unjustified child molester slur. Delta Task Force has cost too much already. It must be abolished," Gardiner wrote.

Another article in the gay press described the acquittals as "the first success in the Melbourne gay community's campaign to have the self-appointed morality squad, Delta Task Force, disbanded." Yet another article, by one William Ward, came even closer to outright support for the aims of paedophiles. Ward wrote, among other things: "Having feelings about or occasional sexual contacts with children doesn't make you a paedophile. . . perhaps we should all examine how we relate to and feel about children in all areas, not just sexually. How do you treat children? Do you deny their sexuality, or dismiss it as puppy-love? Do you think sex is dangerous? If a child made a pass at you, how would you feel? Paedophiles are genuinely romantically attracted to children, and therefore no more inclined to abuse them than any other person is inclined to abuse their lover. Delta and their equivalents elsewhere must be fought, not only because they are attacking our civil rights and our sexual freedom. . . A working alliance between gays, feminists, paedophiles, children and other progressive movements is a necessary first step."

There it was in black and white — *paedophiles, a progressive movement*. The point that hurt most down at the Delta squadrooms was that *Outrage*, the magazine where most of this thinly disguised paedophilia propaganda was appearing, was heavily financed by the Victorian Government. During the year 1983/84 the government donated \$70,762 to Gay Publications, publishers of *Outrage*, and another \$52,518 to Correct Line Graphics,

another organisation closely associated with Gay Publications. So who was squealing about taxpayers' money now?

To further rub salt in the Delta wounds, the gay community announced a victory party to celebrate the court's decision. "This is a resounding victory we must celebrate," read the invitation, published in a program for a national homosexual festival known as Stonewall '84. "So come along, kick up your heels and join the celebration. Any money made on the evening will help contribute to the legal costs of the Paedophile Support Group." The same program also mentioned a public rally in Melbourne's city square, where one of the nine defendants would speak on "Delta Equals Spies and Lies." And later the same day, June 30, a forum on paedophilia was planned for the union building at Melbourne University.

The Delta men responded by sending six of their number to attend the rally in the

The child exploitation unit is obviously going to have its work cut out in stemming the ever-rising tide of paedophile behavior

square. The promised speech from one of the nine defendants went ahead as planned. What wasn't planned was that the person sheltering him from the rain with an umbrella was a plainclothes Delta man taping every word of the speech.

Later the undercover Delta man marched with speakers and spectators from the rally through the streets of the city to the university. One Delta officer successfully infiltrated the closed forum on paedophilia. It was closed, incidentally, because of "the media's poor record in treating gay issues", according to one of the organisers.

The last word on the raids and the subsequent court case came on July 2, the Monday after the rally and the forum. Another of the nine defendants went public, granting an interview to the *Age* newspaper. Identified as "Mr W", a 64-year-old businessman, he went straight to the heart of the matter. "I'm interested in kids about 13, 14, 15, 16, maybe 17. Basically they have to be pubescent, otherwise I'm just not interested." He spoke of the death threats and other harassment he and his co-defendants suffered while await-

ing trial. "The police make no distinction between actual child molesting and a consensual activity between an older person and a younger person. . . Let's accept that children do accept pleasure from sex. Why shouldn't they? It's a very basic thing," he said.

Mr W calculated he had had relations of a sexual nature with as many as 3000 boys, most of them "pretty rough kids", and only one of which rated as "a relationship." He added: "I cannot understand how anyone is not attracted to youngsters. Certainly by the time I got to be around 30 I was attracted by young kids. I always feel very protective towards them, and I would never do anything to harm them. Most of the kids who have it off with older guys are not homosexual. They go on to girls, and they're quite happy about it. The unstated thing is that because these dreadful old men are having it off with these young kids, they're making them poofers for life. It just isn't on."

Last November, almost two years to the day after it was formed, Delta was disbanded. Eight of the 11-strong Task Force moved across to the Licensing, Gaming and Vice Squad.

Penthouse asked if the disbanding had anything to do with the results of the two court cases, or the pressure from the gay community to bring about the end of the Task Force. "Certainly not," said a spokesman. "Delta was set up specifically to investigate the viability and necessity for a child exploitation unit within Licensing, Gaming and Vice. They were given two years for the investigation, and they found it was both necessary and viable. The child exploitation unit is now operational."

That unit is obviously going to have its work cut out in stemming the ever-rising tide of paedophile behavior. One week before Christmas 1984, the Victorian Council of Churches made a startling submission to the recently-launched Victorian Government Inquiry Into Prostitution. The council's submission revealed that "outer suburban entrepreneurs" were profiting from youth unemployment in new and sinister ways. The council said it had evidence to show these "entrepreneurs" were loading teenage boys on to buses and ferrying them into the city on a daily basis for the purposes of prostitution.

Meanwhile in Montreal, the Fifth International Congress on Child Abuse and Neglect, attended by more than 2400 experts, decided after days of deliberation that scientific and sociological efforts to eliminate the sexual abuse of children would be "lengthy, difficult and expensive." And they would almost certainly fail, according to a consensus of those attending the conference.

There is no avoiding the conclusion that, in the foreseeable future at least, nothing will stop the obscene horror that is replacing childhood for thousands of young Australians. —

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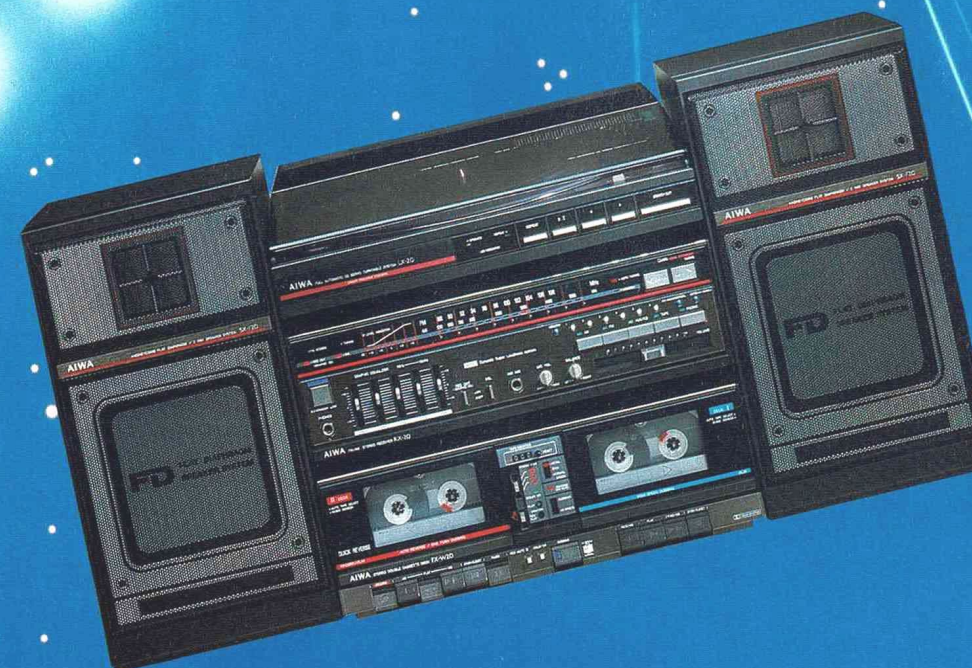
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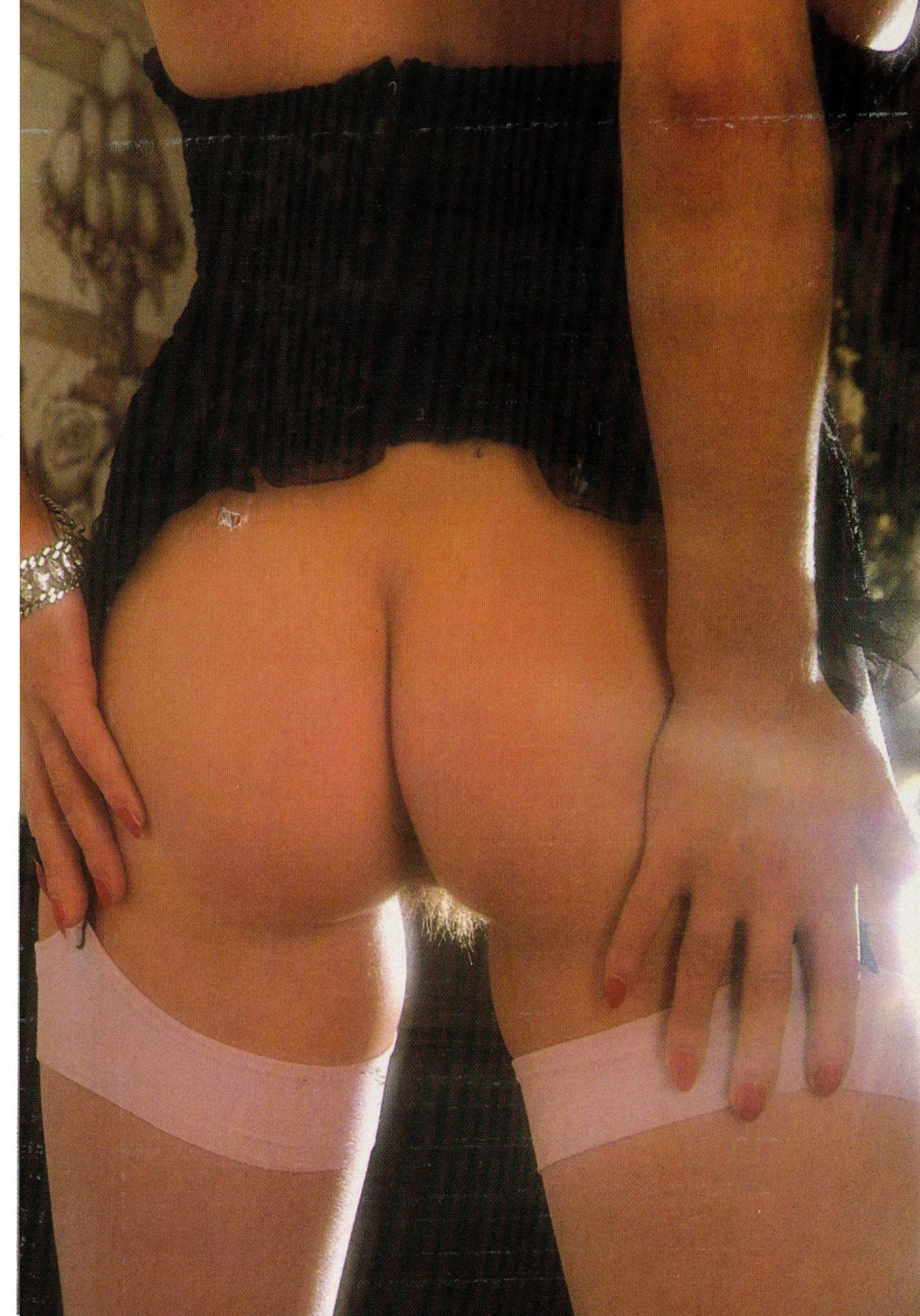
“My parents will be shocked when they see these pictures,” whispers Polish-born Danuta Wycoff. “In Krakow, where my parents live, even topless bathing is forbidden.” It’s a good thing, then, that dazzling Danuta has left that strict and religious Polish city to share her cornucopia of charms with the Western world.

SHOCK VALUE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

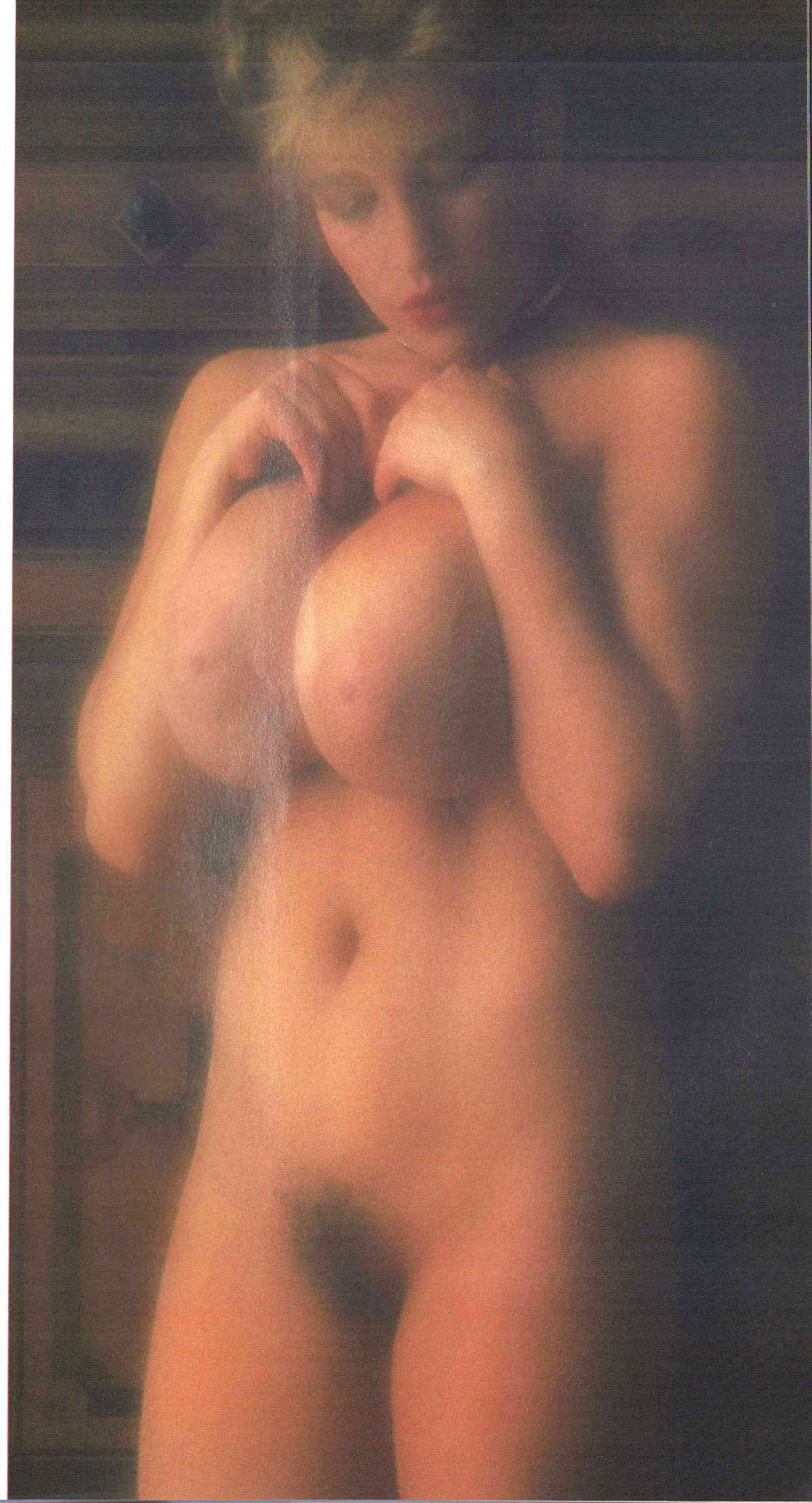


Danuta is determined to make a career for herself as a singer. She has done several demo tapes and has a regular performance spot at a rock 'n' roll cafe. She says she's very happy with the way things are shaping up but she's sick and tired of people saying she's got great lungs.





"To me," murmurs
Danuta, "my body is a
phenomenon of nature
— I'm always finding
new ways to enjoy it.
Although I'm used to
jests about my chest, I
don't appreciate them."

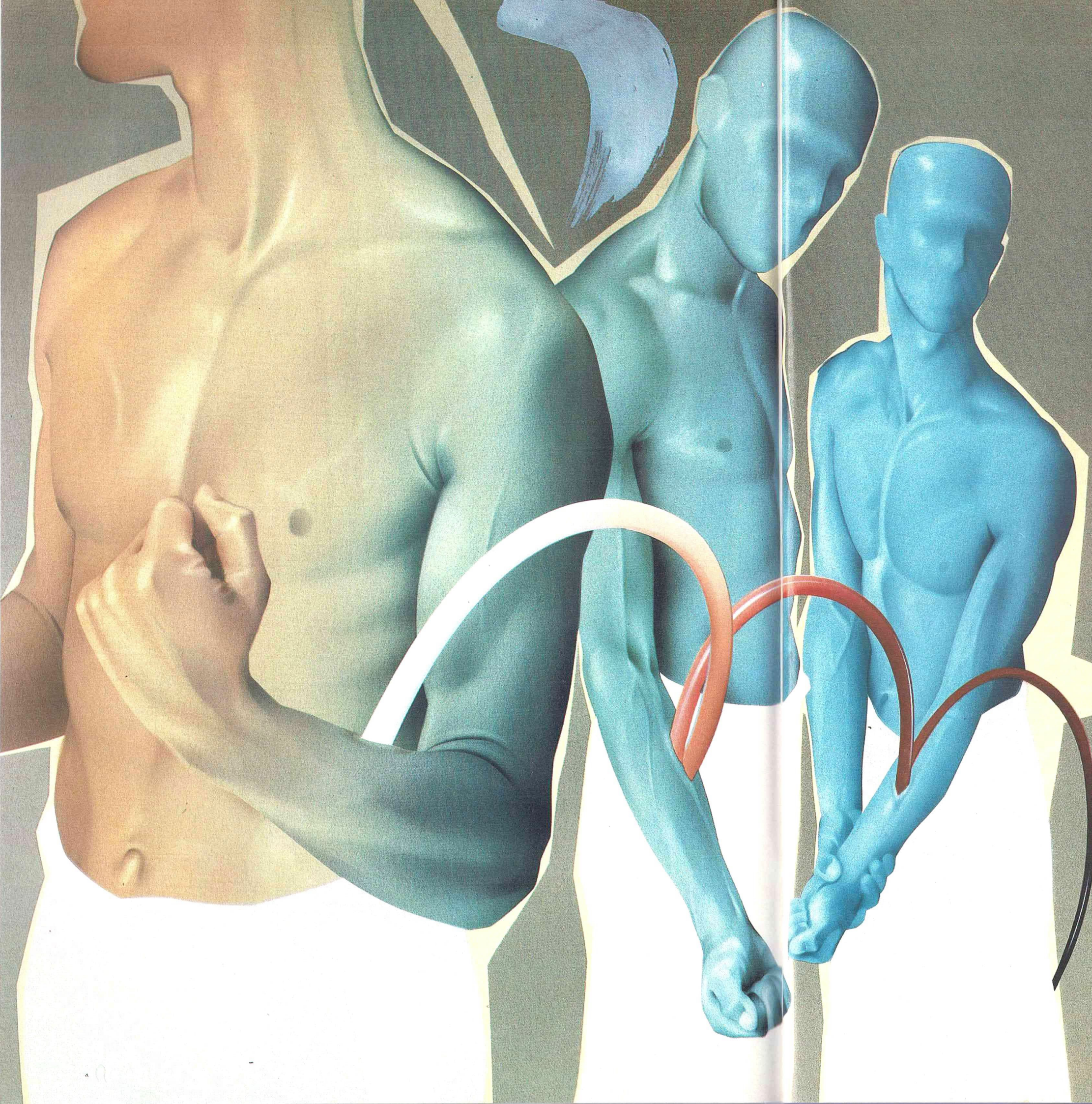




What this Polish princess does appreciate is the chance to lie on a cool sheet, closing her eyes, and dreaming of new physical boundaries to explore . . . and new companions to explore them with.

○+■





BY RICHARD HALL

This article is extracted from a forthcoming book by Richard Hall on crime and corruption in Australia, to be published mid-year. The book deals with all facets of the drug trade in Australia, as well as prostitution, gambling and white collar crime. It examines the realities and the myths of police corruption in Australia and analyses the controversial findings of the Costigan Royal Commission.

HEROIN

On a chilly evening in July 1983, Charley Landini waited in his Commodore in the parking lot at the Kentucky Fried Chicken establishment in Burwood, a western suburb of Sydney. If Charley had been given to retrospection he might have congratulated himself on how far he'd come since the old days. He could now put up \$93,000 for a deal, and he could do it any day of the week.

As a taxi pulled into the lot, Landini moved out of his car to get ready for the handover. When the taxi driver flung himself out of the door and on to Landini, it was too late to effectively fight back. He got his gun out, but he was already on the ground and kicking the air. The driver who had brought the handover man from the Crest Hotel at the Cross was a detective of the Commonwealth/NSW Joint Task Force on drug trafficking. All day the entire operation had been under surveillance.

Charley Landini had been born in 1944 in Fiume, a territory shortly to be disputed by Italy and Yugoslavia. Times were difficult

HARD DRUGS

The daily press presents a host of misconceptions about Australia's drug problem. These are the facts

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

HARD DRUGS

but his parents survived and were able to migrate to Australia in 1950, living around Sydney's inner eastern suburbs. Charley left school at 15 to become a carpenter and joiner and started a life of crime at 16, when he was convicted of stealing petrol. Other offences followed rapidly: evading a rail fare; break enter and steal; more petrol stealing; receiving stolen goods; break enter and steal. At the age of 19 he was charged with living off the earnings of prostitutes.

Charley's criminal career was typically small-time until 1969, when he got two years for malicious wounding. He was getting a reputation as a hard man, but there were plenty of Landinis around Sydney. He could have done jobs for any of the established organised crime bosses, but he was still no big-timer.

Then the drug age dawned upon Landini's world. In 1972 he was charged in Melbourne with possession of LSD. This was followed by a couple of "possessing Indian hemp" charges. But the petty offences like break enter and steal disappeared from his record. Landini, like a number of his colleagues, was out and running in the drug scene and smack was where it was at if he wanted to get into the big money.

The passing of Terry Clark's organisa-

tion in Sydney in 1979 opened up a gap. By then Landini had built up his operations and was ready to fill that gap. Unlike Clark, he had no desire to be an importer. Sure, there was money to be made in importing, but there were big risks too; better to be the wholesaler, the first stop in Australia. This coincided with the realisation by a number of smart people in South-East Asia — Chinese and Thais — that rather than selling in Bangkok to Australians or New Zealanders, there was more money in running narcotics into Sydney and selling them direct to the wholesaler. Also it was safer, since some of the Thai police were now genuinely trying to follow the book, and dealing with round-eyes in an Asian city had become more dangerous.

There was an inexhaustible supply of Asian couriers, who were expendable, although Landini's major supplier did not depend entirely on personal couriers. He was a Chinese operating out of Hong Kong, where he had been one of the main suppliers for the local market. When there had been a temporary danger in 1980, he had fled on a false passport to Sydney. Later arrested here for extradition, he formed some useful jail contacts so that when the case against him failed in Hong Kong, he decided to suspend operations there and work on an Australian connection. Landini was ready to co-operate.

Initially the Hong Kong Chinese supplier tried the letter device. He would send

100 letters containing an average 12 grams of Number One heroin, a technique that appears rather risky. The letters would be stamped as though they were sample catalogues from a Hong Kong tailor or other supplier. Each one would be addressed to a large block of units, the address containing a name (not necessarily someone living there) but no unit number. The postman, it was anticipated, would leave the letter on top of the rack of boxes and a pick-up who followed him on his rounds could be in and out in seconds with the envelope. Risky or not, by all accounts it was effective.

The Hong Kong supplier also used the hollowed out ends of scrolls to package his product. He was not only supplying Landini for his wholesale operation, but was also the main supplier of heroin for the man who had cornered the market for Sydney's prostitutes.

As a wholesaler Landini had certain advantages. His reputation in Sydney as a hard man (rumor associated him with at least one killing) was a protection against rip-offs and an assurance of payment. He sold his heroin at about 80 percent quality and was careful never to sell dud stuff. (The cutting of heroin begins at the retail level before it gets to the street level mugs.)

Landini supplied dealers in Melbourne and Brisbane as well as Sydney. The important lead back to him had come originally through a Bureau of Criminal Investigation operation in Melbourne which passed information back to the Joint Task Force in Sydney. He had been supplying just one wholesaler/retailer in Melbourne with a pound a week by weight, or 52 pounds a year — a lot of heroin by any standards, with a wholesale value of \$1,750,000 and street value of at least \$11 million. Landini's main partner in the operation was a buxom middle-aged retired prostitute named Alice Emma Wardell, who had been a receiver of stolen goods from big shoplifting groups through the Sixties and Seventies. Although she lived in a modest flat in the Sydney suburb of Dulwich Hill, Alice had been able to pay \$35,000 in cash for a car only a few months previously.

Wardell used an English couple, Donald and Merle Thompson, as cut-outs and pick-ups for the operation which would ultimately lead to the undoing of Charley Landini. In the morning the Thompsons met Landini at a Glebe coffee shop, where over \$93,000 was handed to Donald, who subsequently left. Merle stayed with Landini as insurance for the money: you don't even trust your cut-out in the drug game. Thompson went to a room in the Hilton Hotel in the city which was leased by a middle-aged Chinese woman, Yuen Ling Pat, who usually managed a jewellery store in Hong Kong. She had a Thai bodyguard, Bittang Smithant, who then went with Thompson to the Crest Hotel in Kings Cross. There another Thai, Succhrt

Nat'rakul, handed over 1.3 kilograms.

All this had taken some hours, over drinks, lunch and dinner. Thompson then climbed into a taxi and headed for Burwood and the showdown. He could not have realised that the taxi driver was a detective and that there were three cars following them.

The operation was typical of the *modus operandi* of the new generation of drug importers. The planning and South-East Asian financing took place in Hong Kong, and the big man had no need to come near the heroin. He could send the manager to Sydney (in this case the woman Pat) to guard his interests while she organised the pick-up from the Thai couriers and the handover to the Australian customer.

Even after the police had broken up the Landini connection the big man in Hong Kong could find people in Sydney. However, he lost his next lot of customers through a bizarre stroke of bad luck. About mid-afternoon on January 13, 1983, a couple of highway patrol policemen on the Princes Highway (NSW) routinely stopped a car driven by a woman, Jennifer Lewis, Alice Wardell's daughter. They looked into the car and saw a back seat splashed with blood, a .38 revolver and two spent cartridges on the floor. There was also a sawn-off shotgun in the boot. The woman was distraught; after breaking down she took them a couple of kilometres south near the outer Sydney suburb of Waterfall. There, in a shallow bush grave, they found the body of Shu Lenton, the latest representative of the Hong Kong man. Mr Big was having some trouble with his Australian connection. The girl suicided shortly afterwards in Mulawa Jail, opting to hang herself rather than face a murder charge.

The trail now led back to the Hong Kong Mr Big. In 1984 the Joint Commonwealth/State Task Force succeeded in extraditing him from Hong Kong. His trial is pending.

There is a surplus of heroin coming into Australia in 1985. The Asian importers who have taken over are running hard to make their profits. This results in more price flexibility at the wholesale level, but that doesn't extend to the street level. The street dealers, normally addicts themselves, keep the price up. The basic street deal price has increased during the past year; the chain from Turkey and Thailand to St Kilda and the Gold Coast is extended by factors other than mere distance.

The subsistence farmer in the Golden Triangle sells his opium to the itinerant buyer, who then works with or sells it to a syndicate with enough finance to run a jungle laboratory for the first refining stage. The product then travels to a centre like Bangkok, Hong Kong, Beirut or Palermo for further refining. The syndicate then sells it to an exporter who gets it into Australia. The first wholesaler buys a large amount, possibly a couple of kilos, which he will

break down for sale to a second wholesaler in lots of about 250 grams. The second wholesaler will break it into bags containing five to 30 grams. These bags go to the first retailer, who will split it into single grams, and on to the second retailer, who will split the gram into deals in a foil. The last retailer may work the street, although he is more likely to have some addicts working for him. The pattern can vary — additional individuals can come in further up the chain from the street — but the top level is still that wholesaler who is able to buy in lots above one kilo. The connections along the chain are sporadic and competitive; everyone tends to keep their options open by dealing with different people.

The heroin market is not a pyramid system. The best metaphor to describe it is the image of a river system, dividing and redividing into tributaries. The economics reflect this diffusion. Most heroin dealing is now done in the metric system, although

The gunman shot him at point blank range with a .358 revolver; he was dead before the ambulance arrived

the Lebanese and the Turks seem to prefer the old Imperial system of pounds and ounces. The price depends, at the wholesale and upper retail levels, on purity. The highest level is Number Four — about 85 percent heroin and always a white powder. Down the line is Number Three — about 50 percent, lumpy, and in a range of colors from greyish through pink and into reds. As soon as the Australian wholesaler buys he cuts it with a glucose or some similar neutral powder, and that dilution continues down the line. The average Australian street deal is 20 percent pure, quite a high figure compared with the eight percent purity of an average New York deal.

From wholesaler to second wholesaler level, two typical sales over a week may be one kilo at 30 percent for \$140,000, and half a pound of slightly cut Number Four at 70 percent purity for \$80,000. Down the line, where it has been cut back to the street level of 20 percent, the price for five grams ranges from \$1100 to \$1500; for 10 grams from \$2200 to \$3000. A one-ounce bag, counted as a 30-gram bag, ranges from \$3000 to \$4500. At the next level down, one gram would go for anything

from \$300 to \$350. However, a gram is not always what it claims to be, because of the convention of the "street gram." There are at least 2.5 street grams to the normal gram and there may be up to four. The street gram goes at about \$120.

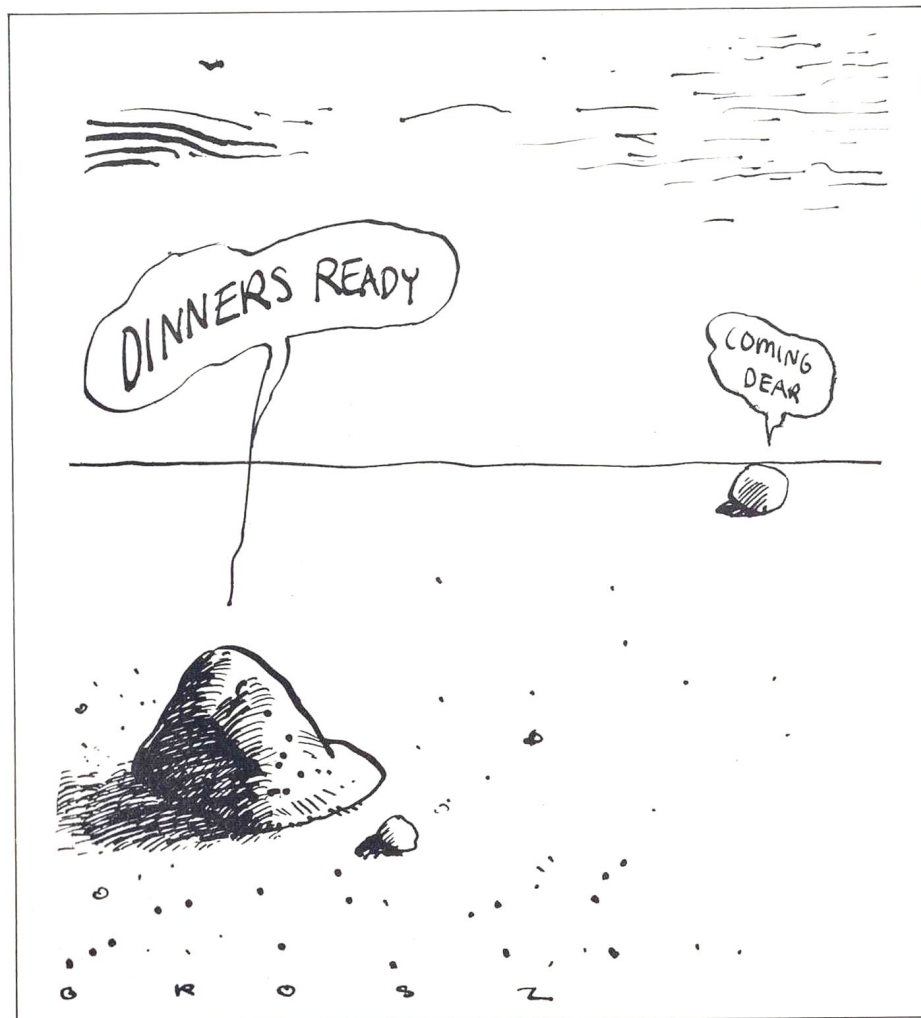
However, most actual street-level transactions are done in "deals", an amount contained in a foil. The addict street dealer buys a true gram and splits it into 10 deals at about \$50 each. The number of deals the addict needs to get the required reaction depends on the state of his addiction; an accepted average is about a quarter of a gram a day, which is about three deals.

The number of deals to a true gram might be 10, but with the Sydney dealers who are catering for prostitutes it may run to as many as 16 deals. So an operator who gets his gram for \$350 is getting \$800 back. An addict dealer, who might be more generous than the professionals dealing with prostitutes, would be making 10 deals to the gram and keeping three or four for himself, thus covering his expenses. Twelve to 18 months ago the basic deal was \$30, but that is rare now. Deals may bring as much as \$100 on the basis of supposedly high quantity or quality, or simply the desperation equation. Way back, the kilo of heroin may have been purchased in Beirut or Bangkok for as little as a couple of thousand dollars.

Much is made of "street value", but it is a misleading concept, as the complexity of the figures above indicates. The formula used by police for assessing "street value" is this: street value equals purity over average, multiplied by the weight in grams and multiplied by 500 (based on the assumption of those 10 \$50 deals to the gram). The street value is an extreme, and in a headline it fails to convey to the public just how far the profit figure is diffused into many different hands. Some enthusiastic policemen looking for good publicity don't even discuss purity in their press statements and end up with even more dramatic figures.

In reality the profits in the heroin trade are big enough without the need for exaggeration. The massively overestimated figures of street value have helped to fuel the notion that there is a Mr Big, with a "board" which sets prices. But the reality of the market, as set out above, refutes the myth. The heroin scene is in fact as organised as an aquarium full of sharks.

The big figures also encourage the notion that there are vast surpluses of money at the top for disposal, overlooking the fact that a substantial part of that street value figure is in circulation just at the street level. Terry Clark's Mr Asia organisation is a case in point: headlines spoke of a \$96 million street value in Australia, and some enthusiasts in Fleet Street even pushed the organisation's turnover up to the equivalent of \$150 million. But from records seized by the police, we know that Clark



HARD DRUGS

cleared somewhere between four and eight million (still a lot of money).

The size of street value figures contributes to another myth that surrounds the financing of the heroin industry. As millions of dollars are potentially involved in the street sale, people are readily led to believe that there must be multi-million dollar financiers out there. The reality is that wholesalers in the criminal world have been able to find money from their own resources and networks sufficient to go into the business; then there is a multiple of the original investment. Cases of those who wish to diversify, backing a customer who is seeking investments with a number of 10 or 20 thousand dollar touches, are well-known.

The preference is to spread money raising, where that decision has been made. Passing money into a syndicate to finance one particular crime is well understood in the knockabout world; transferring the technique to drug deals was a logical extension, together with the use of a number of subscribers rather than one. However, after operating for some years, someone like Landini wouldn't have needed any syndicate support for the \$93,000 deal; his accumulated funds would have been enough. Where there is syndicate investment the standard return is usually 100 percent.

As one former investor said to me: "You don't ask questions. If you think about it privately you can tell yourself it's just a grass operation. But after a couple of times I woke up one morning and said to myself, 'What if it's heroin?' I couldn't live with that." Others can live with it. The heroin traffic can be self-financing with some input from the black money men — a proposition that affronts those who want to believe that the initial heroin trade was financed by the casino operators of the Seventies. Nevertheless, they are wrong.

Another area of confusion is the conflicting estimates of the size of the market and the number of addicts. One writer recently announced that the heroin market in Australia was absorbing 1000 kilograms a year. The basis for that remark seemed to be an old police saying that only one in 10 drug imports is seized. An examination of that proposition reduces it to just that — an old police saying without any verification.

The Woodward Royal Commission came up with a credible formula for calculating average addict usage. On its formula, 1000 kilograms would be servicing about 75,000 addicts. No-one with any close working experience with addicts seriously believes that figure. Based on an analysis of arrests, overdose deaths and reports from counsellors, the NSW Drug and Alcohol Authority puts that state's addict figure at 8000 to 10,000. Usually, NSW figures tend to be accepted as 40 percent of a national estimate. However, as significant parts of

rural Australia have very few heroin addicts, that would be generous; the true national figure projected from the NSW figures is perhaps about 20,000.

There is some good news, in that it is generally agreed in the larger states that the numbers seem to have stabilised in recent years. The figure of 20,000 is less than that put forward by a number of groups, as there's a natural tendency for some police and counsellors to bump up their estimates as they do for street values and drug profits. However, just as profits need no exaggeration, so the extent of human misery and drug-related crime that flows from even a moderate figure is more than the country should bear.

Federal police in the past year have cracked some big seizures, totalling about 110 kilograms — although such encouraging figures aren't being quoted in the crime debates. Given the estimates of addicts in Australia, the figures suggest there must be

There's a natural tendency for some police and counsellors to bump up their estimates as they do for street values and drug profits

a trans-shipment point here for heroin — certainly heroin bound for New Zealand, and now probably to some extent for the United States. One business ambition of Terry Clark's was to swap Asian heroin for South American cocaine in San Francisco and Los Angeles, a thought which has doubtless occurred to others. No great organisation is needed. California is a drug supermarket with plenty of dealers and easy connections.

The profits from heroin in Australia are certainly sufficient to bribe police. However, the big suspect dealers are being increasingly harassed by surveillance, both physical and electronic. As one detective pointed out, these developments in recent years have been a deterrent against leaks from within police intelligence or special task forces. The risk of detection of corruption has substantially increased.

However at the lower and intermediate levels, street or first retailer/second retailer, the problem of the informant-detective relationship exists as ever. Where do exchanged favors merge into corruption?

Hardheads would say that a regular turnover of detectives is probably the only

answer, but others argue that arbitrary turnovers result in lost expertise, street knowledge and informants. The intensity of the anti-heroin operations is such that institutionalised corruption of a whole squad, as has occurred historically with some vice or gambling squads, will be almost impossible to achieve, with State, Federal and Joint Task Forces now operating in the field. A more likely area of possible corruption is after arrest: breaking down charges, setting favorable dates, etc. Given the vast sums of money available, some corruption is inevitable.

While there have been significant advances, and while the word "plague" may be an overstatement in terms of numbers, the heroin trade remains a plague to its victims, their families and friends, and to a society subject to a rash of drug-related crimes.

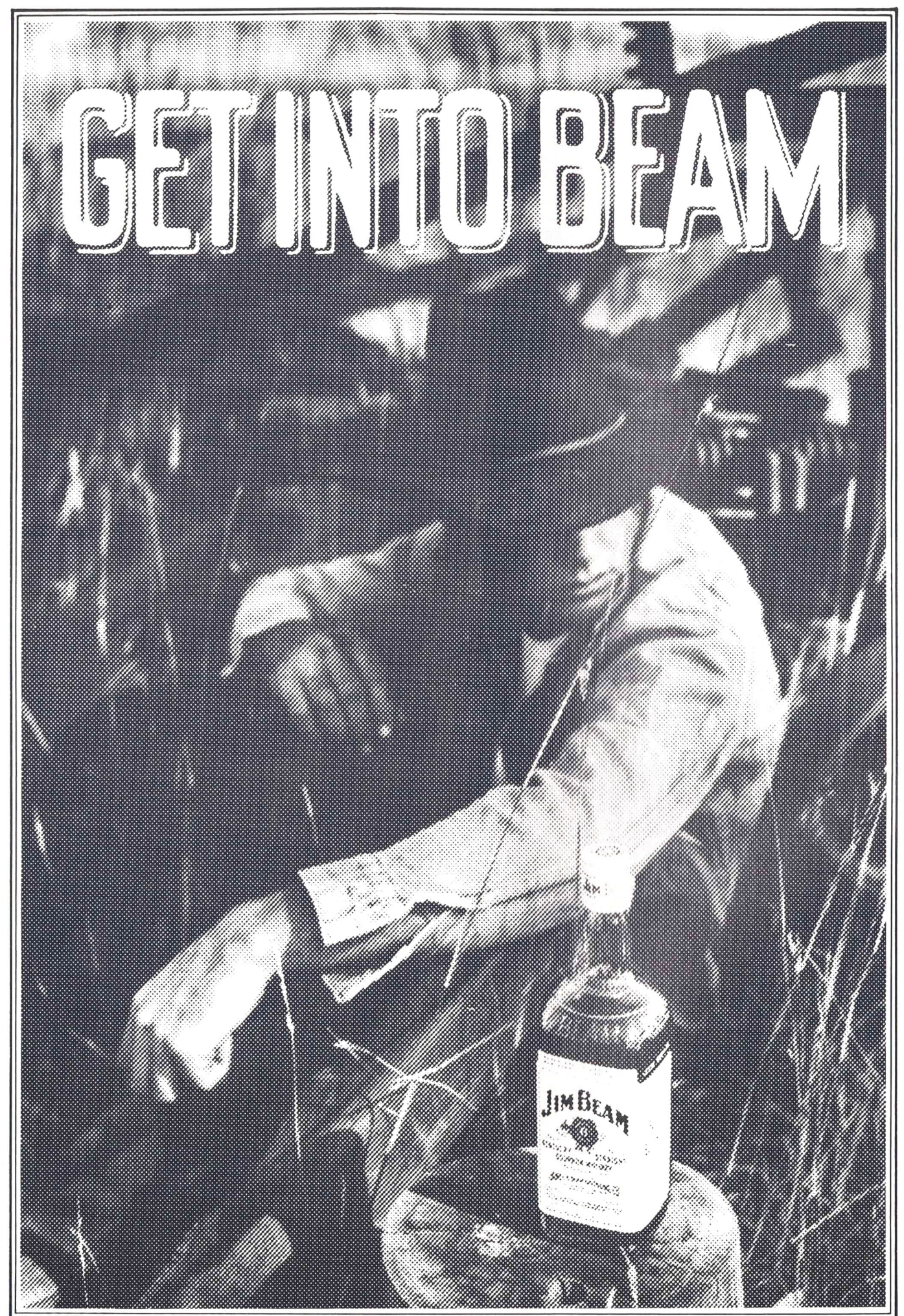
COCAINE

People keep to themselves in Rayner Road, Whale Beach. The houses face away from the road, looking towards the sea or the bush. A residence here can sell for well over a quarter of a million dollars. Joan Sutherland has her Sydney house here. The area is home for stockbrokers, board chairmen, for some of the rich who have inherited their wealth, and for some who have made their money in ways that are not so respectable. On what the locals like to call The Peninsula, that slab of land between Pittwater and the Pacific on the north-eastern fringe of Sydney, a Rayner Road address is one of the very best.

As outwardly respectable as the neighborhood is, it didn't help John Mitchell, a 23-year-old from Bellingen on the NSW north coast. He came to stay in a house in Rayner Road in 1983 with his girlfriend. Early one morning he heard noises and came out to find himself in the middle of a drug rip-off. His host was struggling with one man while another stranger holding a revolver was trying to intervene. As Mitchell approached, the gunman shot him at point blank range with the .358 revolver; he was dead before the ambulance arrived.

The police searched the house and found small quantities of cocaine and hashish. At first light they were back to search outside. In the bushland of an adjacent reserve they found two kilograms of hashish and some 509 grams of cocaine. It was a big haul. At the going retail rates on The Peninsula it was worth as much as \$200,000 for the retailer; the hashish was worth about \$20,000. Such stock clearly indicated a thriving local market.

But although people are making money out of cocaine, the predicted boom has not yet arrived. Potential consumers are cautious and unlike heroin users they are put off by the price of \$200 to \$400 a gram. Everyone agrees that the users are middle class trendies, but no-one knows how



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HARD DRUGS

many of them there are. This is nothing like the desperate heroin scene where people are sold out for the equivalent of a deal. The knockabouts, the criminals who'll flog anything from videos to grass, have found the market has been something of a disappointment. There certainly has been no takeoff in sales to match the cocaine boom in the US.

Detectives find the sub-culture of coke users almost impossible to penetrate; users don't welcome undercover policemen to their social functions. Such functions are as difficult to infiltrate as a north coast commune. That same social group doesn't breed informers like the world of the heroin addict because nobody really needs the money. Cocaine is an optional expenditure, a luxury; to addicts, heroin is a desperately needed necessity.

The USA is the main source of cocaine sold in Australia, but the exiled South American community here has spawned businessmen who can find plenty of couriers willing to take the round trip home. However, a large number of them don't seem to have grasped the fact that the friendly, talkative customs officials at Sydney Airport, manipulating the keyboards in front of them, are checking on movements from Bogota and other suspect ports. The exchange of international information on drug trafficking is a lot more sophisticated than it was a few years ago.

First class mail is still popular with personal users of cocaine who like to send a little happiness back to Australia from the US. A lot gets through but random checks do have their successes. Parcels bearing South American stamps are a little too obvious — though people still try.

There is also a new class of smuggler cropping up, the personal user — say that used car salesman — who sees an easy killing. Before taking a holiday in the States he puts together a bankroll to bring back half a kilo or even a kilo. His chances of getting through customs are pretty good and if he sells to his own social group he is safe. But if the amateur smuggler moves out into the wider world his chances of survival are severely diminished. He will have to deal with criminals to dispose of a large amount and if they don't rip him off they will dob him into the Feds or the Drug Squad. There is a smattering of would-be entrepreneurs in jails along the east coast.

In Sydney, the going wholesale rates are around \$140,000 per kilo for cocaine of say 60 percent purity. That cocaine will then be broken down to about 35 percent to 45 percent purity for resale. In such a market a lot of buyers are conned. One cynic put it this way: "You sell a gram so that someone can carry it around in their wallet for six months and say 'look at my coke', just like in the old days kids used to carry around French letters to big-note them-

selves. Still a sucker's money is as good as anyone else's."

In Sydney the absence of a market boom has worked against specialisation. Existing dealers, like the snowman at Whale Beach, have tacked it on to their stocks of heroin, grass and hashish. In the Cross some of the young heroin heavies are also handling cocaine in kilo and half-kilo lots. In Melbourne, on the other hand, it is agreed that there is one cocaine specialist, a solicitor, who controls the market (which is more modest than Sydney's). He began organising the importation of cocaine from Colombia some four years ago. In Brisbane, police intelligence has fingered a prominent, somewhat effeminate young businessman. He is also a conspicuous supporter of private enterprise politics. However, other police are skeptical that he has any organisational role; they regard him simply as a user who is generous at parties. Aside from him, dealers associat-

The heroin trade is still supreme in providing profits to the criminal entrepreneur or the payoff to the corrupt detective

ed with the Brisbane Ship Painters' and Dockers' Union are certainly selling some cocaine as well as heroin. Outsiders and small-timers get short shrift from these brutal men. They are also recruited to control supply on the Gold Coast.

In May 1984 a Melbourne newspaper carried a report from a town on the Queensland coast of an observant businessman who had noticed that once a month — when the moon was full — he heard the sound of a light plane overhead. At the same time he noticed a yacht with some suspicious characters aboard putting out to sea. This was linked with a cocaine ring, the inference being that the light plane, presumably having flown from South America, dropped a package which was to be retrieved by the yacht. The report was based on an Australian Broadcasting Commission document which used information going back to 1979 involving a joint force of Federal and Queensland police. The document identified the names of known drug dealers in both heroin and cocaine. But the story of the plane is less than credible. Could it have flown from South America, or even from Bali? Most unlikely

given the range of light planes.

In fact the story of planes flying in drugs is a variant of a very old chestnut in Australia, going back to the rumors of Dakotas flying in cigarettes to the Northern Territory wartime air strips in the late Forties. For any professional international drug trafficker there are less risky ways of shifting cargo: the mail, air couriers, parcels, containers... methods far safer than dropping hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of cocaine into the ocean, even if it is by the light of the full moon.

While cocaine is a drug for middle class users, people have certainly died for the profits received down the line from its sale. The people who killed John Mitchell at Whale Beach were looking for whatever they could sell to feed their own habits. One woman died several years ago in curious circumstances in a Melbourne prison and at Casino (NSW) a couple, Terrance Basham and his wife, were murdered in 1984. Basham had been dealing in grass and heroin as well as cocaine.

The money from selling cocaine is good enough to provide sufficient fat to buy corrupt police and, if possible, to purchase intelligence and perhaps arrange a way out of trouble if arrested. But the people likely to have the resources to try to buy intelligence information are probably the dealers already handling heroin and other lines.

The heroin trade is still supreme in providing profits to the criminal entrepreneur or the pay-off to the corrupt detective. What both parties pick up on coke is icing on the cake. Estimating how many coke users there are is utter guesswork and anyone who pretends to be sure is lying. Doubtless thousands have tried it, but on both sides of the law people suspect that the market is little more than a couple of thousand. It is certainly a lot less than the 20,000 heroin addicts or the scores of thousands who smoke grass.

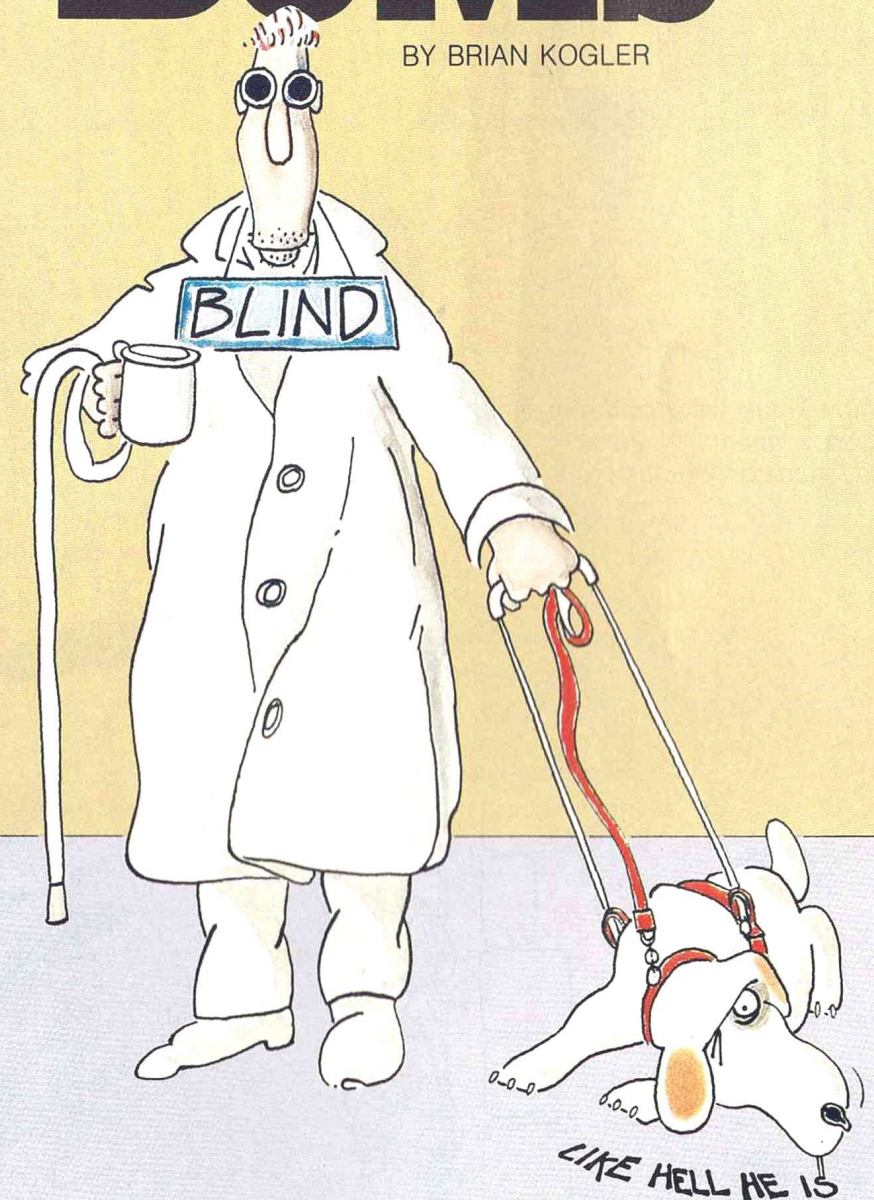
Will cocaine take off beyond its present modest market? There are some police who believe everything that happens in the US is automatically repeated in Australia and who are still predicting a cocaine boom. But then they were saying that five years ago.

Others, on both sides of the law, are more sceptical. While coke still has a certain social prestige it is also true that it hasn't been getting a good press lately. One drug seller proposes an interesting theory: "The only trendy middle class people who might use cocaine are also *Time* magazine readers — about 200,000 of them. And they have read too much in recent years about the dangers of free-basing and other unpleasant aspects of cocaine use in America." He knew what he was talking about. Last year it had taken him six weeks to off-load as a unit a half-kilo that he had taken in payment of a debt. He could have disposed of the equivalent amount of heroin or hashish within a couple of hours. ○+■

A CARTOON FEATURE

BUMS

BY BRIAN KOGLER

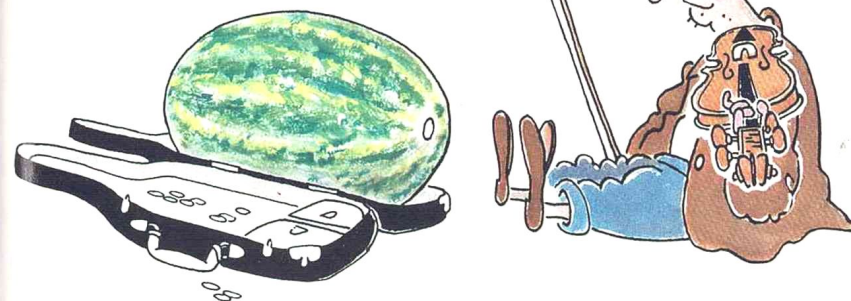




"You know, Frank, we should sometimes spare a thought for those less fortunate than ourselves."



What a coincidence — Bin 29!"



LUNCH DRIVE

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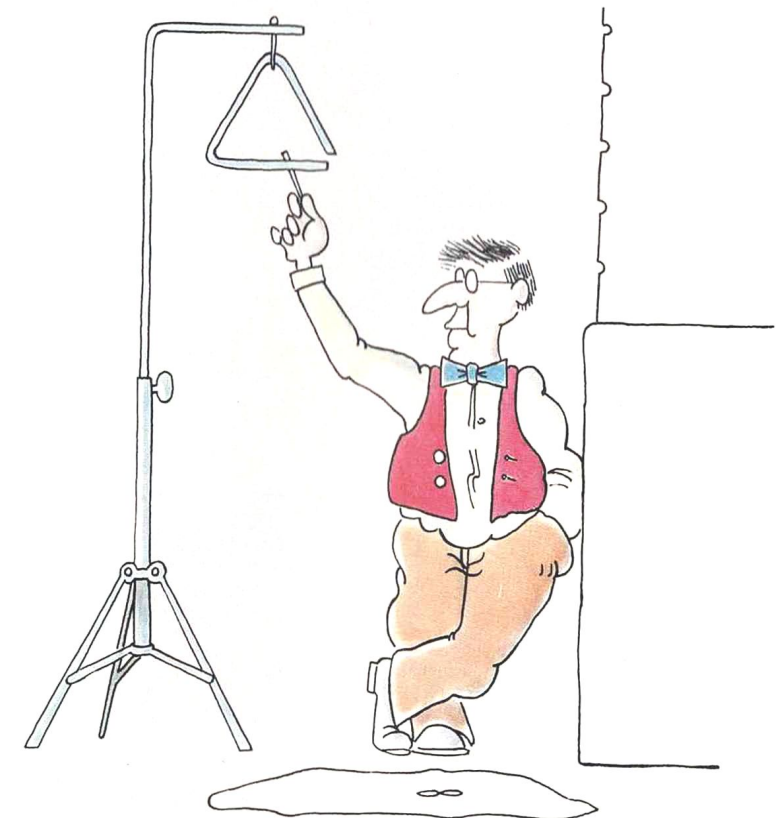
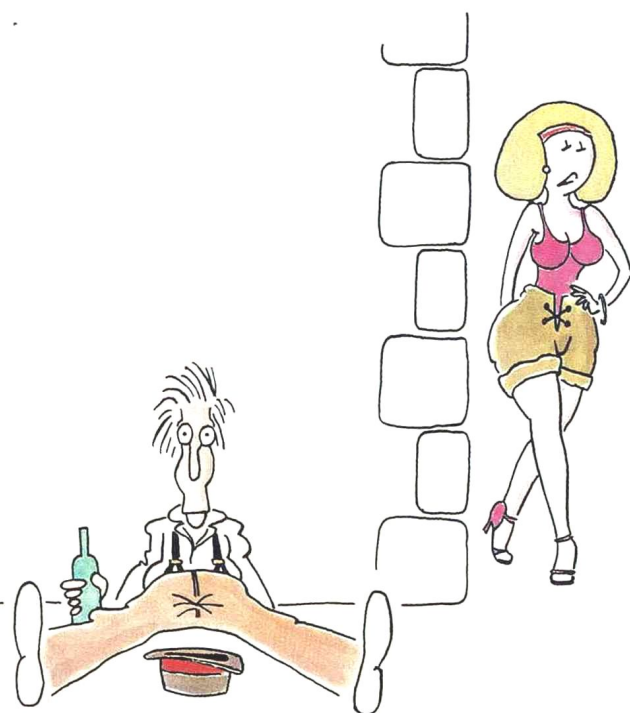
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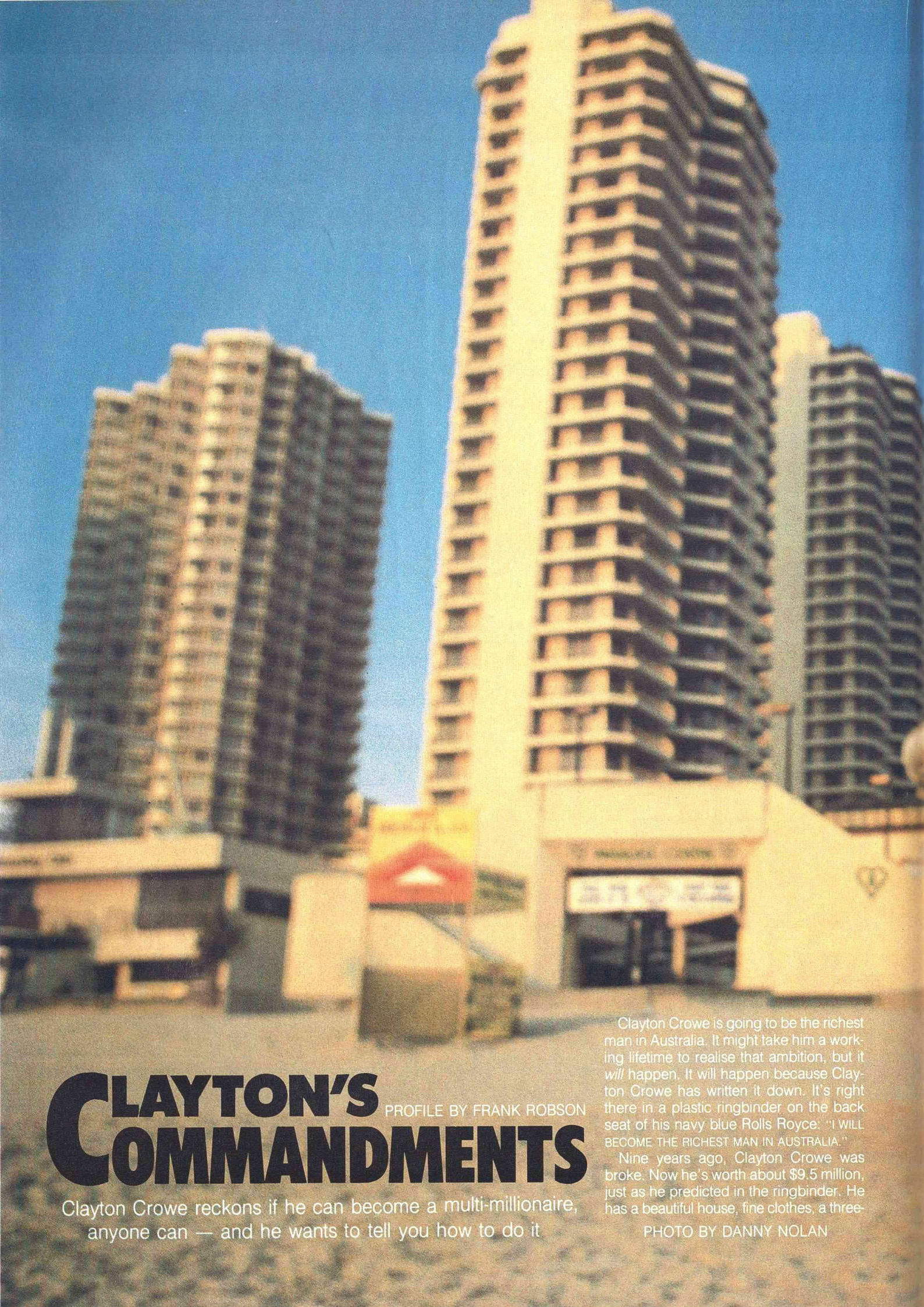
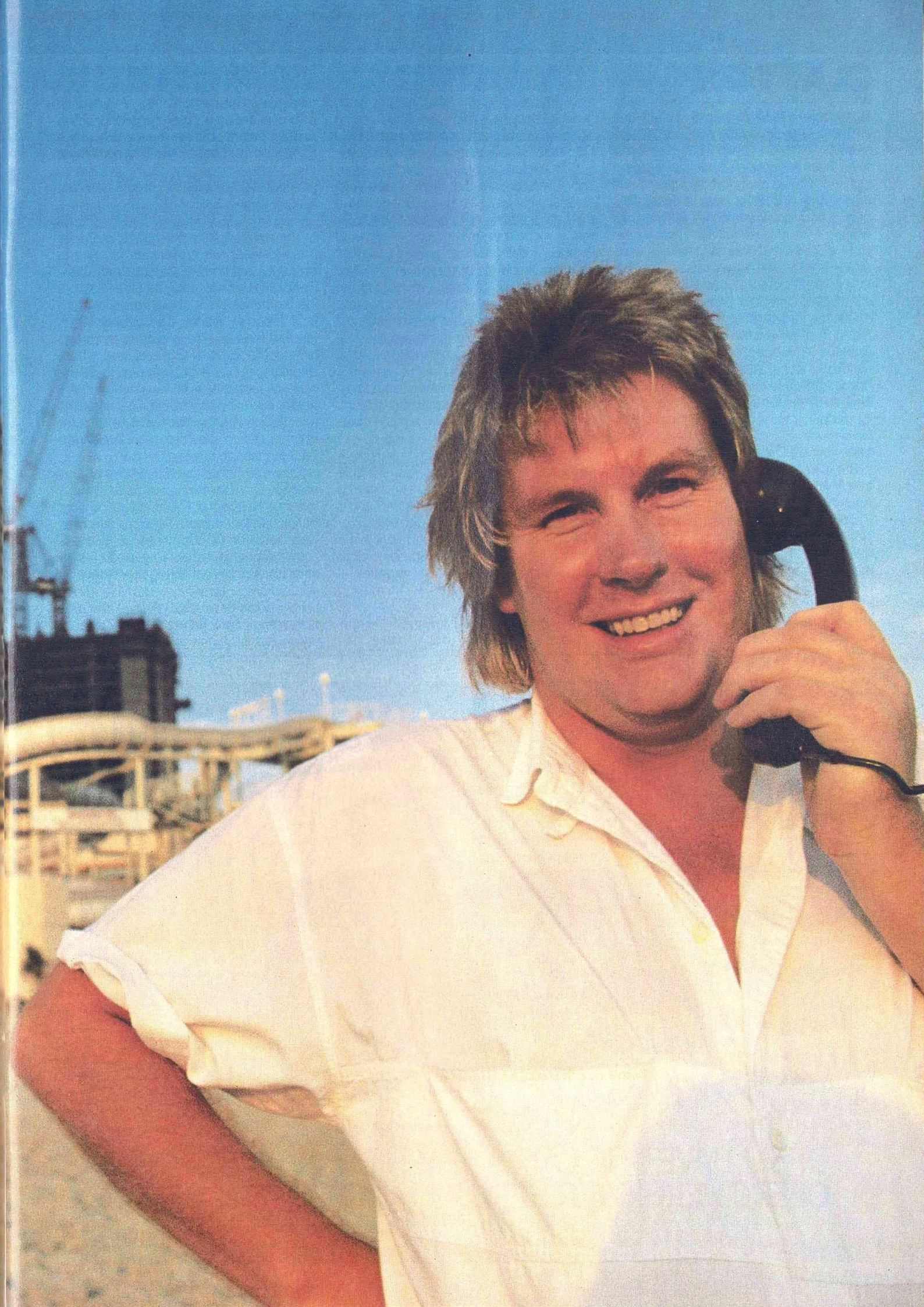


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"Your kinda new at this, aren't you?"



CLAYTON'S COMMANDMENTS

PROFILE BY FRANK ROBSON

Clayton Crowe reckons if he can become a multi-millionaire, anyone can — and he wants to tell you how to do it

Clayton Crowe is going to be the richest man in Australia. It might take him a working lifetime to realise that ambition, but it *will* happen. It will happen because Clayton Crowe has written it down. It's right there in a plastic ringbinder on the back seat of his navy blue Rolls Royce: "I WILL BECOME THE RICHEST MAN IN AUSTRALIA."

Nine years ago, Clayton Crowe was broke. Now he's worth about \$9.5 million, just as he predicted in the ringbinder. He has a beautiful house, fine clothes, a three-

PHOTO BY DANNY NOLAN

CLAYTON

car garage, a swimming pool, a black belt in tae kwon-do, and oodles of self-respect.

All these things were once just words in Clayton Crowe's ringbinder. He *made* them come true. Every day in every way, he's getting richer and richer. Now he has written in the ringbinder: "I WILL CREATE MILLIONAIRES. I WILL HELP OTHERS REALISE THEIR GOALS. I WILL TELL THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL, AND I WILL BE MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN ANY OF THEM!"

Clayton Crowe is 31. He has a shaggy blond Rod Stewart hairstyle and an eager red face reminiscent of a young John Singleton. He has a paunch and an elaborate, noisy laugh. He lives on the Gold Coast and made his fortune by buying and selling property. He is married to an attractive woman called Claire; they have a new baby named Dylan.

But where did Clayton Crowe come from? And where did he get that *name*? And if he's so rich, why does Clayton Crowe want to be bothered helping others? And why, if everything is working to a plan, does he confess: "I thought money would make me a nicer guy. In fact, they tell me I've turned out to be a real prick."

Crowe has just hired a top public relations company to launch him as a motivator; one of his first appearances will be as

a guest speaker at a prison farm. He's well aware that scores of Americans (mostly from Texas and California) have for years been touring the world selling the doctrine of self-improvement popularised by Dale Carnegie.

But Clayton Crowe's message is different. It will be aimed at the *average* Australian, not at junior executives cloned from the cast of *Dallas*. And instead of using famous moneybags like Henry Ford and Paul Getty as models to aspire to, Clayton Crowe will use himself.

There'll be no mystical elements to the Crowe plan for success and riches, no religion or sugary clichés to memorise. All he asks is that we *like* ourselves and quit believing we were put on earth to be wage slaves.

"With a bit of self-respect we can do anything," he says. "If the ambition is there, and they follow my instructions, I can make *anyone* a millionaire."

Most days — from 6.30am until 7pm — Clayton Crowe drives and deals. The blue Rolls is his office. If you saw him cruising past, car phone pressed to his ear, you'd think he was a pop star sightseeing between engagements. But if you were in the car with him, as I was for 12 hours the other day, you'd realise he is wholly engaged — to the point of obsession — in making money.

The odd thing is that Clayton Crowe now realises that money won't make him

happy. That too is written in the ringbinder. And Crowe plans to warn those he motivates never to confuse monetary wealth with what he likes to call the quality of life.

Ask what that phrase means to him and Crowe grins sheepishly: "It is something I've never experienced. It means, I suppose, that even the poor people are out having fun."

The first element in the making of Crowe The Motivator was an accident of geography: he was born in Christchurch, New Zealand. Which is to say that he was born into an atmosphere of near-poverty; born in a country where penny-pinching is learned formally, like a second language is in some parts of Europe, and where deprivation is so widespread as to be socially acceptable, even — among certain ageing Kiwi hippies who consider a healthy economy somehow decadent — a matter of pride. (As an expatriate New Zealander, I know these things.)

Crowe's mother loved cowboys and so named him Clayton, a popular handle among Hollywood gunslingers of the period. His father was a used car salesman who died when Clayton was 15. Immediately the boy left school to support his family: his mother and younger brother and sister.

He worked three jobs, which — because of the piggy bank nature of the NZ economy — earned him a total of about \$40 a

week. The family was so poor (his father had not held insurance) that Clayton rushed from job to job in a suit donated by a church charity and shoes bought by a kindly uncle.

(As Crowe is telling me this — without, incidentally, any hint of self-pity or sentimentality — we are ghosting through Surfers in the Rolls. The phone squawks: it's one of Crowe's sales agents reporting progress on the pending sale of a caravan park.

"I'm not interested in trading any of his junk!" Crowe shouts. "I want cash."

He listens.

"Why would I want a helicopter?" he cries. "I just sold one! And what would I do with a share farm? Good God John, I'm not a communist! Sell it to him, John, for \$540,000 — *cash*. Then ring me back.")

Despite young Clayton's long hours of toil, the family had to sell almost everything they owned to survive, including his mother's best dresses. Clayton fought back by buying bargains from the classified pages of the newspaper and reselling them at a profit, accumulating enough money to open a small motorcycle shop. Later, demonstrating a typically Kiwi flair for diversification, he worked as a hairdresser.

These experiences did not, as you might imagine, fill Clayton Crowe with a burning desire to escape the crippling austerity so meekly accepted by his countrymen. For, like the rest of them, he just didn't realise how bad things were.

"When *everyone* is poor," he explains, "you don't think about it. You don't appreciate the bind you're in."

At 18 he went north to Auckland, penniless as usual, begged accommodation in a shed attached to a church ("I saw someone do it in a movie") and attended a recruiting lecture at the offices of an international pyramid sales company. It was a time when thousands of New Zealanders were shuffling from door to door trying to sell one another the company's products, but Clayton was not tempted to join them. He took the lecturer's advice, though, and got hold of a paperback called *Think And Grow Rich* by the American motivator, Napoleon Hill. On the train back south, he began reading. The way Crowe now describes it, Hill's advice was a revelation approaching a religious experience. The scales of hardship and thankless toil fell from his eyes; he understood why only three people in 100 achieve financial success, why only one in a 100 become millionaires.

"When I finished that book," he says, "I was a changed person. I know it sounds corny, but I felt — right away — a new sense of self-respect. I was young, intact, without deformities. The world was my oyster! I wasn't fantastically intelligent, but I had a reasonable mind. I thought: *Instead of the system running me, I will run the system!* I was heading home to Christchurch to start my new life."

There was, however, a short delay in Wellington, when a Maori youth at the YMCA stole Crowe's only shoes. Driven by his new sense of righteous confidence, he tracked the culprit to a park, "bashed him" and recovered his footwear.

By 1975 Crowe had realised that even Napoleon Hill wouldn't expect a mortal man to become a millionaire in New Zealand. He and Claire came to Surfers, where they were married.

Crowe raised his first bit of capital by default. Intending to record and market a cassette tape advising Kiwis how to prepare for a trip to Australia, he bought 10,000 blank tapes from a Hong Kong wholesaler for 23 cents each. When the original plan floundered (perhaps the potential customers were too tight to co-operate) Crowe flogged the entire 10,000 tapes — *as blank tapes!* He made a handsome profit.

("Huh huh huuuuuuh!" he gurgles in the

"I thought money would make me a nicer guy. In fact, they tell me I've turned out to be a real prick."

Rolls, a wild infectious laugh. "It was just too goddamn simple. Blank tapes! Ended up selling 200,000 in the first year.")

And so the serious money-gathering began. Crowe bought guest houses, units, motels and land. Every day the sky was blue. Every day he got richer. Every day he wrote things in the ringbinder. The Gold Coast loved Clayton Crowe and he responded with the passion of a man who had found his spiritual home.

We stop in Surfers. In a little office he shares with several other young wheeler-dealers, but rarely uses. Crowe shows me another ringbinder containing a list of all his properties. There are scores of them. A printed sheet on top shows his net assets as \$9,843,000. In an adjoining room another investor, wearing shorts and sneakers, chain-smokes and stares at the telephone. He says he shouldn't be smoking and opens his shirt to reveal the livid scars of recent heart surgery. "I can't help it," he shrugs. "When you're sweating on a \$2.5 million deal, you smoke!"

For the second time that morning, I am forced to abandon a cup of coffee as Clayton Crowe rushes from the office to his next

appointment. We drive across a canal bridge behind Surfers, glimpsing on the water below a tanned couple spread-eagled on the trampoline of a small catamaran. It's a vista of simple pleasures, lampooning our manic progress through paradise: "Even the poor people are out there having fun."

Crowe first writes down his goals yearly, then monthly, then weekly and even *hourly*. He repeats them three times a day, silently forming the words, closing his eyes and visualising the realisation of each goal. He records those goals as though they have already been achieved, then crosses them out as they are.

"What I mean," he says, "is that if I wanted to bank \$5000 today, I would visualise who owed me the money. I would visualise me collecting it. See it in my hands, feel it and touch it, see each bill and visualise each denomination."

Does it work?

Well, on December 26, 1982 — before things really started peaking financially — Crowe wrote in the ringbinder: "In one year from this date I will be worth over one million dollars net. This means I will have to earn \$91.32 per hour, every day, 24 hours a day, for 12 months." Crowe reached his goal by 5pm on the day before his deadline.

Also on 26.12.82, he wrote: "As of 5pm today, at the age of 29, I have a total of only 268,649 hours left to work before I retire on my 60th birthday." Only 268,649 hours, calculated on the basis of a 15-hour working day, seven days a week, to become the richest man in Australia.

"Some people think I'm bloody silly," he admits. "But it works! Without my system, none of this would have happened to me. And now I know how easy it is, I'm going to change the odds for others."

"I going to give free lectures to high school kids. Hard-hitting, no bullshit. I'll tell them to forget about unemployment. They don't *need* to work for others! They need ideas. There are plenty of things the world needs — the trick is to get an idea, then sell it to the world."

A few weeks before I met him, Crowe made his first major property acquisition in New Zealand. He bought a hotel with a staff of 120 and five restaurants. He bought a house for his parents in Christchurch. After what he'd been through in the Shaky Isles, the buying spree must have been a heady experience.

And yet... the quality of life keeps shouldering its way into the conversation. "My goals are changing," Crowe tells me. "I want to spend more time at home. Do you know that until the other day, when I bought a Kreepy Krauly (a pool cleaner), it was two years since I'd had a swim?"

"I don't have any hobbies. Once, a long time back, I went home at 3pm and put the TV on. I *never* do that. I felt like a kid doing something he shouldn't... all that's going to change. By motivating others, I'm



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CLAYTON

going to learn and grow with them!"

After lunch — cheese and bacon fingers gobbled at a sidewalk cafe in Surfers — we rocket back to Crowe's home at Mermaid Waters, where Claire is nursing the irritable baby.

"I don't care about things like the Rolls," she says, while Crowe is in another room searching for an elusive sales contract. "I want Clayton to spend more time with us. He's promised he will, but he's been saying that for quite a while."

Stuck to the door of the fridge is a picture cut from a magazine, showing a superbly muscled male torso. "That's Clayton's physique goal," his wife explains. Treacherously, knowing he's supposed to be on a diet, I tell her of our doughy lunch. But potential remonstrations are averted by the Rolls, which honks persistently in the driveway. Crowe and I rush obediently from the house and speed away.

Throughout the day, between phone calls and lightning visits to real estate agents and some of his investment properties, Crowe has been playing a motivation tape in the car. It consists of the thoughts of an elderly American with the intriguing name of Og Mandino, and the theme is "The Greatest Salesman Who Ever Lived."

Although Crowe has a soft spot for old Og, he's disillusioned with the similarity of

the themes used by most Americans, and with their insistence on weaving a religious motif through every lecture.

"I spent \$500 on all these tapes and basically they all contain the same bloody message! No spontaneity at all. There's a lot of good sense in them, but you can't shake the feeling it's all just a well rehearsed spiel."

It was because of this, Crowe says, that he engaged Burson-Marsteller (the PR company) to promote him as Australia's answer to Napoleon Hill. Reading Crowe's ringbinders as we criss-cross the Gold Coast, I realise he has blended the Americans' ideas with his own, creating an aggressive formula for success that would sit well under the heading: "Have A Go Ya Mug!"

Og Mandino, whose voice sounds *precisely* right for the name, whispers and croons the insights that earn him — in the flesh — \$3000 a day plus expenses: "Today I shed my old skin which has too long suffered the bruises of failure and the wounds of mediocrity... I am not a sheep waiting to be prodded by my shepherd, I am a lion... the slaughterhouse of failure is not *my* destiny... the pleasures of life are at the *end* of each journey, not near the beginning... I am nature's *greatest* miracle... I will persist! I will win!"

(I make a note: Og Mandino creates the perfect mood for driving around the Gold Coast in a Rolls Royce.)



At 5pm we're between the Gold Coast and Brisbane with an elderly man in the back seat — a simple country fellow interested in buying the management rights to some of Crowe's units. He listens boggle-eyed as Clayton Crowe rants into the phone at his salesman, then dials a NSW number and offers to sink \$1 million — "Right now, you just say the word!" — into a company planning to market a new line in car phones.

At 6pm we meet briefly with a colorful entrepreneur who wants to swap a townhouse and a suburban home for one of Crowe's Gold Coast units and the Rolls. "I have discovered a pesticide you can drink!" the entrepreneur confides. "I need a Gold Coast base for my operations. I'm going to go on TV, kill a cockroach with a single drop, then chug-a-lug the rest!"

This makes me think of a notation in Crowe's ringbinder: "IF I DON'T STAND FOR SOMETHING, I'LL FALL FOR ANYTHING."

By 7.30pm we're back on the Coast, drinking in a bar called The Meeting Place, where the coasters have a special space for "His/Her Address and Phone Number." In the working day just ended, Crowe has sold a caravan park for \$460,000, brought another caravan park for \$1 million, sold four units and laid bare his life to you and me.

Well, almost laid bare. It takes several whiskies before he gets back to the main theme — why money has not made him happy. It seems a contradiction, I suggest, that he wants to motivate others to make millions when by his own admission the experience is anti-climactic.

"Okay," he says, "I expected people to treat me differently, with more respect. But they didn't. As a matter of fact, back home in New Zealand they think I'm strange. They seem frightened somehow, as though I've been turned into a different creature."

The big red face brightens. "But my mother is proud. And yes, I wanted her to be proud! But once when I was telling her how many properties and things I owned, she became worried about me. She told me I could only live in one house at a time, that I could only drive one car."

"Then I started to worry. Why did I do it? I wanted them to be proud of me, but instead they think I'm strange. These are the lessons I've learned. These are the things I will teach others. I'll tell them why I'm doing it — not for money, I already have heaps — but to make myself *feel* better."

After several more drinks, I express the view that Crowe might be too honest to be a successful motivator.

"You can't bullshit to Australians," he says, clapping me on the shoulder. "The bastards will see right through you. Nope, I'll tell 'em the truth — that all my life I've been too busy working to wonder what the hell I was working for."

And that piece of wisdom is not recorded in Clayton Crowe's ringbinder. ○—■



JULIE

Hair and make-up styled by Studio Seven, Adelaide; Furniture courtesy of Anything Goes Antiques, Adelaide.



Although she's now 24, Adelaide's Julie Lambert says she refuses to grow up. Like a female Peter Pan she wants life to be a never-ending fantasy where anything can happen. "If growing up means becoming cynical or jaded, or even just forgetting what it's like to become excited at Christmas or on your birthday, then I don't ever want to think of myself as a grown-up," she says. As a part of her philosophy, Julie wanted to be photographed as she acted out a fantasy of a perfect day...



JUST A COUNTRY GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

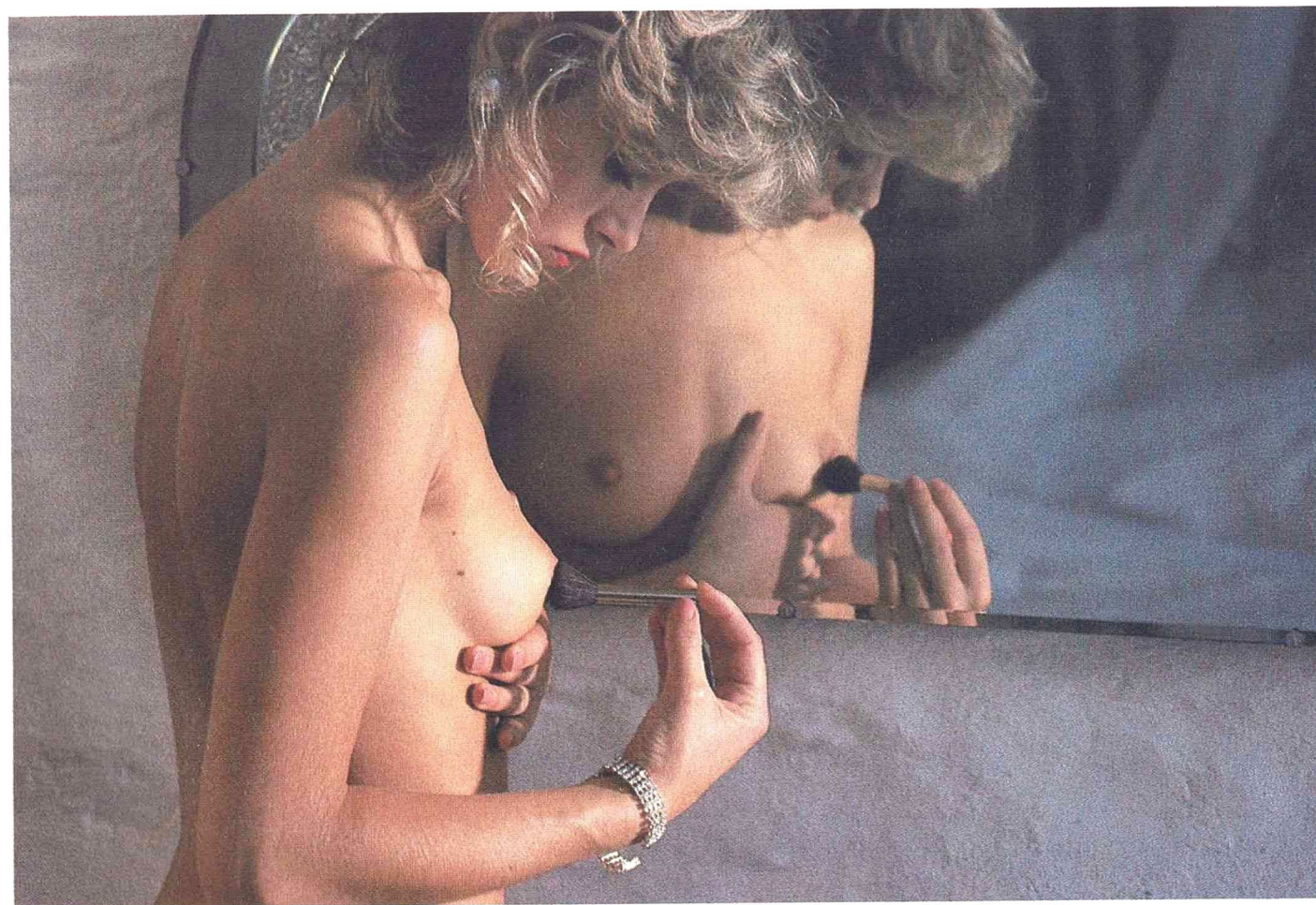
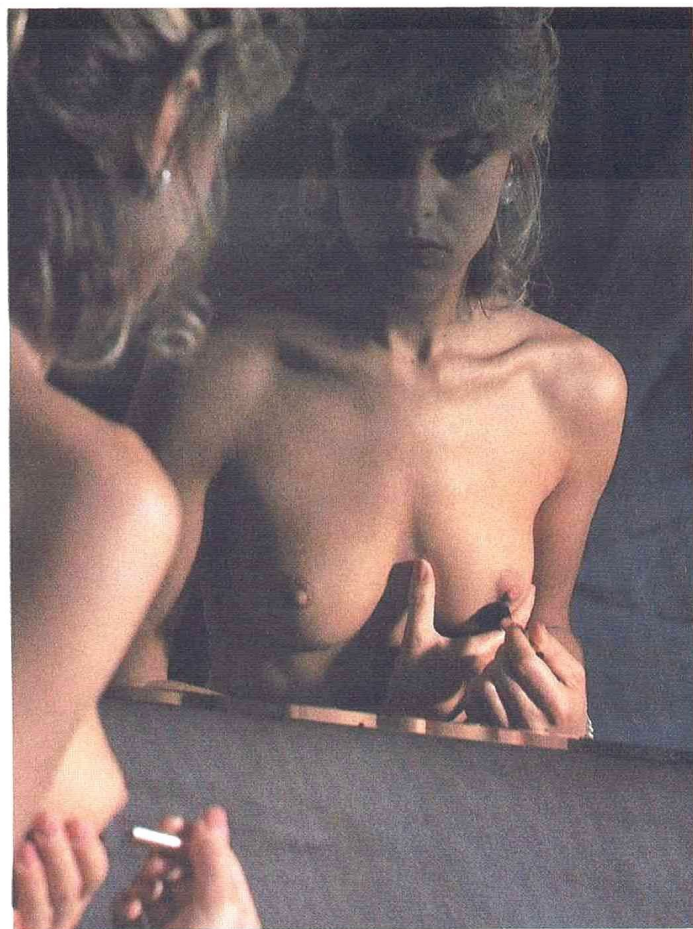


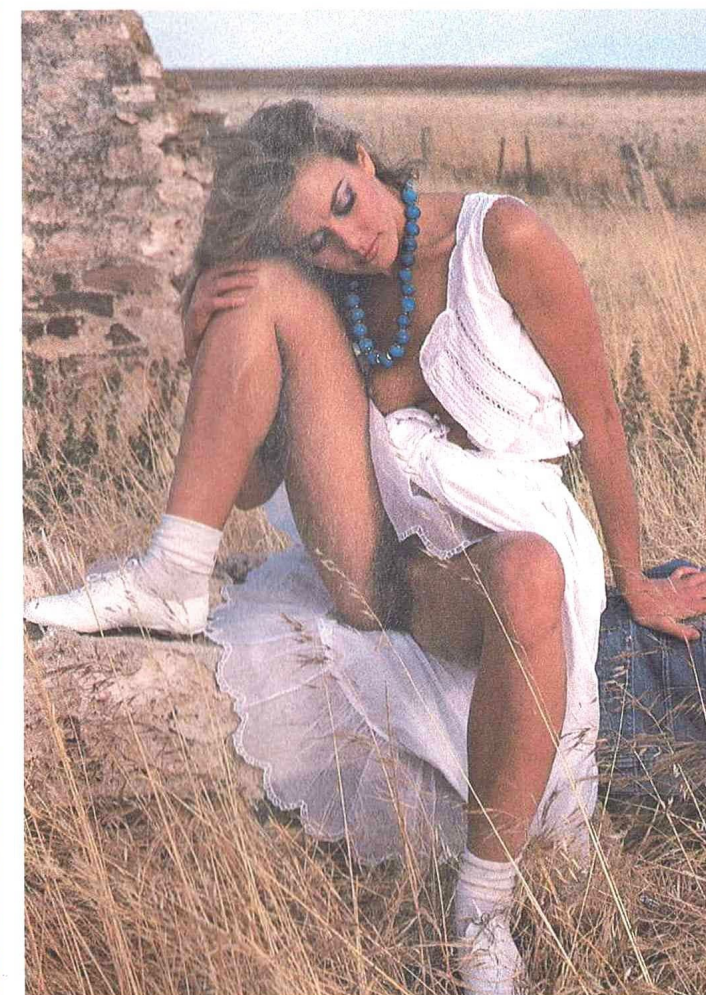


"I'd like every day to be like the one I spent being photographed," says Julie. "I'd like to wake up slowly and sensuously and take hours pampering every inch of my body before setting out to soak up a relaxed sunny day..."



"That's the sort of day I'd like to spend with a man who is very close to me. We'd awaken together then drift into the day, perhaps having a picnic at some deserted spot. We'd have good wine, fresh shellfish and chilled strawberries, then laze together through a langorous afternoon."





Julie's sense of romance hasn't changed since she first appeared in *Penthouse* in 1981. But while that and her free spirit remain unfettered, physically she has matured into a stunning woman. *Penthouse* was different back then, too. We've come a long way together.

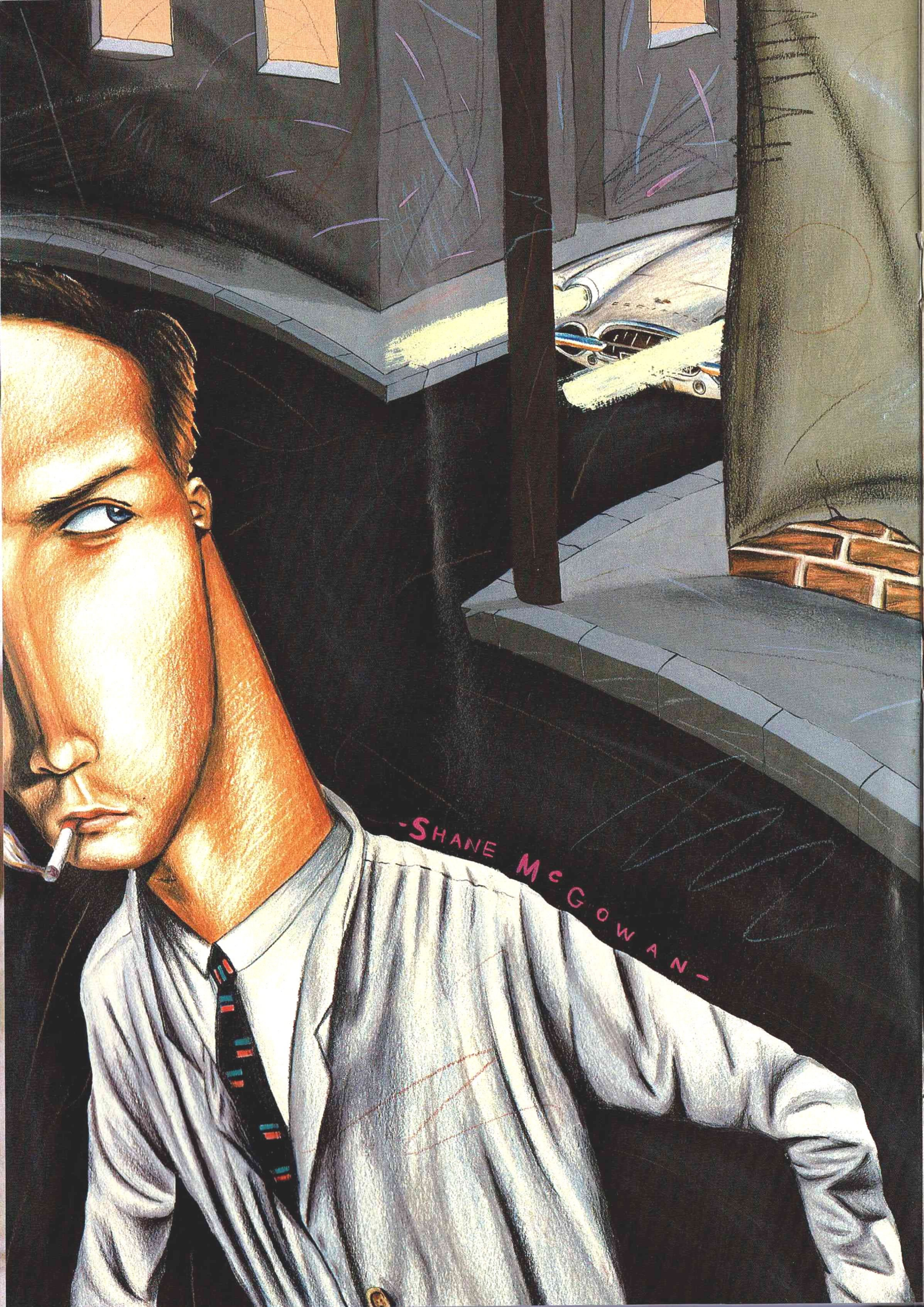




Julie wants to return to Mexico, a country she visited last year. She'd also like to win the Pet Of The Year. That wish is in the hands of *Penthouse* readers, but whether or not she reigns, this green-eyed blonde can never fail to shine.







When a flood of 10,000 illegal immigrants arrives in Australia this year, the Department of Immigration will be ready with a thimble

THE ALIEN INVASION

BY DAVID HALPIN

Australia is being flooded by illegal immigrants. They make a mockery of our Department of Immigration and the laws it is supposed to administer. Despite intensive efforts in 1983-84, the size of the illegal immigrant population in Australia has not been reduced. In its latest annual report the Immigration Department accepts that 50,000 or more people are living here illegally and that a further 6000 to 10,000 become illegal immigrants every year.

The report adds that the figures are to be reassessed now that a computerised record is becoming available. The use of computers may well result

in a nasty surprise for the department. One of Australia's best-informed people on the subject of illegal immigrants, Solon Baltinos, Secretary-General of the New Settlers Federation, quotes a retired senior officer of the department who told him that the "real figure" is more than 100,000.

The nature of the problem makes precise calculations impossible. But the annual report clearly shows that the Immigration Department, despite a beefed-up enforcement branch, managed to eject fewer illegal immigrants in 1983-84 than it did in the previous year. "The total number of illegal immigrants who left Australia in 1983-84

ILLUSTRATION BY SHANE MCGOWAN

INVASION

was 2554 — three percent less than in 1982-83 (2640). The number deported in 1983-84 (683) was eight percent lower than the previous year, and the number leaving from custody under the department's supervision, but without deportation, was down by 10 percent to 864."

In 1979-80, when 845 illegals were removed, the department seemed to be still applying the fairly lenient approach taken during the Whitlam years (1972-75) under the flamboyant new citizen's friend, Al Grassby. Then in 1981-82, after union outcries about the impact of migrants on soaring unemployment levels, the department toughened up and a total of 1023 were removed from our shores. The latest report shows just how little impact the department's actions have on making a meaningful reduction in the number of illegal migrants hiding among us. The report tries to excuse the pathetic success rate thus: "The department has used prosecution of illegal immigrants sparingly. The burden on Australian taxpayers can be quite high if illegal immigrants are kept in Australia for any length of time merely for the purpose of prosecution. In many cases it can be in the public interest for illegal immigrants to be allowed to leave Australia or be deported quickly without prosecution. In 1983-84,

67 persons were prosecuted for being illegal immigrants and 22 for working illegally."

So, by the department's own admission, only a tiny percentage of illegal immigrants have been prosecuted, despite the dawn raids on migrants' homes and despite the large number of staff employed to keep unwanted people out of the country. The department is in effect admitting that it can do little to combat the flood of illegal immigrants who find Australia far too attractive to leave after entering the country on a visitor's visa or even in some cases on a 72-hour transit visa.

There are several reasons why the ineffectiveness of current immigration law enforcement should be of concern to Australians. First, there's the obvious impact on the problem of unemployment. While the department's publications deride the suggestion that illegal immigrants affect job opportunities for Australian citizens, they admit that "up to 60 percent of illegal migrants are working." The annual report also concedes that "a significant number of people accepted in good faith as visitors are also working illegally." If we take the unofficial estimate of 100,000 illegals made by the retired departmental officer, this means that at least 60,000 jobs are now being filled by people who have no legal right to work in this country.

A second major concern for Australians

is the impact of illegal immigration on the complex and controversial issue of immigration in general. We are currently embroiled in an emotive debate about the desirability of allowing a large influx of migrants to settle on these shores legally. The debate has hinged mainly around the Asian migrant quota but has also thrown up such catchcries as "Keep Australia For Australians." Despite the totalitarian overtones of such policies, those who advocate them do have a point. If this country is going to continue to function as a lifeboat for the world's underprivileged, it must be recognised that even the most ideal lifeboat has a limited capacity. The immigration debate has consistently ignored the harsh fact that Australia is already absorbing large numbers of illegal and unwanted immigrants.

Finally, there's the vexed issue of the quality of our illegal immigrant population. A growing number of informed observers have come to realise that illegal immigrants, mainly Chinese, have been used for decades to carry out criminal assignments. The recent killing of prominent Chinese businessman Stanley Wong in Sydney has reinforced public awareness of how violence is utilised in Sydney's Chinatown and Chinese community to protect the activities of gambling and drug syndicates.

Even back in the Fifties, senior police had little doubt that some of the hitmen

used in gang wars were smuggled into Australia from Singapore and Hong Kong as illegal immigrants. More recently Merv Beck, former head of the NSW Gaming Squad and a well-known "untouchable", claimed he knew of connections between underworld figures in Chinatown, senior politicians and police. He also alleged he had been given "strange instructions" to keep away from Chinese gambling clubs.

In the early Eighties, intelligence information available to police told of the entry of large numbers of illegal immigrants who were suspected members of the notorious secret societies known as the Triads — the Mafia of Asia. According to a confidential report circulated within the Department of Immigration, several major syndicates involved in bringing in illegal immigrants were identified.

The 1980 amnesty extended to illegals indicated an upsurge in stowaway traffic when 130 undetected stowaways living in Sydney alone applied to become permanent citizens. The confidential report said many of these applicants gave false information and a number had been found to have convictions in Hong Kong for membership of the Triads and associated criminal activity.

A series of raids on merchant vessels from South-East Asia resulted in the detection of stowaways who informed authorities that their passage to Australia had been

highly organised. After extensive inquiries, police learned that some had paid between \$1000 and \$2500 for their passage and had been brought in by a person suspected of being a Triad member and who had a known interest in two gaming houses in Sydney. Police also know that a Singapore syndicate has been operating since at least 1976, organising the entry of about 50 illegal immigrants on doctored passports. Inquiries in Hong Kong have revealed the existence of two more syndicates, one of which used false Hong Kong identity cards; the other used false police certificates.

Many Customs investigators say the increase in the number of illegal immigrants arriving with the aid of large, sophisticated organisations has reached an alarming stage. The investigators claim that the new illegal channels are now easier to use than tourist visas. There are reports that an entire drug syndicate disembarked in Brisbane several months ago. A Federal and NSW Police report in 1981 said Chinese gambling club owners in Sydney and Melbourne were involved in bringing in Triad criminals from Hong Kong and Macau and employing them in clubs to protect the organisations from the influx of Vietnamese criminal elements. It said the enforcers were necessary to "overcome Vietnamese and Singapore/Malaysian attempts to control gambling in Sydney's Dixon Street." A Federal Police report in 1982 warned again of continued attempts by gambling club operators to import criminal elements, particularly those selected from the Hong Kong Triads. This was a "preliminary program aimed at larger scale criminal activities in the future."

The burgeoning of the Triad influence in Sydney has led to some celebrated clashes with the Australian-born "Mr Big Enoughs" who run much of the gambling in Chinatown. Skirmishes have occurred regularly between the Chinese, who use certain martial arts techniques as well as the knife and gun, and groups such as "The Balmain Boys", who favor the fist, iron bar and gun. In August last year it emerged that some of the more senior gang members were becoming involved. The situation is now so grave that the newly established National Crime Authority is investigating the Triads' role in organised crime and illegal migrant smuggling operations. Perhaps they can use the methods that Royal Commissioner Costigan initiated to at least partly wipe out the criminal element among Australia's illegal immigrants.

The Immigration Department at present faces an impossible task in attempting to control the flood of illegal immigrants. The department's latest annual report states that 4.9 million people passed through immigration control points in 1983-84, up 6.5 percent on the previous year. Fifty-five percent of these arrived via Sydney's international airport at a rate of one per minute. In the same year, 42,000 travellers were

referred for interview by immigration inspectors because of visa irregularities, improper documents or other suspected violations. Of those referred, 142 foreign nationals (or one in 17,000 travellers) were refused entry. The enormous scale of the operation suggests that the department has no real chance of enforcing the policies imposed on it by past and present governments.

Apart from that, the department has to wrestle with the tenacity of those who have had a vision of a better life in Australia and who are simply unwilling to let that vision slip through their grasp. The problem is clearly spelled out by Solon Baltinos, Secretary-General of the New Settlers Federation: "Migrants know they're well off here, even if they're not working. Many come from countries where democracy is non-existent, and they're amazed at the degree of freedom. Yet we expect that when a visitor's visa expires the family will simply say to a brother or sister: 'Your visa is up — you can go back now.' Not in a million years would that happen."

And most importantly, there's the lack of an effective mechanism in Australia for tracking down unwanted immigrants. According to Baltinos, "The department is not very good at picking up illegal immigrants... they don't even have to hide; they just go to a friend's home or change their address temporarily. There are no identity cards here — nothing like that. They can't get the dole but they can get jobs — not only cash jobs but real jobs, because there's no exchange of information from the Taxation Department to the Immigration Department. There's no protective net, no need to dodge anybody. They just act normally. The only chance the department has of picking up an illegal immigrant is if somebody rings them up... The department's enforcement branch is understaffed and the chances of an illegal immigrant getting caught are about one in a thousand."

Baltinos came to Australia 35 years ago and has been fighting for the rights of migrants for most of that time. As a result of his extensive dealings with the Immigration Department and other government agencies, Baltinos is now a trenchant critic of the government's policies. The thrust of his argument is that the majority of illegal immigrants are not disproportionately involved in crime and are generally doing no harm. He believes the only way to stop illegal immigration is to introduce an honest, humanitarian policy.

According to Baltinos, in the days of full employment the Federal Government was not terribly concerned about people coming here as tourists and then changing their status. Now, however, things are different. In 1980 the Liberal Government policy prohibited a change of status from that of "visitor" unless certain conditions were met. The immigrant would be allowed permanent status if he was marrying an Aus-

THE JUAN VISSER CASE

The case of Juan Visser, a 44-year-old colored South African, demonstrates the astonishing administrative slackness of the Department of Immigration, as well as its scant regard for individuals' rights.

Visser arrived in Australia in 1972 on a visitor's visa, having escaped from "indeterminate detention" in a Johannesburg jail, where he was serving sentence for a series of minor crimes. He says he was persecuted by the South African police for political reasons.

"When I realised I might never get out of jail, I tunnelled through some soft sandstone and escaped," Visser recalls. He paid for a false passport and flew to Australia, where he soon got into further trouble with police and was sentenced in January 1973 to five years jail.

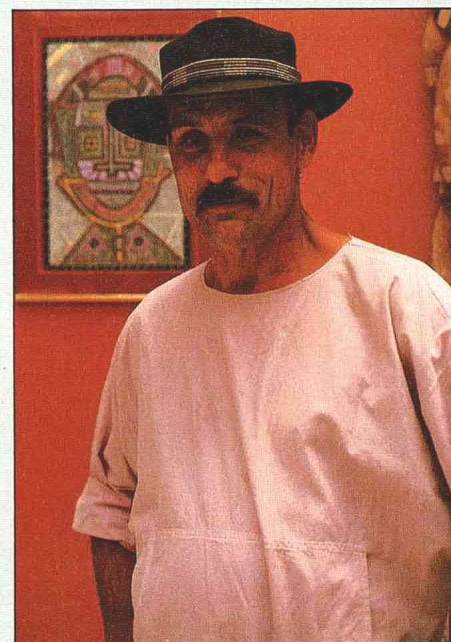
He served three years and seven months and, on release, petitioned the Minister for Immigration to defer the deportation order imposed on him when he went to prison. He married in April 1976, but was told by Immigration officials that he would soon get a deportation order.

He kept in touch with the department, and "kept his nose clean" as a house-painter and then an artist for two years,

while nothing further was said about the deportation. In 1978 he sponsored his 15-year-old daughter on a visitor's visa from South Africa to Australia and the department gave permission, again saying nothing about his own deportation order. Visser's daughter Janine arrived in Australia in February 1979 on a three-month visa, but she decided not to return to South Africa and left Visser's custody to travel and work. The department contacted him to talk about her but still nothing was said about his own deportation. In March 1979 he applied for citizenship and in 1980 his wife gave birth to a daughter — a greater incentive to stay.

"In August 1979 I applied again for a passport but in September 1980 they said the deportation would stand," he recalls. "But nothing was done, even though they had my address. I had a driver's licence and I was living at the White Horse Hotel in Crown Street, Sydney, where everyone knew I was technically an illegal immigrant."

"I wasn't in contact with the department again until August 1984, after my wife told me they wanted to see me. Their system can't be too hot, because I'm colored and I'm well-known around the Cross as a



painter. My paintings are on sale at The Verandah Restaurant and I'm often there, so they can't have been trying too hard to pick me up. In fact, when I told them how easy I was to locate, how I wasn't trying to hide at all and how at times I was living on Social Security, the officer said to me: 'We never thought you were using your own name.'

"When I went into the department for

another interview on November 19, 1984, they asked me to wait in the office. After three hours the Federal Police came in and took me to Long Bay jail. I was there for a few days until my barrister got me out. Then a Federal Court hearing was told how I might face life in prison and possibly death if I was returned, so the then Minister for Immigration, Stewart West, ordered that the deportation order be revoked.

"It's astonishing I could be here so long, get married, have a daughter, and yet after all that time the department, who ignores me for years, suddenly wants to deport me. They just don't want to listen, though I was going straight and co-operating with them all the time. The irony is that my daughter Janine took up the amnesty in 1980 and had no problems, yet I didn't disappear and they tried to deport me. I can see their point of view, but surely after people have lived here for many years they should be allowed to stay and make a new beginning."

"I was lucky because friends made representations through Labor Party MPs on compassionate grounds. I also found in court that the reports about me by departmental officials were full of lies — a lot of those men reminded me of the officials in South Africa, they way they treated a colored man. But one thing I would not like to try to do is dodge around as an illegal migrant without knowing English. It would be much harder."

INVASION

tralian citizen, if he was a parent of a permanent resident, if he was a refugee or seeking political asylum, or if there were strong compassionate grounds. Baltinos' view is that the policy does not reflect the wishes of migrants, and so they continue to enter the country illegally. "The points system for those migrants already here who want to bring their brother or sister out is not fair. A lot of people were rejected and still are. Illegal immigration will continue while they have this insane and unnatural policy. I don't say we should have an unlimited number of migrants, but genuine family reunification, and not this garbage they're serving us now, would help. Nothing is going to stop people bringing in a brother and this points system means nothing to families wanting to reunite.

"For example, I know an Indian doctor with a lot of property who's been trying to get his sister here, but she keeps getting rejected, even though there is guaranteed employment. It is the right of the migrant to be reunited with his brothers and sisters. The stupidity of the whole thing is that until today the department has not grasped what a family is and maintains policies which are completely alien to migrants."

Baltinos says the reunification of families does not create problems for Australians because "in non-Anglo-Saxon societies the

family members help each other. When a relative comes out here, they offer a home and a job so the newcomer is not a burden on society. My organisation keeps telling the government they can't stop brothers and sisters coming here. What particularly saddens me is the callousness by which policy is determined. The officials are like robots — no compassion."

This attitude coupled with current immigration policy results in the problem of failure to distinguish false marriages from genuine relationships between Australian residents and people entering the country on tourist visas. According to Baltinos, most illegal immigrants enter Australia on tourist or transit visas, leave the airport and never return. "There are people who are told by travel agents overseas that if they go to Australia they'll be fixed up. They mostly operate in South-East Asia and they seem to be 'in' with the local embassies. Others come in with the specific purpose of getting married and staying — a tremendous problem. There are a number of cases where people have paid a few thousand dollars to prostitutes and others."

Penthouse was told that a number of bars around Kings Cross and Oxford Street in Sydney will supply prostitutes of both sexes for such marriages, most of which are never consummated. Many of the men supplied are homosexuals and often the female spouses are lesbians.

"There is a lot of intrusion by departmen-

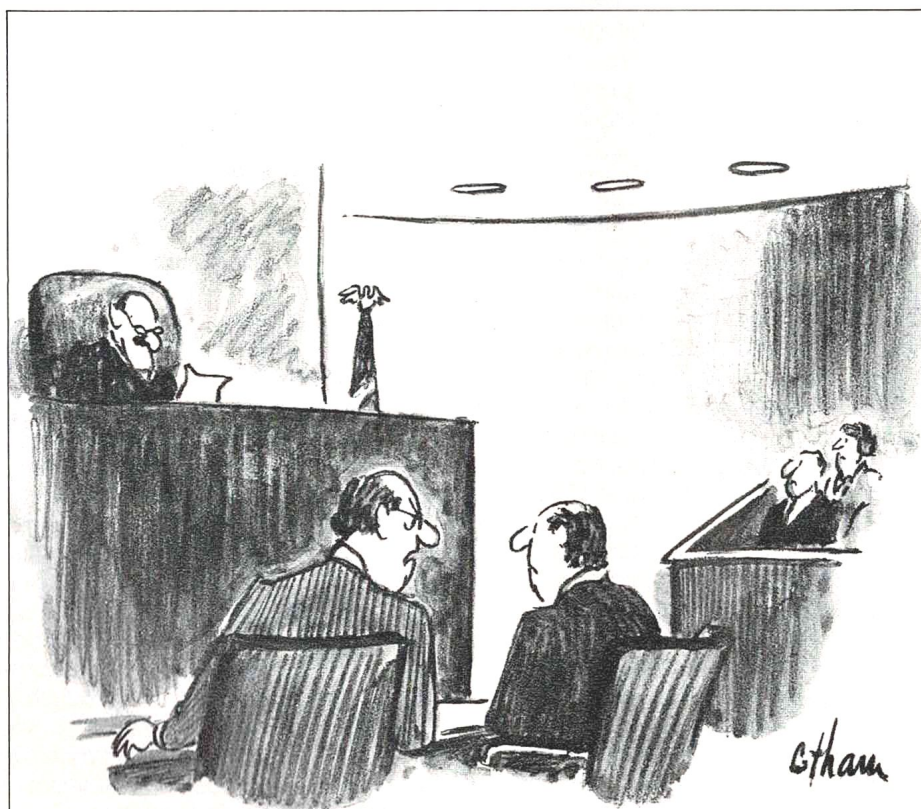
tal officials," says Baltinos, "and we have complained to the Family Law Court about this. We want the court to arbitrate in cases where the department says a marriage is not genuine. Most of the departmental officers in these cases are little twits prying into people's lives. They have jobs to do, of course, and the department has difficulties, but we don't want them to arbitrate on whether a relationship is genuine or just being used to get someone into the country."

Baltinos estimates that only about 15 per cent of illegals come from South-East Asia. He's seen the department change its attitude from overt racism (as in the Nancy Prasad controversy involving a young Fijian girl who was not allowed to stay in Australia) to a more covert approach, "but of course there is tremendous prejudice against colored people by the department. A senior officer has told me the only thing missing from some of those bastards is a swastika." Baltinos feels this attitude carries over into the more diligent pursuit of colored illegal immigrants than white immigrants.

The ease with which illegal immigration can be accomplished is something of a joke to those who are in the know. Baltinos claims not many enter Australia by the "old" methods — stowing away or jumping ship — because legal methods of entry on a tourist visa are so easy. Once here, there are few problems: "The department's enforcement squad picks up about five to 10 illegals a week in their regular pattern of raids. That's out of a total of 100,000. The big laugh is that when they're deported, they'll be back again on a false passport, and some of them do it repeatedly — it's all bullshit. Some are deported many times. I'm very impressed by those people. Anybody who's that determined should be allowed to stay. After all, a lot of Australians don't appreciate this country."

A changed immigration outlook with more liberal application of the family reunification policy would, according to Baltinos, dramatically cut down the number of illegal immigrants in Australia. "I don't advocate an open-door policy; of course we can't have that. Millions would flood in. But if the policy was liberalised, I reckon the arrivals would increase to only about 180,000 in a year. At present we let in from 90,000 to 100,000 under the points system, so the extra numbers would be a small price to pay for a decent compassionate scheme which would reduce most of the problems we have now."

Many would no doubt argue that Baltinos' statements amount to nothing more than the concept that if we legalise most of our illegal immigrants they will no longer be illegal. However, one advantage could be the freeing up of officers who could then be employed to combat less desirable forms of illegal immigration such as the importation of professional criminals.



"The only technicality they could possibly get you on is the fact that you're guilty!"

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INVASION

Illegal immigrants, even more so than some criminals, are guarded about the methods they employ to stay in Australia as "prohibited non-citizens" (PNCs) — jargon the department now uses in place of "illegal migrants." (Since July 1984 they have been classified as citizens or non-citizens, after a more humane approach was introduced following complaints from the Human Rights Commission and other aid agencies about the way some PNCs were being hunted down and sent straight to prison. Now PNCs are arrested if they attempt to run away, refuse to co-operate, or have failed to comply with the law. Some are still sent to state prisons in cases where the department does not have detention centres. Sydney, Melbourne and Perth have them, and a centre is being planned for Brisbane.)

While Sol Baltinos is confident that most illegal migrants don't need to go to much trouble to avoid detection, many live furtively and play a role rather like that of a partisan fighter in an occupied country — moving from place to place, assuming false identities, working at cash jobs, sometimes buying fake passports and other documents. The quality of their lives depends largely on the social factors applying to ordinary citizens with no reason to fear the department. If you're white, middle class

and English-speaking or can merge into a larger migrant community such as the Greeks, Italians, Lebanese or Chinese, the chances of being picked up are not great. But if you're black, Asian (as distinct from Chinese) or obviously non-WASP, then the possibility of gracing a detention centre or a jail is much stronger. The greatest number of illegal migrants are European (including British), and they don't get caught in anything like the numbers that other categories do.

Hildegard's lifestyle is typical of an illegal immigrant. A Swede who speaks good English, she overstayed her six-month tourist visa and now dodges the enforcement branch officers. Hildegard does not drive a car because an accident or random breath test could involve police attention. The very sight of police approaching her on the street can bring on a state of panic. She has a casual job waitressing, which means few questions are asked, and she is sometimes paid in cash. However, she has worked for wages on the books, and trusts the Tax Department not to pass her file to Immigration. As with most illegal immigrants, employers who know or suspect her true status exploit her by paying low wages — sometimes half the usual rate. But she can't complain. Despite a lifestyle which she says is "depressing", Hildegard is keen to stay in Australia and will remain underground. She says the lack of identification cards makes it much easier to do

so in Australia than in Europe, where many countries require that people carry identity cards and register with the police.

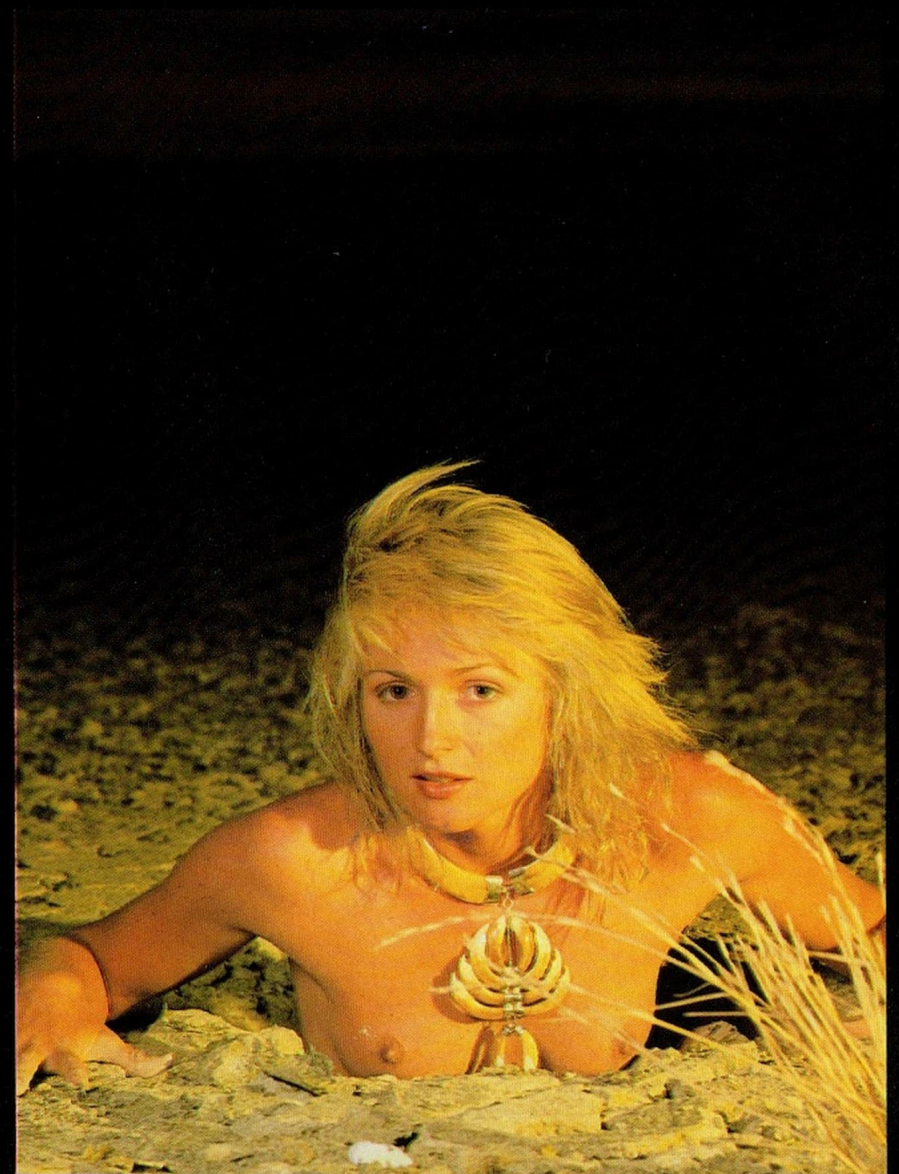
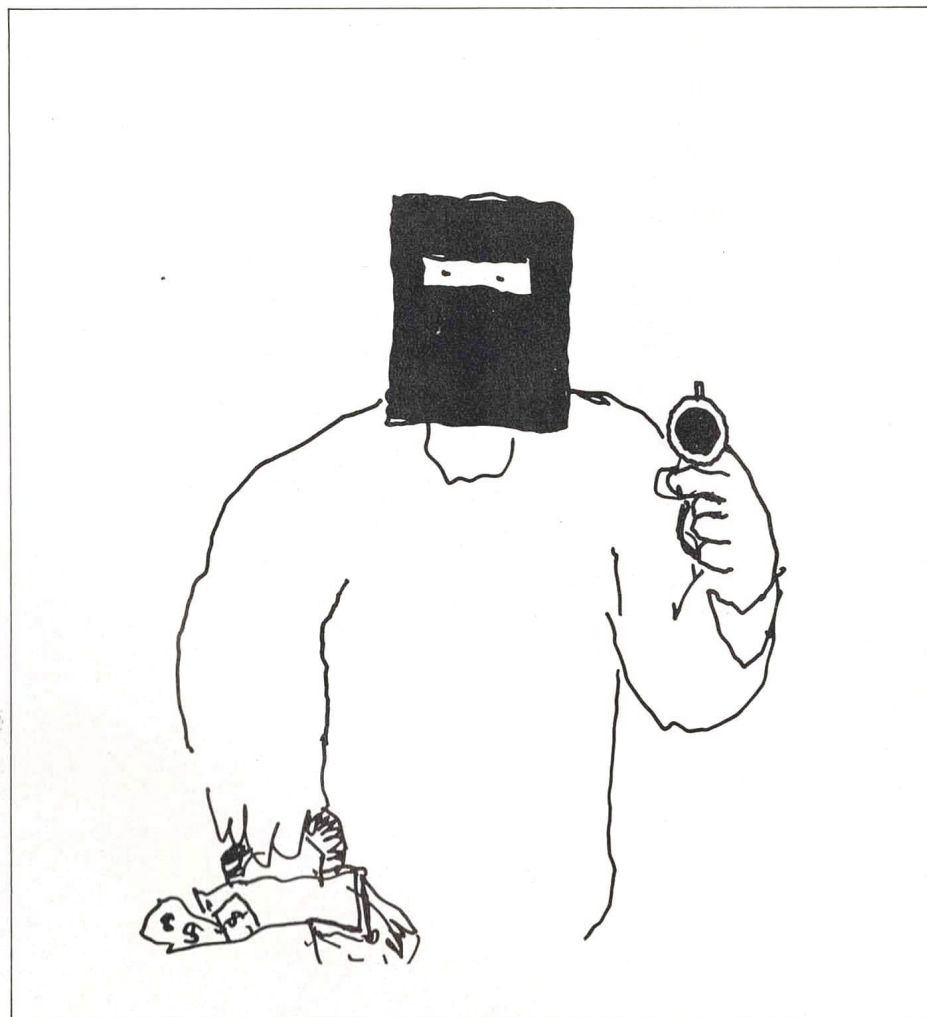
Her main fear is that someone with a dislike for her may phone the department and report their suspicions — the most likely danger being fellow illegal immigrants who may get jealous of somebody who's doing better than they are. "Others agree with me that people in the migrant centres are most likely to tell on you because they might see you doing better than them. This is a very materialistic society and people get envious, so I keep quiet about what I earn. It's something you learn to watch out for."

Eddie, a Filipino, decided to stay after his tourist visa expired because employment and economic conditions at home made it impossible for him to maintain his family. Now he earns about \$A300 a week — a fortune compared with what he could make as a mechanic in his own country, but far less than the wages earned by his workmates. Still, he can send \$100 a week through contacts to his family, and they live comfortably on that amount.

Leonard, a Tongan, lives in cheap lodgings in Redfern (Sydney) because he says enforcement officers are reluctant to "push too hard" in a suburb notorious for its inhabitants' reluctance to heed authority. His color helps him blend with the mainly Aboriginal locals, and he says he doesn't bother about keeping a sharp lookout. He's well educated, but can't use his skills in Australia because of his false identity, so he does factory process work. "I find the work very hard and boring, and I miss my family. But I can still afford to send some money, maybe \$50 a week, back home and it goes a long way there."

Leonard is also very wary of informers and keeps quiet about his background, but says he's able to relax among his more trusted friends. He doesn't see much chance of gaining permanent residence here; another amnesty is his best chance. He claims the department ignores many white collar workers and concentrates on raiding workshops and restaurants in ethnic areas. "There are many people in big offices working without the right visa, but a blind eye is turned towards them," Leonard says. "As long as they keep a low profile in the office and keep on side with the boss, they can enjoy a working holiday. That's what a lot of English girls seem to do, since a British passport no longer gives them the same rights as Australians."

These are some of the majority group of illegal immigrants whom Solon Baltinos describes as "very law-abiding, normal good citizens." Perhaps we need a Federal Government inquiry to find a more appropriate way of dealing with those 100,000 needles in our haystack. *Penthouse* sought on-the-record interviews with the Regional Director of Immigration in NSW and other senior enforcement officials. At the time of going to press, none had replied. 



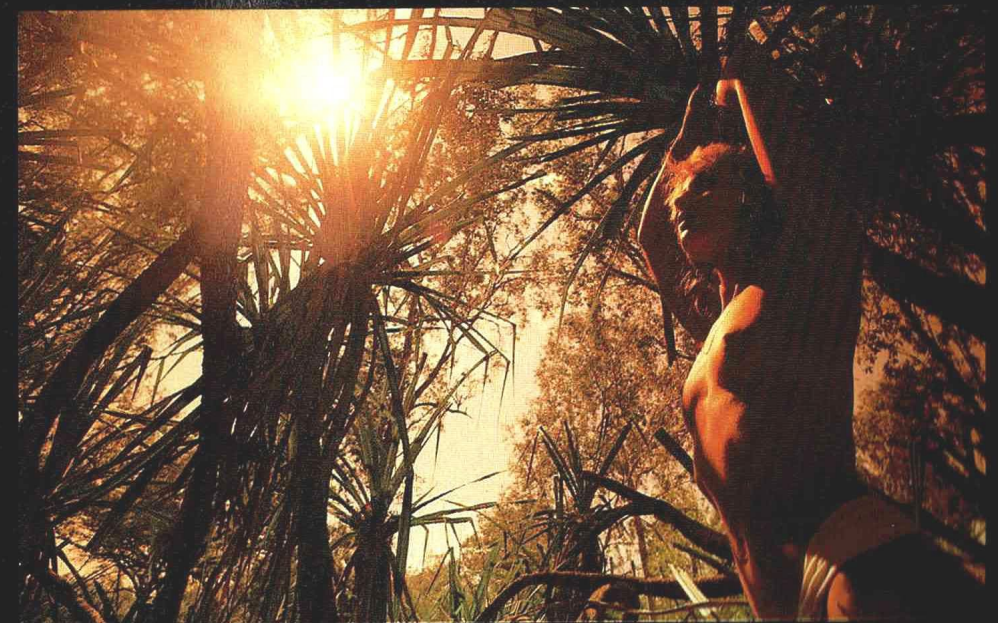
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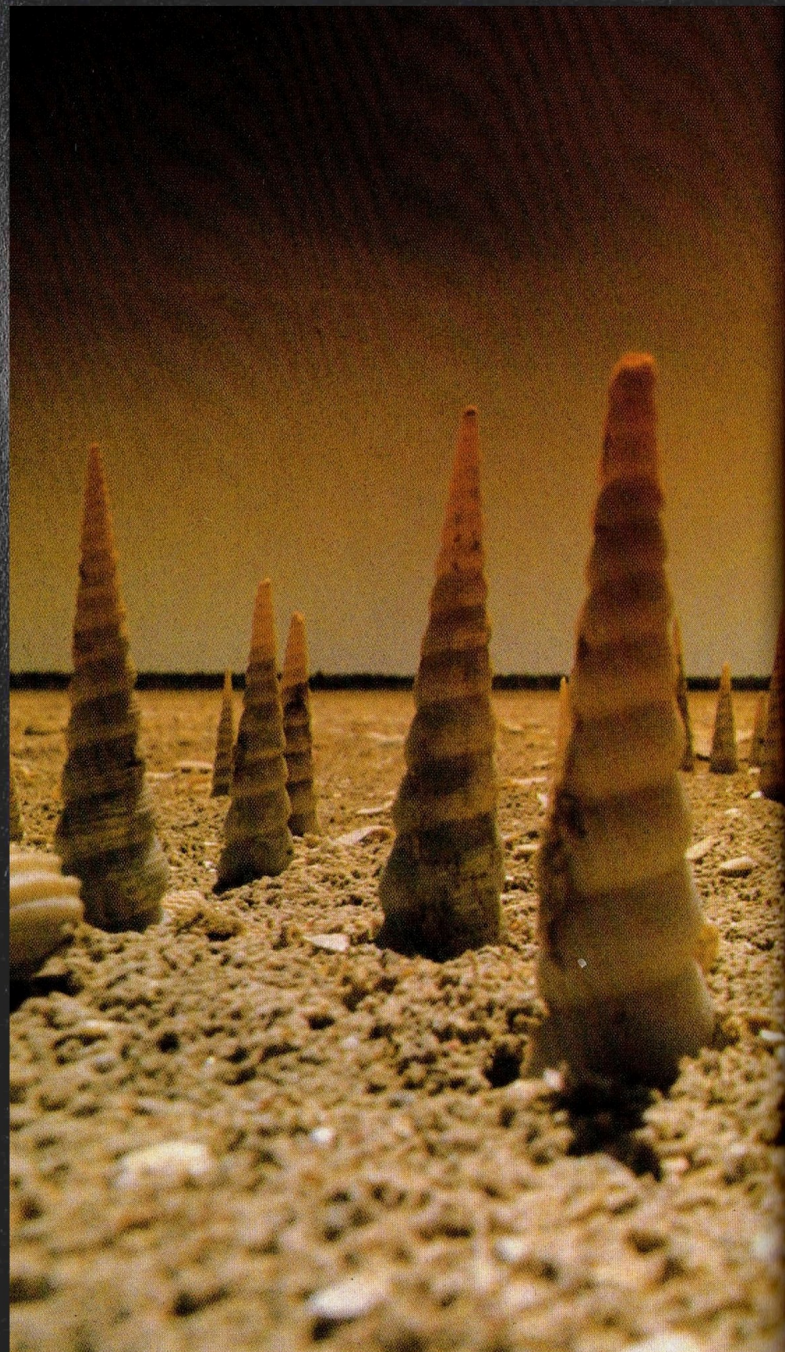
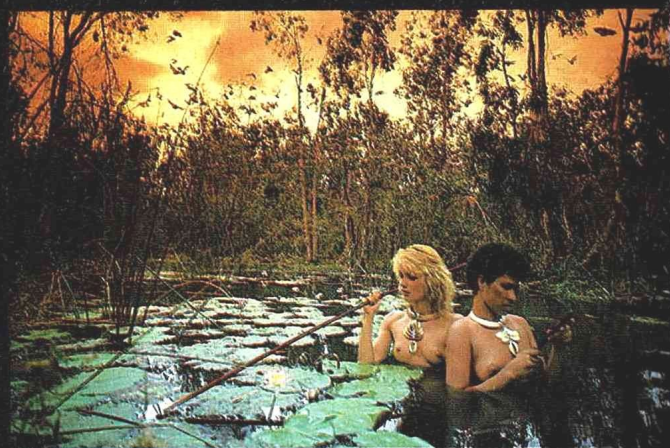
It took Cairns-based photographer David Marshall three years to realise his ambition to shoot a series of still life pictures in the wild but scenic gulf region in the far north. Assisted by local authorities, Marshall and two models set out on an expedition into primitive and isolated regions which few Australians ever have the opportunity to visit. Marshall's aim was to juxtapose the female form with these stark and startling landscapes, for a portfolio which is currently on display in the USA. The remarkable results are displayed on the following pages.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MARSHALL



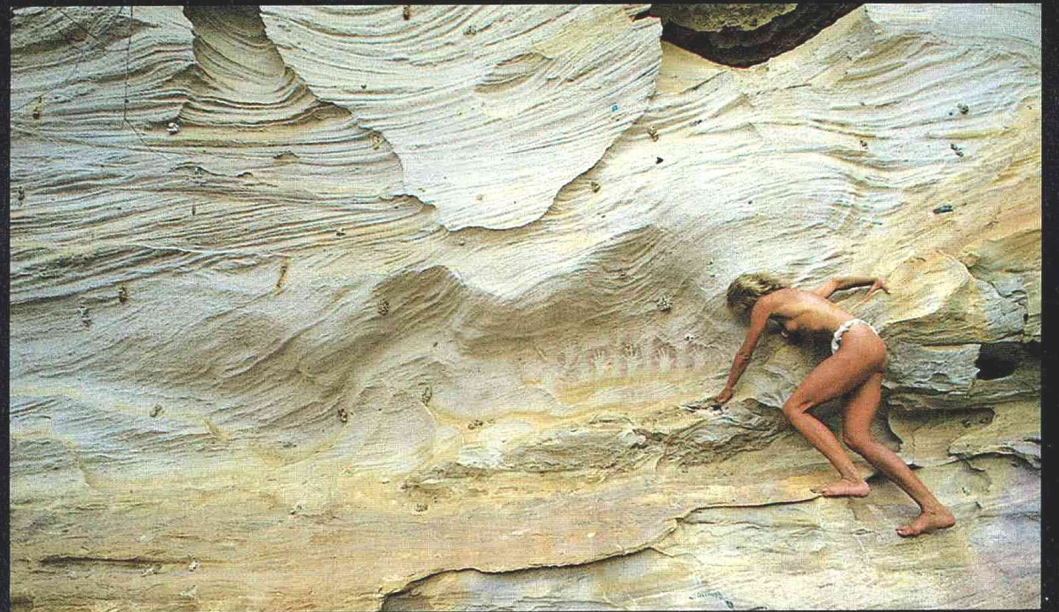
AUSTRALIANA





AUSTRALIANA

AUSTRALIANA





Hardy knew that
most young missing persons cases were simple.
But this one was different

THE BIG KNOT

FICTION BY PETER CORRIS

I missed a forehand volley that came at me slow, loopy and as big as a basketball. That gave Terry the set 6-2, which was at least two games more than she usually beat me by. But then, she's a professional and I'm a roughie; she says she only plays me to get practice against a kicking serve and a good lob.

"No lobs," she said as we walked off the court. "You were lousy. What's wrong, Cliff?"

"I've got a problem."

"Tell me about it."

"Later."

Later turned out to be quite a lot later.

We were in my bed, slick with massage oil and sweat. Terry had come and I hadn't but that was all right. Sometimes it was the other way around, sometimes both of us came, sometimes neither. It was all good. Terry put a pillow on my shoulder and nestled her head in there; she put her hand between my legs.

"We've got all night," she said. "Let's hear it."

Finding young missing persons is either easy or impossible. Many of them want to be found and all you have to do is locate a friend and squeeze a little. Other names

ILLUSTRATION BY GLENN FORD



BIG KNOT

and addresses pop out like pips and the kid turns out to be living on junk food three blocks from home. The hard ones stay hard: the boy or girl goes a long way off and goes forever. Mothers weep.

The Portia Stevenson case looked like a hard one.

Jessie Stevenson of Cammeray in Sydney was a woman in her late thirties who worked hard at looking 10 years younger and did pretty well at it. She came into my office wearing a tailored white suit, high heels and a lot of subtle make-up. She slipped into the clients' chair and put her nice legs nicely on display.

"I hope it's not painful to you to mention this," she said, "but your ex-wife recommended you to me when she heard about our problem. We go sailing together, you see."

"It's not painful. How is Cyn?"

"Oh, she's wonderful. She's married to Simon Theodore. He's..."

"In advertising. Yes, I know. If she's sailing she must be over her seasickness. That's wonderful. Tell me about the problem, Mrs Stevenson."

"Jessie, please. After all Cynthia's told me, I feel I know you."

(I would have thought Cyn's version of our marriage would be a tale of bottles and battles, but perhaps I was wrong.)

"Jessie," I said.

"I've got a 17-year-old daughter. Her name is Portia. I haven't seen her for three months. She hasn't been at school and none of her friends know where she is. There's been nothing — not a card or a phone call. Nothing. The police have done all the things they do. Nothing."

"Any trouble with her? I mean, before she went?"

"Oh, the usual — sulks, squabbles about money and going out. Nothing to speak of. She was a normal teenager. I've exhausted myself thinking about what might have made her go. I can't come up with anything. I've been distraught. I'm on medication now."

There seemed an unnatural air to her — a combination of a surface over-alertness and a background dullness. She spoke flatly, without emotion, as if that part of her response had been blocked or rerouted. I judged her to be very vain and very troubled — not a good combination.

"I'll need quite a few things, Jessie. An introduction to someone at her school, a picture of course, a handwriting specimen, and I'll have to have a pretty thorough session with you and her father to go over her life. Runaway kids usually run back to something — some memory, something like that."

"Her father's dead. He was killed in an accident when Portia was little. I remarried a few years later; Jeff's been like a father

to her for... nearly 10 years."

"Okay. When can I come out to see you both? Oh, any other kids?"

She shook her head. "I'm going sailing this afternoon. I think Jeff's home tonight. You could come then." She gave me the address and we fixed on 8.30 for my visit. She rose and moved to the door; she was tall and moved well but with that same distracted style, as if not all of her was really there. She transferred the leather drawstring bag she carried to her right hand in order to use the left to open the door. *Left-handed*, I thought; big advantage for tennis. I wondered if the kid was left-handed too — already working on the case.

She went out and I made a few notes before picking up the phone. Good manners and good sense required me to contact the Missing Persons Department. I've never encountered a competitive feeling from the cops in these matters. They have too many cases on their files to care about a private inquiry into one of them. Their manpower is stretched thin and a case they can cross off the books is just so many more hours they can put in elsewhere. The case officer on the Stevenson matter was Detective Constable Burns and she was as nice as pie.

"Not a whisper," she told me. "The girl was doing quite well at school." She named a North Shore private school better known for placing its students into the society pages than the professions. "Reasonable student, they said. We tracked down five or six friends. Nothing. Just didn't turn up at school one day."

"Boyfriends?"

"Not really. She went out a couple of times with a kid from Shore. Bit of a wimp. Didn't know a thing. Wouldn't have been one breadwinner in the Stevensons' set with an income under a hundred thousand."

"What did she take?"

"Clothes, records, video cassettes."

"Diary?"

There was a silence at the other end, then she spoke slowly. "No mention of any diary, no."

"What did you make of the girl's parents?"

"Rock solid. The step-father's a partner in an ad agency, doing well. The mother..."

"Fills in her time."

"That's right. Sailing, aerobic dancing, bit of gardening, reads a lot. Looks after herself."

"Thanks. Did she have a bank account? Portia I mean. Christ, what a name!"

Burns laughed. "Yeah, she hated the name. Called herself Ann. She had a pass-book savings account with a couple of hundred bucks in it — didn't even take the book. It's a tough one, and you know the toughest part?"

"Tell me."

"She made it in one jump. Usually they have a dry run or two and you can get a

line on what's bugging them and what they're likely to do. Not Portia. She wouldn't have spent 10 nights away from home in the last 10 years, the way they tell it."

"Over-protected?"

"Could be."

I thanked her and put the phone down. What she'd told me jelled pretty well with what I knew from the missing persons cases I'd handled over the past 14 years. Not many of them had been juveniles, but the principles were the same. A high proportion just wanted attention — the run was a call for help. Some had reached a temporary impasse in their lives and used the run to break the log jam; to get some movement going from which they could draw comfort or a course of action. A few go for good; they go a long way off, burrow and pull the hole in over them. A few meet with foul play; it worried me that no-one had made any mention of that.

I read over a selection of cases including the handful of juveniles, made some notes and put through some calls to get a picture of the Stevensons. Jeff Stevenson was a partner in Armstrong & Stevenson, a bigish advertising agency with an office in North Sydney. His credit rating was tops and his firm had good accounts with brewers, distillers and other pillars of our social life.

It was mid-winter, which meant that Sydney turned on fine, bright days, ideal for tennis in the morning and afternoon, but cold and dark by 5pm. In the mid-afternoon I drove out to Castlecrag to take a look at the school. The suburb's roads have military names, like the Rampart and The Bastion, and the area has a defensive fortress look. That much wealth and property behind the high walls and beyond the deep, verdant gardens would be worth defending.

The school looked like a stately home, somewhat on the large side. It boasted a high wall and massive gate house; the main building was a rambling, pseudo-Georgian affair with enough ivy on it to camouflage Ayers Rock. Playing fields stretched away while flagstoned paths wound between tennis courts, garden beds and an artificial pond.

Even a brief loiter outside a ladies' school is difficult to explain, so I moved the car a hundred yards to where I could observe a few of the novice socialites heading for the bus stop. They ranged in age from about 12 to 17; they wore a uniform — dark blue tunic with white trimming and a hat — but most had managed to contrive some individuality through the cut of the clothes and the accessories. Some were trying for a Boy George look, others opted for Princess Diana. They fell over each other, screamed, punched and lounged at the bus stop as if oblivious of the fact that their parents were paying 2000 bucks a term.

I drove a half a circuit of the school grounds and spotted the stables, which had been mentioned in a book called

Selecting Schools In NSW that I'd picked up in a newsagent. The establishment boasted a gymnasium, swimming pool, computer room, archery range, putting green, film and video studios and a theatre. Social contacts with the leaders of tomorrow at the brother school were encouraged. Unless she was on heroin or heavily into S&M, it didn't sound like such a bad place for a 17-year-old girl to be.

The Stevensons' house backed on to the water of Willoughby Bay and was designed to take advantage of that fact. It seemed to have very little purchase on the land, straining off the cliff face towards the water. It was the last house in a row of similarly poised structures. I parked where the narrow, winding street wound least, and walked back towards the house. Even at the front gate I could hear water slapping at boats and the creaking of ropes. A short path took me through a determinedly na-

There, in an irregular hand, was written: *"A woman at last! It was wonderful! I knew it would be! We both want more and more."*

tive garden to the wide verandah that ran along the front of the house. I knocked at the door at 8.30 precisely and Jessie Stevenson answered it as if she'd been standing inside with her hand on the knob.

"Cliff, thank you for coming."

I nodded and followed her down a passage to a sun room where the back of the house swooped out over the water. A tall, heavily built man lumbered up off a cane lounge as Jessie waved me through.

"Jeff, this is Cliff Hardy."

He was wearing two pieces of his three-piece suit and had loosened his tie. His thinning dark hair was expensively barbered and his shoes were highly polished. The cut of the pants and waistcoat kept him from looking portly, which he was. His grip was stronger than it needed to be and his palm was moist.

"Hi. Drink?"

"Thanks," I said. "Red wine?"

"Coming up." He went to the corner of the room, where there was a bar in vaguely Hawaiian mood — bamboo and wickerwork with two high, spindly-legged stools. Jessie sat down on the lounge and picked up a pink drink from the low table in front

of it; Stevenson came back with a glass of red and a can of beer which he popped as he sat down next to his wife. He had a long swig and she took hold of his free hand. As I sat opposite them, two things became clear: he was younger than her by a good few years and that was one of her problems; the other problem she was confidently expecting me to solve.

On the table was a folder that had my name written on it; this would be the memorabilia for sure. I took out a notebook and pen and placed them by the folder. I took a sip of the good red. "First, does either one of you have any theory — doesn't matter how way out — about why she left?"

They looked at each other and shook their heads. "She's a normal, healthy, lovely girl," Stevenson said. "We never had any trouble with her."

Jessie nodded and drank some of the pink mixture. "I've thought about it for hours. Nothing comes... nothing."

I touched the folder. "The photographs and such?"

They nodded in unison and I opened the folder. The photographs ranged over about 10 years, chronicling Portia's development from a gap-toothed kid to a tall, well-proportioned teenager. She had her mother's features and figure, which were good credentials. Her hair shone in the outdoors pictures and there was a sultriness to her when photographed indoors that suggested she knew what it was to be a focus of attention. I murmured, "Very pretty," which was probably less than was expected of me, and went on with the other documents. There were a couple of school reports — just this side of glowing ("Portia is steady and reliable" etc) and a postcard she'd sent from Brisbane.

Jessie Stevenson watched me while I read the dutiful message. "She stayed with my sister," she said. "Just for a week."

I nodded. There was a typed list of names; six females and two males.

"They're her closest friends," Jeff Stevenson said.

"Did Portia keep a diary?" I asked.

The look they exchanged was uncertain; maybe they were swingers who feared that their daughter chronicled the frolicking, but the way Jessie hung on to her husband's arm suggested she was anything but a swinger.

"No," she said. "Why do you ask?"

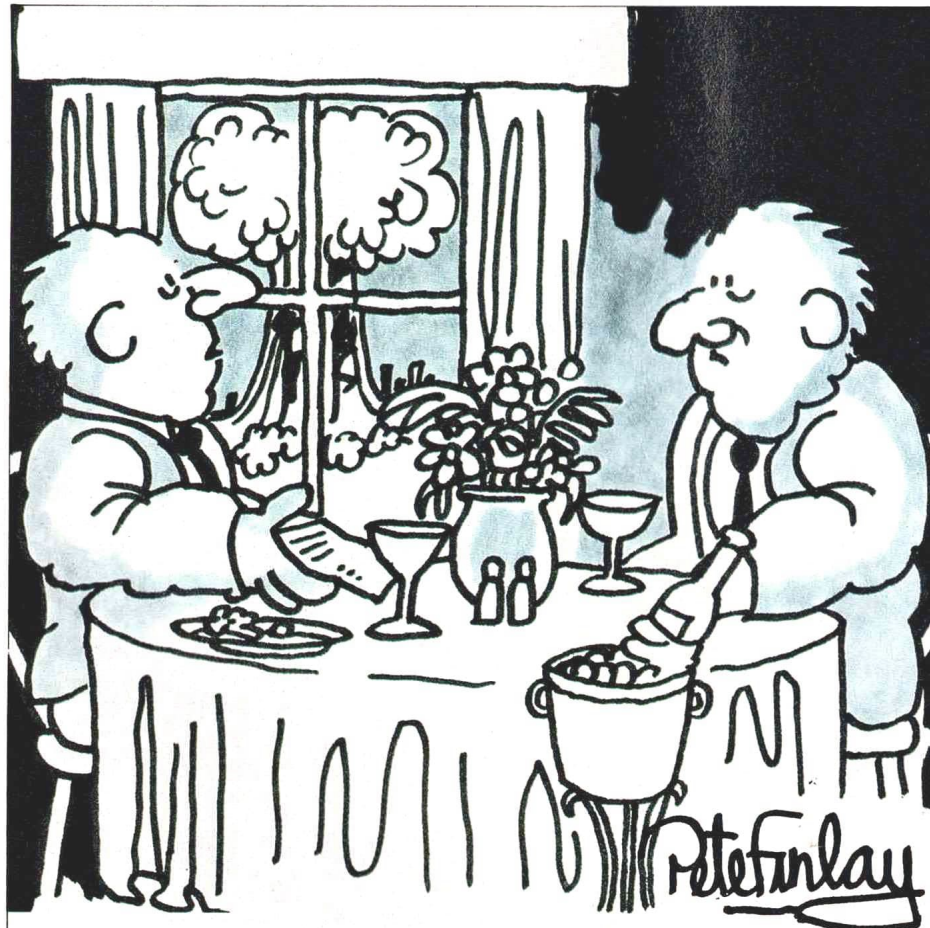
"Oh, I don't know. I just thought with the name Portia, and with Jeff being an ad man, there might be a literary leaning in the family. Diaries are useful..."

"Portia was my mother's name," Jessie said frigidly. Jeff was looking hostile; maybe he thought I'd maligned his profession by suggesting that it had anything to do with literature. I still liked the thought though.

"Are her school books here?"

Jessie nodded.

"May I see them?"



"On second thoughts, you can pay."

BIG KNOT

"The policewoman had a good look," Stevenson growled.

"Even so, I'd like a look if I may. And I'd like to see her room, please."

Stevenson gently shook off his wife's hand. "That's okay, of course, you'd want to do that. Drink up, Hardy. Jess'll show you the room. If you'll excuse me, I've got a couple of calls to make."

He got up slowly and drained his can. He wasn't much over 30 but something was taking a toll of him — self-indulgence or business worries. There were strain lines in his fleshy face and his color was too high. He moved rather slowly, like an ex-athlete who's stiffened up. I drank some more of the wine, put the glass on the floor, and followed Jessie back down the passageway.

She pushed open the second door along and flicked the light on. The bedroom was scrupulously tidy, the way no 17-year-old could have kept it. The bed was made, the rug was straight, the books were lined up, the cassettes were stacked. The room was already beginning to feel like a mausoleum. I opened a wardrobe and looked at the solid bank of clothes, all neatly placed on hangers. "She didn't take many clothes?"

She shook her head. "She was wearing her..." She choked on it.

"School uniform, I know. Take it easy, Jessie. Let's have a look here."

Portia had one of those student's desks with a map of the world on it. A few text books were stacked on top of Europe and a pile of exercise books covered Australia. Jessie sank down on the bed and looked at me helplessly. "Is there any hope?" she whispered.

"Sure." I turned over the leaves of the books — domestic science, maths, social studies. They were neat and orderly. Another book had a clipping of Robert Redford pasted to the cover. On the first leaf, "Personal Development" was printed in bold letters. I showed it to Jessie. "What's that?"

She shrugged. "I'll just go and see if Jeff wants anything." She started to get up but I waved her down.

"Hang on, won't be long." I turned over the pages; there were poems and essays and questionnaires — all bland and impersonal. No outpourings of the heart here. Near the end of the filled-in pages there were marks on the back of one leaf. The scribble was in a different ink from the writing on the other side. I looked at it for a minute; Jessie looked too.

"Oh," she said disinterestedly. "I saw that. It's from a carbon paper put in the wrong way."

"No it isn't. Is Portia a left-hander, like you?"

"Yes."

"Some left-handers can do mirror-writing

automatically, without thinking. Can you?"

"I used to be able to, when I was a kid. I wouldn't have tried in 25... a long time."

I took the page over to the dressing table and looked at the image in the mirror. In an irregular hand, quite different from the rest of the writing in the book, was written: "A woman at last! It was wonderful. I knew it would be. We both want more and more."

Jessie stood beside me and stared at the mirror. Her shriek bounced off the walls. "No! Oh God, no!"

Heavy footsteps shook the floor and Jeff Stevenson flung himself into the room, beer slopping from another can in his hand.

"What the hell..."

Jessie leapt for him and clung. She buried her head in his shirt front and sobbed. Stevenson bullocked across the room, carrying her with him. He stared at the mirror and then at me. His high color flamed even higher.

He came in again,
swinging and lunging,
and I gave him ground.
He squared up clumsily
and I went under his lead
to hammer his ribs

"Jesus, what... what does it mean?"
"I'd say it means she's got a boyfriend," I said.

"Sixteen..." Jessie sobbed.

"I thought she was 17," I said.

"Only just." Stevenson patted his wife's shoulder clumsily. I closed the book and put it back with the others.

"Let's go out and talk about it." I virtually had to shepherd them out of the room and to the back of the house. Stevenson remembered his beer can and I repossessed my red wine. We sat down again and drank — except Jessie, who gripped her husband's knee.

"It helps," I said. "It supplies a reason. It gives us something — someone to look for. Somebody must know who he is — a friend, someone in a coffee shop, a pub. Kids have got to go somewhere and there are people who know where they go. Cheer up."

"I can't believe it," Jessie said. "I just can't believe it."

"She is seventeen," Stevenson muttered.

"But not to say a word. Oh, he must be so unsuitable."

I wrote the message in the exercise book in my notebook, working from memory. I tapped the contents of the folder into neatness. The Stevensons watched me.

"Now, does this give you any clues? Anything come to mind? Something you mightn't have thought of before?"

They shook their heads. I put the notebook away. "Okay, I'll take it from here. Sorry, but I'll have to ask you for a retainer and some sort of letter of authority."

Stevenson pulled down his waistcoat and sucked in his gut. "Yes, of course. I'll fix you up. Ah, Jess, I could go a cup of coffee. You, Hardy?"

"No, thanks."

"I'll make some fresh, dear." Jessie jumped up and headed towards a door behind the bar. Stevenson found his suit jacket hanging on a chair, dug into the breast pocket and pulled out a cheque book.

"Umm, Hardy, now you come to mention it, I think I do know something that might help. Five hundred do you for now?"

I nodded. He spread the cheque book on the bar and wrote.

"I'll get my secretary to knock up an authority. Put it in the post tomorrow. That do you?"

I nodded again and waited for whatever it was he wanted to tell me. He ripped out the slip and handed it to me.

"Hardy, I... ah... didn't know what to make of this. I only heard it today and it didn't make any sense. But in view of what you found in that notebook, I didn't want to say anything in front of Jess."

"About what?"

"Well, I put all sorts of feelers out, of course. People on the road come into the agency, you know. I've told them about our trouble. And this guy, he travels about a bit. He said he'd seen a girl who looked a bit like Portia down at a truck depot in Ryde. I don't know, it's probably nothing. But you know, the trucks go interstate from there."

"What's the name of the place?"

He told me and I said I'd take a look there, as well as a recheck with the girl's friends and teachers and a thorough local snoop. I said I'd be in touch as soon as I needed anything.

"Or when you need more money," he said.

"Yeah, well it would come to that if there's an interstate angle."

"Interstate?" Jessie Stevenson came back into the room carrying a tray with a coffee pot, cups and sweet biscuits. Jeff's waistline was in for another hammering. "What about interstate?"

"Nothing, love. Just talking. Goodnight, Hardy. I'll show you out."

I nodded to Jessie's brave smile and followed him up the passage. Another too-strong handshake, and I was out in the cool evening air. I drove to the trucking yard in Ryde, taking the long route home. The place was dark and quiet and a fast food caravan was just closing down as I pulled

up. The woman who ran the show was tired and impatient with my questions.

"Early night," she said. "D'you mind?"

"No. What about tomorrow?"

"Big night, open late. Trucks in 'n' out till all hours."

"Save me a hamburger."

She grunted and slammed down the shutters.

It was late afternoon the following day when I returned to the trucking yard. The woman at the fast food bar looked tired already; she nodded sceptically at me when I waved to her. The yard was a big, flat expanse flanked by sheds like small aircraft hangars; a few prime movers and loaded semi-trailers stood casting ungainly shadows across the asphalt. A group of drivers leaned on a stack of wooden pallets; they yarned and smoked and looked incuriously at me as I walked across to the office wedged between two high, wide loading bays. Before I reached the building, one of the drivers detached himself and strolled towards me.

"Help you, mate?"

I stopped. "Well, I wanted to see the boss, foreman or whatever." I could see a bespectacled man looking at us through a window in the office.

"Why?"

"I wanted to talk to the drivers."

"You don't need to ask permission for that, mate. We're independents here. You want to talk, come on over and talk." He jerked his head at the office. "He's nobody."

I followed him across the pallets. There were four men there, all built big and wearing the dusty, greasy uniform of their calling. The man who had approached me simply joined the group and left me to sink or swim.

"Giddyay," I said. "Wondering if one of you blokes could help me." I reached into my pocket and took out the most recent photograph of Portia — the one that showed her poised and confident in designer jeans, blouse and stylish jacket, standing in front of the Stevensons' house. I held up the picture. "Seen her?"

One of the men, not the biggest but not the smallest, made a sound like a blocked drain clearing. He spat and reached for the front of my coat. I dropped the photograph.

"I've been waitin' for youse to turn up."

He pulled me close and swung a short, clubbing punch at my chin. I pulled free and back and made the punch miss. He swore and came at me again.

"Easy," I said.

"Go on, Kenny," one of the men urged.

"Have a go!"

Kenny bustled forward and swung again. I took it on the shoulder and gave him a quick tap back. He ducked into it and was hit harder on the nose than I intended.

"Fuck you!" he roared. He came in again, swinging and lunging and I gave ground until we were clear of the other men

and I was sure of my footing. He squared up clumsily and I went under his lead and hammered his left side ribs. He almost overbalanced and I helped him down with a left hook under the ear. He sprawled on the dusty bitumen. The others moved threateningly but I pulled out my licence and held it up.

"Hold on," I said. "This is a misunderstanding. Don't get excited."

They hesitated and I crouched down beside Kenny, who'd twisted his leg in the fall. I showed him the card.

"This is a legitimate investigation. What did you mean — about waiting for me?"

Kenny did some swearing, then looked across at the office. "That four-eyed nong in there tried to bribe me to say I'd seen the sheila. Said someone'd be around askin'. I told him to get fucked and said I'd drop youse. You were a bit good, but."

I took \$20 out of my wallet and put it on his chest. "A misunderstanding, mate. What's his name?"

"Polly Adams — there 'e goes!"

A small man wearing a dust coat that flapped behind him ran from the office between the loading bays. I took off like a sprinter from the blocks after him. He had a lead but he was no runner. I gained with every stride and his flapping coat caught on the wire that straggled from the cyclone fence where he had to make a turn. The coat ripped, he slowed down and I got my hand on his shoulder and ran him into the

fence. He bounced off it and I pinned him back and held him there. We panted in each other's faces and I realised that I was crouching and holding him up on tip toe. I felt ashamed; he was about five foot three and weighed around eight stone. I let him down and took two fistfuls of the front of his dust coat.

"Just one question," I said. "Who told you to get a driver to lie to me?" I shook him and his head wobbled on his thin neck. His breath smelled of cigarettes — no wind.

"Silly bugger," he gasped. "He just had-da say it might've been her. He's off to the West in a coupla days. There was 50 bucks in it for him."

"Who was it?"

"I dunno his name. Met him in the pub this morning. Well, I seen him there before once."

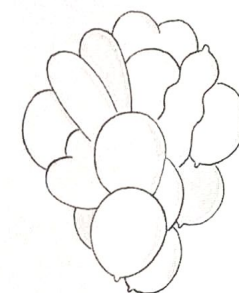
"Description."

"Big bloke, tall as you 'n' heavier. Lot heavier. He had a red face, flash suit. Looked like a cop. I reckon he could be a cop."

"Bullshit!" I let him go and he stayed there with his back against the wire; with his eyes and mouth open in fright and his torn coat flapping, he looked like a scarecrow. I walked back to the yard. Kenny was leaning against the pallets with a cigarette in his mouth.

"You all right?" I said.

Continued on page 152



"Oh my God! It's the Rico brothers for their pay-off!"



Cross country skiing is not for the
downhill dilettante

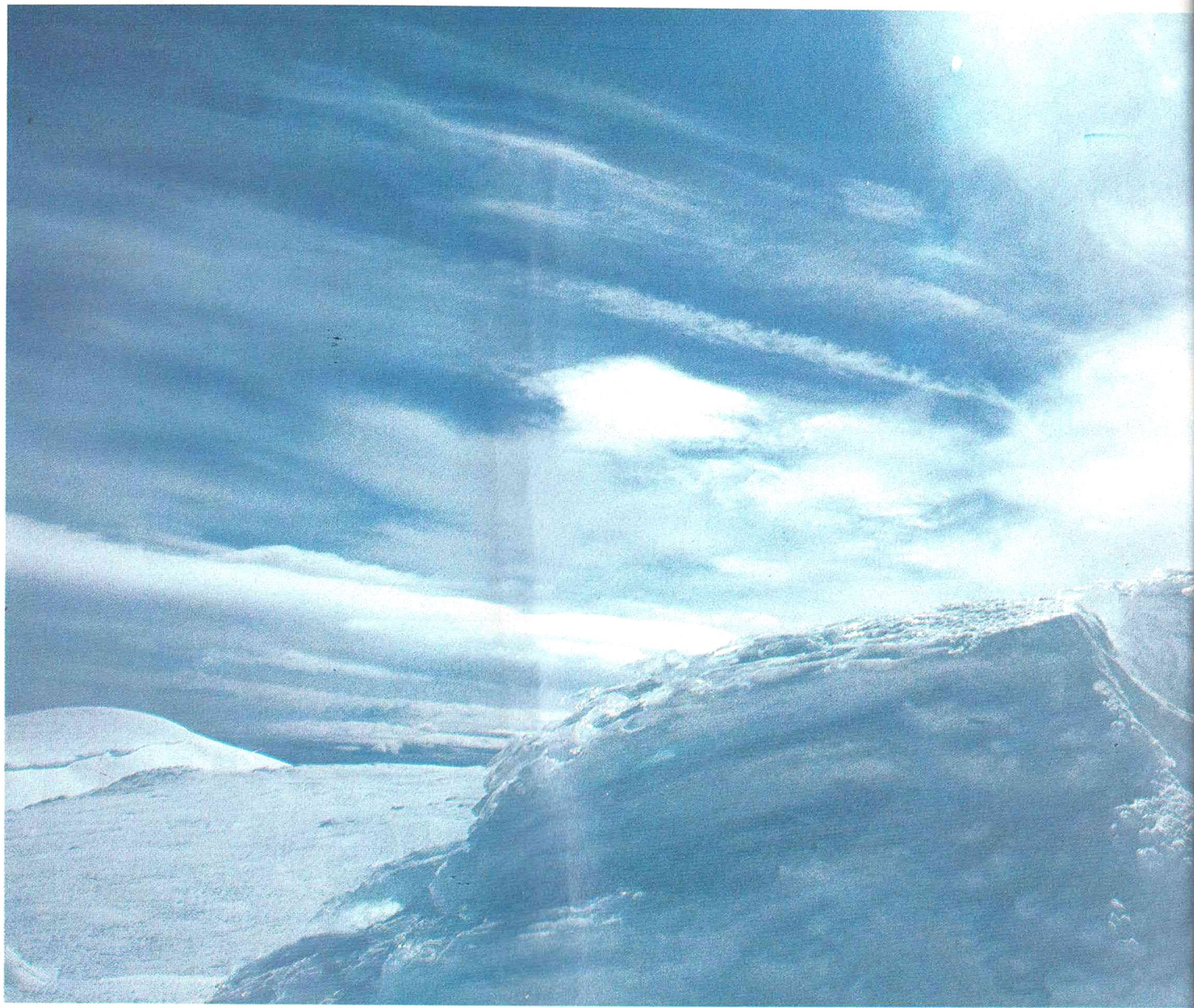
BEYOND TOUGH

Cross country skiing is among the most demanding of all sports. The top devotees are supremely fit athletes. In Scandinavia, cross country skiing stars are regarded as national treasures while in Australia the sport is growing in vitality.

Whatever you call it — langlaufing, Nordic, cross country, bushwalking on skis — sliding over snow has been around a long time. In Hoting, Sweden, a ski unglugged from a peat bog was dated at 4500 years old. Primitive yes, but a ski no less.

It hasn't always been a sport. Rock carvings from about 3000 years ago depict skiers engaging in warfare and in both world wars, famous battles were fought by troops on cross country skis: in the Vosges Mountains between the French and Bavarians in World War I, and in Finland between the Finns and Russians during World War II. In the latter battle the Finns, massively outnumbered, were able to hold out against Russian tanks and infantry — until the snow

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY
LEIGH AND BARBARA HEMMINGS



TOUGH

ran out.

But sport it is, though the battling is virtually as intense as war, particularly in events such as the biathlon. It combines cross country skiing with shooting. The combination of the fastest time around the circuit and most accurate shooting produces the winner, usually over a 20-kilometre course with four sets of shots.

Cross country skiing was introduced into Australia by some very tough men. The Norwegian miners who took skiing to the Californian goldfields brought their skills with them when they came to the Kiandra fields. Classic pictures of the era show the brave exponents riding their skis straight downhill, braking as best they could with a stick held between their legs.

Up until the 1850s the transport skis consisted of one long ski with a smooth base, used as a glider, and one shorter, wider ski with a fur base: the kicker. Nordic skiing on two skis of similar length began in Telemark, Norway.

But through all the developments, the power supply has remained the same. Never has the adage "no pain no gain" been truer than when ski touring in the backcountry. On your back is a pack weighing more than a third of your bodyweight. Beneath your leaden boots are metal-edged skis. Between you and a backsliding disaster is careful weight transfer and a fishscale ski base pattern.

On the "grunter" hills progress is matched to your breathing: one step, one breath. Each breath a rasp; each step slower than the last. Your cardiovascular system could do with a major overhaul, but not now, not here.

Once the main trail is left behind, your group heads out into a white wilderness, fresh and virginal. Soon there are creek crossings and exhilarating downhill runs, but all your senses are on full alert. To fall hard when wearing a full backpack can be very tough, but more often it is entertainment to the others in your group. Watching someone trying to struggle back on to their skis is like watching a cumbersome turtle overturned on a beach.

On the first day of a ski tour your energy drains like water down a fall. No amount of off-snow training will be enough. Ascending, you need to strip off gear to vent the perspiration. Descending long runs, a biting wind edges its way into your bones. Even though the day temperature may be just above freezing point, dehydration is always a danger. Drink less than a litre a day and your dipping energy levels will leave nagging doubts about making it; you have to drink until you piss clear.

Your base campsite at last comes into view, and after an hour's work it's flattened and hardening, ready for the snow tent. You have a long, rejuvenating drink and slowly your body comes around and feels good about making it to camp. All around you is the essence of ski touring: snow unmarred, untouched and preserved. Wilderness.

Though perceived as certifiable madness by some, snow camping is a delight. It has a sense of purity about it, the snow white and clean. You stomp it down to make a perfect sleeping base, dig into it to create a cosy snowcave or cut it into



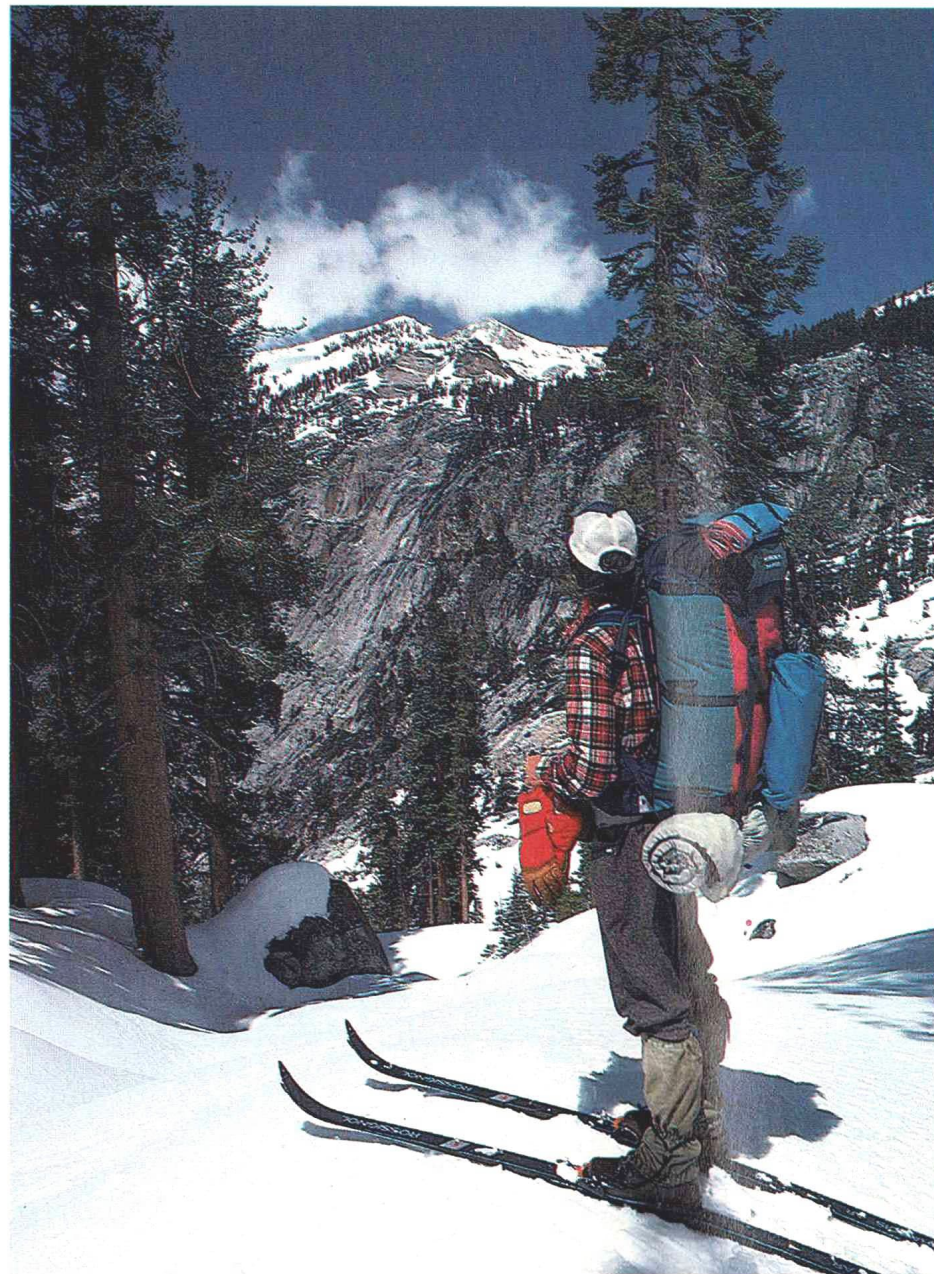
Left: Never has the adage "no pain no gain" been truer than when skiing in the backcountry. The gains? A ski tourer looks towards Mt Kosciuszko; Above right: Experienced Californian instructor Dave Beck; Right: Beware the downhill bug — successful attempts at steep downhill turns are addictive. Australian tour guide and addict Mark Daddo carves out a telemark turn.

blocks to produce an igloo. It is also preserved, purified drinking water awaiting renewal by the flame of the stove.

Despite the disturbance to the snow in setting up camp, an overnight fall will magically restore it to pristine white. Your tent may spend the night flapping angrily in response to a raging wind, but inside, in a quality snow-grade sleeping bag, it's toasty warm. A single candle bathes the tent in a friendly glow.

In the gloom of first light the wind-drifted snow on your tentmates' sleeping bags has them resembling caterpillars caught and frozen by the night air. If the storm has passed, the clarity of morning light in the





TOUGH

alps is invigorating. However, if it's still snowing furiously outside, you'll wish you had a bladder of 24-hour capacity.

Outside your warm, double-skinned cocoon awaits adventure. In any direction there are peaks to climb, valleys to ski, bowls to play in; a new world to explore. Below the treeline the surroundings consist of gnarled, twisted multi-colored snow-gums. Photography under snow camping conditions is difficult, with tricky lighting, early camera battery death and frozen fingers, but the likely results are an irresistible lure.

On day tours from the base camp with no backpack to lug it's a thrill to climb slopes and zap down again, learning to read the different snow conditions. Beware of the downhill bug; successful attempts at steep downhill turns are addictive. The bug bites even deeper when you learn a very special carving turn called the telemark. Discover telemarks and your world changes.

In the Californian Sierra Nevada mountains there are now downhill resorts solely for cross country skiing. At such resorts, yo-yo skiing on the skinny boards is being taken to new heights of skill. Expert instructors have introduced the telemark to many Californian and Australian skiers. The steep, mountainous terrain makes it essential to learn how to turn. Multi-day ski tours into base camps at an altitude of more than 3000 metres will take you into a different California.

In Australia there are more and more loose-heeled skiers being seen at the top resorts. Adventure tour operators put on special downhill cross country workshops. Their instructors are particularly skilled and are well-equipped to teach. It is breathtaking to watch the experts carving perfect turns down the steepest downhill runs.

It is far harder to tackle good turns on steep terrain aboard skinny skis than on downhill skis, but at least the falls are less damaging to the body, as the heels are free. Achieving a steep descent by a linked series of telemark or parallel turns on long skinny skis is an absolute high, though such runs come only after hours of hard work.

In Australia's high country the snow usually comes early and stays late; June to the end of September is the season for most adventure tour operators, though private trips are run well into October. Even poor downhill years have enough snow cover for cross country skiing, so there's no need to take much notice of the snow reports.

Nordic skiing with professional tour operators offers a good range of excursions: day trips with instruction, weekends in lodge accommodation or camping, week-long courses or 10-day expeditions across



Above left: In any direction there are peaks to climb, valleys to ski — a new world to explore; Below left: Your group heads out into a white wilderness. Creek crossings are part of spring touring; Above: An overnight fall will magically restore the snow to pristine white; Right: Telemark turn with a full pack in California.

the roof of Australia (only for fit and experienced skiers). Nordic skiing holidays are comparatively cheap — \$350-450 for five days, which includes transport from a central base, ski instruction (usually from Australian Ski Federation qualified instructors), equipment, food, and national park entrance fees. Sleeping bags and backpacks can be hired.

In a weekend you will learn such basics as diagonal striding (moving in a straight line) and snowploughing. Accidentally learned sitzmarks, headplants and other falls are part of the fun. Longer learning holidays give you a chance to further develop those skills.

The better adventure tour operators supply detailed trip notes, but some specialised gear is a good idea. Synthetic underwear keeps your vitals warm even when wet from perspiration, as does silk (the latest fad). Dress in outer layers of wool, down or gortex, so you can shed layers when you are warmed up, replacing them when you stop. Expert cross country skiing advice is available from Norski (Sydney), Bushgear (Melbourne) or Paddy Palin (Canberra). 





GIVE AND TAKE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EARL MILLER

Tammi Benton gets a kick out of waiting on men. As a professional barmaid, her prompt and generous services are often rewarded with tips from customers responding to her exotic good looks. But although this part-Irish-English-Brazilian eldest of five is known to her kin as "Irish Coffee", her dark skin doesn't imply that she is the black sheep of the family. She always uses some of her weekly pay to help support her relatives. "I'm always concerned about others. I go out of my way to help people make ends meet."

"My family has already more than paid me back with their love and confidence in my ability," she says sweetly. "There are no debts between us, but I get satisfaction out of doing someone a good turn. I believe there should always be plenty of give and take." And Tammi is instilled with optimism; she intends to be rich by the time she is 30.





"I'll open my own bar and restaurant some day, and become the successful type. Maybe I'll just marry someone who can put up with all of my whims — if not satisfy them," she adds cheekily.





One of those whims is making love while hard-rock music blasts from her bedroom speakers. She likes to pretend she is a sexy rock queen in her favorite video clips. "It's all in fun. I couldn't be with a man who couldn't keep his sense of tongue-in-cheek."



Normally, though, Tammi is a realist. "I don't expect some Prince Charming to come along and grant all my wishes. I'd like to think I'm shrewd and charming enough to get what I want all by myself." With all her filial love, Tammi is only sorry she didn't realise sooner that there are some things her mother never told her.

OTM





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“I think what upset people is that I said what I thought, and that was at a time when very few people did.”

MICK JAGGER

BY ALLAN SONNENSCHIN

Of all the bands who have led the rock and roll revolution, none has made a greater or more enduring impact than the Rolling Stones. Few would debate that they have earned their sobriquet of “The World’s Greatest Rock and Roll Band.” And the greatest band has also produced rock and roll’s greatest legend, Mick Jagger. No-one — not John Lennon, not Bob Dylan, not even Elvis Presley — has better personified the burning sexual creativity of great rock and roll.

Mick Jagger was born 42 years ago, when the German Luftwaffe was still dropping bombs on London. The oldest of two sons, Jagger was raised in a middle class suburban household in Kent. Although Jagger’s image is that of a tough, swaggering working class lad, his upbringing was actually very bourgeois. His father, Basil, was a physical education teacher and lecturer, and his Australian-born mother, Eva, was a woman who took great pride in her home and children.

It was a religious, strictly run household where misbehavior was quickly and severely punished. Young Mick excelled in sports and did well in school. Indeed, Jagger’s enrolment in the London School of Economics appeared to ensure his future as a solid citizen.

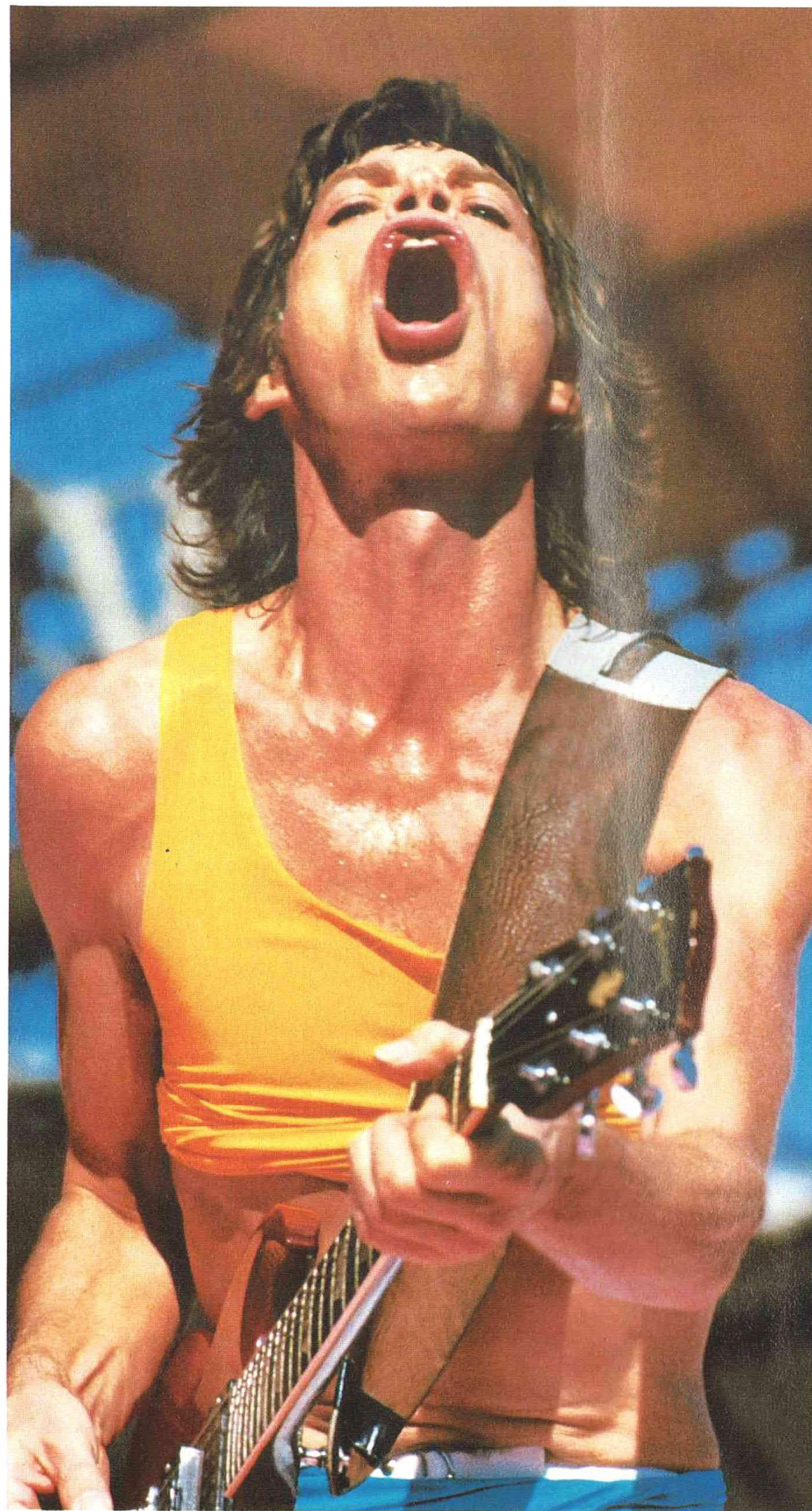
PHOTOS BY BRIAN ARIS/OUTLINE

INTERVIEW

But in the mid-Fifties, something called rock and roll cast a spell on Jagger and thousands of others of his generation. The music was exported from America, but at first seemed more revered in Great Britain. The music of Little Richard, Buddy Holly and Bill Haley And The Comets, as well as the rhythm and blues of Muddy Waters and

Jimmy Reed, inspired Mick to envision a future more interesting and exciting than the drabness of British economics.

The Rolling Stones were born in London in 1962. Jagger and Keith Richards are the only members who remain from the original group. They saw themselves as rhythm and blues purists, catering to jazz snobs in small Soho clubs. Their name was taken from an old Muddy Waters song, "Rollin' Stone." There wasn't much money to be



made playing music in small London pubs, and Jagger kept his options for the future open by remaining enrolled at the London School of Economics. In fact in 1963, when the Beatles were beginning their rise to superstardom, very little seemed to be happening for the Rolling Stones. It wasn't until a teenage impresario named Andrew Loog Oldham became the band's manager that things began to turn around for the group. With a record contract and a 1964 tour of America planned, Jagger decided to make a full commitment to the band and dropped out of uni — a decision, Jagger says, that his parents did not easily accept.

The Rolling Stones followed on the heels of the Beatles with their 1964 visit to America. Already rock and roll fans were choosing sides between the Stones and the Beatles. In Britain, the Stones were being compared unfavorably by the press to the Fab Four. The Beatles were clean-cut, their audiences were relatively well-behaved, and their music did not shake the establishment unduly. The Stones, on the other hand, were unruly, coarse, and dangerous, with audiences comprised of hysterical teenagers. In short, the Rolling Stones — led by a sexually threatening Mick Jagger — became the favorite targets of British journalists.

Through the years, as their popularity soared and their success grew, so did the turmoil that has been as much a part of the Stones as their music. There were the drug busts of Brian Jones, Keith and Mick. Mick's "living in sin" with Marianne Faithfull shocked England and provided a field day for the more scurrilous members of the British press. Brian Jones' tragic drowning and the rumors following it continued to enhance their ugly image. Often, Stones' concerts inspired violence, the most infamous incident occurring in 1969 at Altamont, California, with the fatal stabbing of a Stones fan by the Hell's Angels. And drugs and drug busts remained a problem with the Stones, culminating with the arrest in Toronto of Keith Richards. Yet throughout all the madness, Mick continued to write and perform some of rock's greatest songs, all the while serving as the linchpin that held the Rolling Stones together.

Has middle age tamed Mick Jagger? *Penthouse* wanted to know that and more. Although millions of words have been written about him, Jagger is not fond of giving interviews. Much of what the public thinks it knows about him has been written by people who do not know him, or those who, in his words, "spoke to me for five minutes." *Penthouse* asked US Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein to try to persuade Jagger to give us this exclusive, in-depth interview. After 11 months, Sonnenschein was finally successful.

The interview took place over several days at the New York recording studio where Jagger was working on a new album — one that will be a landmark for him. The recording, titled *She's The Boss* at

press time, is Jagger's first solo effort. For over a year he has worked at nothing else — writing all the songs in addition to overseeing all aspects of the production.

Sonnenschein's first session with Jagger took place on the day of the US presidential elections in December last year as Mick took some time off from working on the album's final mixing. "Considering Jagger's feelings about giving interviews," Sonnenschein tells us, "I wasn't certain how cooperative he would be. So I was surprised that, if anything, he went out of his way to make certain that I was comfortable. After playing me several selections from the new album, he introduced me to the studio technicians, with whom he seemed to have a great rapport. While Jagger has a reputation for being guarded with writers, I was pleasantly surprised as we started talking to find him forthcoming, frank, and often disarmingly friendly.

"I wasn't too surprised to find that Jagger, a new father, was eager to discuss topics other than music. Perhaps one reason he has been so leery of the press is that he has been typecast as the quintessence of mindless sex, drugs, and rock and roll. I decided it would be interesting to discover other facets of his personality."

Penthouse: Let's talk about the serious world of rock and roll. The Stones will be going on tour soon. Will you still be singing "Satisfaction"?

Jagger: I don't think so.

Penthouse: After 20 years, how much longer do you think that the Stones will be touring?

Jagger: I guess it will become embarrassing...

Penthouse: Outside of money, what motivates you to keep on touring?

Jagger: It's a very hypothetical question because there are very few musicians who go on tour for nothing. But we toured many years without earning great sums of money. We did a lot of concerts — very big, tiring, long, grinding tours of arenas where we should have made a fortune and, for whatever reason, we never made a lot of money. Actually, we didn't make big money until 1978. I enjoy going on the road. I kind of miss it after a while.

Penthouse: But isn't there a point when you feel that you are going through the motions?

Jagger: That's the trick of doing it. You don't want to get to the point where you're going through the motions. I think that's a drag — a drag for you, a drag for the audience. If you limit it to 30 dates, I think that's enough. If you want to do some more, then you should take some time out. All the money people, all the touring people, will hate you because that means the machine comes to an end, and obviously they have to be paid before you go again.

Penthouse: When you hear about the Jacksons selling tickets for \$30 a show, do you feel you've missed out on something?

Jagger: No, not at all. I think that as far as ticket pricing, \$20 is really enough to pay.

Penthouse: Do you think it's fair to pay \$30 to hear the Jacksons play approximately 90 minutes of music?

Jagger: For me, an hour and three-quarters of any rock band is enough. I mean, an hour is enough for me. I can't stand to see anyone for more than an hour. I don't mind playing for more than an hour — I played two hours on the last tour. Sometimes a bit less, sometimes a bit more, sometimes two hours and 15 minutes, and I think that's too long. I get bored.

Penthouse: So when Bruce Springsteen plays for four hours, it's a bit too much?

Jagger: For a lot of Springsteen fans that's great, and I don't want to take anything from the fact that he plays that long. I liked the Springsteen show; I thought it was good. It didn't bore me, anyway, so that's a good sign.

“
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chauvinist. In fact
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and was always accused
of being too
feminine
”

Penthouse: After 20 years, how do you get yourself up for a concert?

Jagger: Well, the same way you normally do. If you're playing to an audience of a thousand, or 20,000 or 90,000 people, even if you're not "up" before you get out there, they get you up. It's going to be a pretty bad audience that will make you lethargic. It's like in sports. You don't feel very good, but once you get out there you try your best and do your best and you're up for it.

Penthouse: In 1962, did you ever dream it was going to be like it has turned out for the Stones?

Jagger: I don't think anybody really knew. Rock and roll was in a very shaky kind of state when we started out. Today rock and roll is a huge industry, a self-serving industry, with its concerts, record sales, and all the other paraphernalia and garbage in between. That didn't exist. People weren't making millions out of concerts. The records were good but the whole industry of rock and roll did not exist as it does now. So when we came in, obviously, our expectations were never to be a big band, not for 20 years.

Penthouse: But things began to change when...

Jagger: When the Beatles happened, and it was apparent that it might change, there was a big explosion in record sales, and shortly after the concert thing was happening.

Penthouse: So the Beatles were responsible for the success of rock and roll concerts.

Jagger: The Beatles' Shea Stadium concert was the first major outdoor concert, but they never followed up on it. They could have done a stadium show like we did in 1981, but they never did that. In fact, no-one ever did that. The outdoor show was something that was just done as a festival, and you had to have a huge array of talent, not just rely on one band. So the industry changed with the Rolling Stones.

Penthouse: Would you say that the quality of rock and roll concerts left a lot to be desired in those days?

Jagger: It changed in 1969, when the sound systems started to get better. That was the beginning of the arena concert. That was when it got more professional, which was, for me, better. Before that it was a drag and you'd get booked in everywhere and it was just screaming kids and no-one knew what was going on; it was just a joke... completely disorganised. Then, gradually, people from different areas with much more expertise in theatre became involved in it and made it more professional.

Penthouse: You mentioned the importance of the Beatles in the Sixties rock and roll explosion. Were you a big Beatles fan?

Jagger: No, I never liked the Beatles, [laughs].

Penthouse: Didn't the Beatles help out the Stones in the early days?

Jagger: Paul McCartney says that we didn't care to remember that they sold us a song for our first English top ten record. I remember it very well and I always said that it was great. He seemed to imply that it was something I would like to forget. I remember it like it was yesterday. I have a very clear, precise idea of what went on and how Brian Jones made something out of this corny song, playing it like a blues steel-guitar solo, and made it kind of funky.

Penthouse: Did the Beatles and you have a good personal relationship?

Jagger: Yeah. I used to get on pretty well with John. I used to be friends with Paul. I mean... I'm pretty friendly with him. I saw George and Ringo the summer I was in England. I saw a bit of them.

Penthouse: Has there been competition between the Beatles and the Rolling Stones?

Jagger: Yeah. It was real good to have that competition. Like I said before: there was this huge increase in record sales and the way into America was paved by them. Obviously, most of the comparisons were ridiculous.

Penthouse: While everyone takes it for granted that the Stones record their own

INTERVIEW

material, it wasn't always like that. What made you decide to do original songs?

Jagger: What made us do it? Well, the success of the Beatles and the fact that we couldn't rely on covering other people's material forever. We were going to run out. And it was also fun writing your own songs.

Penthouse: Did you think that you had it in you?

Jagger: No, not really. Writing songs, in the beginning, is really difficult. We used to write these dumb ballads, which we didn't dare record because we were a tough blues band.

Penthouse: "As Tears Go By" wasn't a dumb ballad.

Jagger: Yeah, I know. But before that we used to write these stupid words. As long as they rhymed, that was enough for me. . . . real boom-boom poetry. I wrote about teenybop girls and things.

Penthouse: Well, you haven't stopped writing about girls.

Jagger: I know, but it's slightly more mature — not a lot!

Penthouse: How does the Jagger-Richards songwriting team work?

Jagger: Well, when we started off, Keith used to hum a melody that he got from somewhere or he made up or whatever. I would try to make up words and we'd just sit there and strum along — and basically, that's what we still do. The way we started off, I just wrote the lyrics and Keith wrote the melodies. I still write all the lyrics, more or less.

Penthouse: Let's talk about the lyrics that you write. What about, for instance, your attitude towards women?

Jagger: Hmm. . . .

Penthouse: You've received a lot of criticism about it.

Jagger: Yeah. It was sort of fashionable at one time to be critical like that. Of course, when you're very immature I think a lot of times you write from the heart and you also just copy things from other people. I think what upset people is, in the early lyrics, that I just said what I thought and that was at a time when very few people did.

Penthouse: Early rock and roll lyrics were kind of banal.

Jagger: I mean that there was no honesty in them. I'm talking about not even the semblance of any kind of real-life occurrences in lyrics until Bob Dylan influenced people to write in a slightly different way. And our attitude toward women was a bit more hard-edged than the normal pop-song attitude, which, up to that point, was like "Venus In Blue Jeans." It was never "You Bitch."

Penthouse: Have you had much to say that is nice about women?

Jagger: You get an awful lot of the other kind of lyrics in Rolling Stones songs — being kind or praising the opposite sex to the sky in the traditional sense of the lyrics

writer.

Penthouse: But that sentimentality is not as much fun for you?

Jagger: No, I do that a lot. I think that the really rotten thing is that I've written a lot of songs that are romantic — love songs, as well — that people don't always remember.

Penthouse: Is Mick Jagger a male chauvinist?

Jagger: I'm not a male chauvinist. Not at all. In fact, I'm just the opposite. I was kind of androgynous, and was always being accused of being too feminine, in fact, rather than being too masculine. I was never accused of being a macho figure. I was the total opposite of the macho figure. I was always the guy you could imagine making *terrine en croute* in my kitchen. And I never had a relationship with a woman where she had to stay home.

But, to go beyond my own experience for a minute, you have to realise that, for

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But all musicians
use drugs of
some kind

a long time, the status of women will be different. They have special, not only biological, but spiritual and cultural values having to do with childbirth and child-rearing, and because of that their role in society is going to be different. Women who only have careers and don't have children will probably feel incomplete as women. So most women want to have children and a career, and that will place a big burden on them and their husbands. Also, it will place a burden on society.

Penthouse: Why is it a burden?

Jagger: Because someone has got to look after these children. There is a great shortage of child care on the middle class level, but on the poorer level — where people have *got* to work — there's a problem with these kids running loose on the streets and not being properly looked after. I agree that women should work and I personally like women who work, but it is something that we have to deal with in society as a whole because it does present problems.

Penthouse: Would you personally like to have a woman who stayed at home?

Jagger: I don't know! I never had one. What's it like?

Penthouse: Let's move on to a safer subject. Some people have accused you of romanticising and even encouraging Satanism in your songs.

Jagger: No! The only song I really wrote about the subject was "Sympathy For The Devil." I wrote it very fast and I didn't really think about it. It was written one morning before I went to the studio. But I like it. I like its theme; I like its lyrics. It's like a subject you get interested in and you decide to write about it. When you've written your piece you tend to move on, I think.

Penthouse: How do you think you have matured as a lyricist?

Jagger: Well, I can make more rhymes. It's difficult for me to make any kind of judgment on it. That's for other people to make. Obviously I think my lyrics are better. Sometimes I'll go through patches where I think they're good and some I think are terrible. I can always blame other people.

Penthouse: Not on this album.

Jagger: Well, no. Obviously, not everything you do pleases you 100 percent. But I hope they're a bit better than the "moon in June" I used to do.

Penthouse: Have you tried to write anything other than songs?

Jagger: I tried writing short stories, but I'm a little bit shy about doing it. When people say, "Why don't you write your autobiography?", it would be so great to do it in short stories. I love travelling and I've written travel pieces, but I don't know — it's something I don't think I'm so hot at.

Penthouse: Would you like to write about music?

Jagger: No. I don't like criticism that much. I'm not interested in it. I think it was *The London Times* or *The Guardian* that asked me to do reviews of videos and films, but no, I'm not cut out for the life of a critic.

Penthouse: Drugs are part of the Rolling Stones' history. What was the drug scene like in the early days?

Jagger: Terrible! I don't know if it was worse than it is now, but it was more naive. I don't think anybody knew; everyone was prepared to experiment. I think now people know the difference between different things. Apart from that, it's more or less the same — pretty sick, really.

Penthouse: It's incredible, isn't it, when you think of how all the people in show business are particularly prone to insecurity and they try to alleviate that insecurity and some of them use drugs or abuse them. Did you have a problem with drugs?

Jagger: I think anyone taking drugs has a problem. But all musicians use drugs of some kind. You couldn't go to a recording session in a studio without some of the musicians taking drugs. You've got to be very strong-willed to avoid them.

Penthouse: Did drugs affect the Stones?

Jagger: Keith, Brian, and myself, on numerous occasions, had problems with the police over drugs and that obviously affected the group's morale. But we managed to deal with it somehow.

Penthouse: Do you remember how you felt when they found you guilty of a drug charge in England?

Jagger: Terrible! But we knew it was going to be guilty. It was no surprise. We were surprised at the sentence. Normally, for a first offence, the sentence would be suspended or probation.

Penthouse: I know that it was overturned on appeal, but it must have been hell for the group with your and Keith's future unknown.

Jagger: I didn't find it particularly easy making music when we were being busted and everything. I mean, it's nice to be pushed and to have influences, but it's not nice if you think your guitar player is going to be in jail next week — it's not easy to make music.

Penthouse: How did the press treat you when the drug busts were going on?

Jagger: I just think that the press likes to take hold of something and go on and on. Of course, it would be nice if someone in the press cared about anyone's personal feelings. But in the game of show business you've got to be prepared to take some pretty hard knocks. And you know, I can take them.

Penthouse: How did you feel when you couldn't pick up a newspaper without reading about you and Bianca?

Jagger: You get used to it. After 20 years of it, it's just water off a duck's back. I don't like it very much. But you do invite it if you

go out to some dumb party and all. You never go to a party just for a party, it's always to hustle something. And if you take part in that social crowd, you've got to expect to be part of it. I can live without it. In fact, New York in the Sixties didn't really have all that much sensationalism. But it does now. . . . ever since Rupert Murdoch took over the *Post*.

Penthouse: Philip Norman, in his book on the Stones, *Symphony For The Devil*, claims that the British press set you and Keith up for the drug bust. Is it true?

Jagger: Oh, sure. . . . if Norman says so it must be true.

Penthouse: You don't sound too happy about the book. Have you read it?

Jagger: I read bits of it. From what I can tell, all writers want to make a point. . . . to come to a conclusion: "He was like this and this is how it all happened." But life isn't as simple as that. How can Norman make conclusions about me when he doesn't really know me? He's only met me once for five minutes.

Penthouse: Norman wrote a lot about Allen Klein, who once managed the Beatles and the Rolling Stones at the same time. Obviously, you knew him well. What was he really like?

Jagger: [Laughs.] He was the only person who had the two biggest bands in the world and lost them both. He's just a rapacious guy. I don't know what he does now, but he must be in a weird situation

to think that he had management of these two bands. He still could be managing the Rolling Stones and Paul McCartney.

Penthouse: How did Klein blow it?
Jagger: Think of all the millions he could have made, and all he did was try to grab as much as he could. He's genuinely a nuisance. Usually you get over the emotional thing after a guy fucks you over, but this guy keeps coming back and back and back, so you really have to be serious with him. He's not the kind of guy you can talk to calmly, like, "Hey, Allen, why don't we make a business deal like sensible people?" He's not interested in that. He wants it all. Just bullshit!

Penthouse: Was there a lot of money you never got because of him?

Jagger: Sure, a lot. You know, we made a lot of money and we spent a lot of money, but he took a lot and conned us. He was a con artist and we were just dumb.

Penthouse: There seems to be a lot of flim-flamming in rock and roll.

Jagger: There's a lot of that in everything.

Penthouse: So Klein finally went to jail?

Jagger: Yeah, he went to jail, but then again, so did I.

Penthouse: Mick, you're 42 years old and the father of a baby. Do you feel yourself becoming a little more conservative than you were, say, 15 years ago?

Jagger: I don't really find having a baby makes you conservative.

Penthouse: Does it make you look for



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INTERVIEW

more stability?

Jagger: It obviously changes your life in a lot of ways, but it doesn't have to make you politically more conservative. It might make you more protective, perhaps, but if you were really poor I'm sure it would change your economic attitude. You wouldn't be able to run around, spending money on having fun and all that. But I'm in the fortunate position that it doesn't affect me that way, so having a baby doesn't have that sobering effect that it's supposed to have! [Laughs.] But seriously, my interest in education is something that I inherited from my father and grandfather. I think that education, even in the countries where it's considered to be of a higher standard, leaves a lot to be desired. It tends to have a regional bias, which doesn't really help in the formative years when people acquire prejudices about other societies. They are ill-informed, and even into adulthood they don't grow out of it. And, of course, people who don't travel very much have a very odd view of the world.

Penthouse: Do you think that the quality of education has improved since your childhood?

Jagger: I see the education of my own children, and I don't think that it's improved from my own. Obviously, there's a lot of room for improvement in backward countries, but also in our own backyards. The British and European systems are so rigid. My children are doing the same curriculum that I was doing years and years ago. I can't believe it can't be improved upon.

Penthouse: Do you think at this stage of your life that you've finally found the right woman?

Jagger: That's a very leading question.

Penthouse: Perhaps, but you do seem pretty happy.

Jagger: Well, yeah, I am.

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Penthouse: Are you going to get married again?

Jagger: No!

Penthouse: Why are you so emphatic?

Jagger: As they say: "Once bitten, twice shy."

Penthouse: It's election day today. Any feelings about it?

Jagger: Yeah. No taxation without representation!

Penthouse: Does it surprise you that young people appear to overwhelmingly support President Reagan?

Jagger: Well, Mondale is hardly a youth candidate. They see Reagan as an effective person. The guy is tremendously popular.

Penthouse: How about among minorities?

Jagger: Some of the black people working here in the studio were laughing when I asked them who they were voting for. Of course they're going to vote for Reagan. Anyone who is making a buck is voting for Reagan. You don't have to be completely brilliant to figure that out. On the level of musicians that I know, black musicians, they voted for Reagan.

Penthouse: Why?

Jagger: I think that Ronald Reagan inspires people. I think that he inspires in them that American ideal.

Penthouse: Do you think that most Americans relate to Reagan's political philosophy?

Jagger: I think that people vote for Reagan because they like the guy. I don't think they really know or care what his politics are.

Penthouse: How successful a leader do you think Reagan has been?

Jagger: Well, I can't say that his foreign policy has been a success. It's a mess in Central America, it's a mess as far as any kind of dialogue with the other side is concerned, and we're at a low point in East-West relations. He also has a Middle East policy which has been, in terms of human lives, a bit disastrous. As far as Iraq and Iran it has been no kind of policy.

Penthouse: Has there been anything on the plus side?

Jagger: On the plus side you could say that the guy has spent more and more on atomic weapons than anyone else, which is what he said he was going to do when he came into office for the first time.

Penthouse: Do you think that's a positive thing?

Jagger: Of course not! It's very dangerous. We already have so many weapons, enough to blow ourselves up 2000 times over. Reagan indulges in double-talk: "We have to increase military spending to achieve peace." One gets used to hearing stuff like that. But we have so many weapons it's unbelievable. Why do we need any more? We never get rid of the old ones very quickly.

Penthouse: So you think his re-election will be dangerous?

Jagger: What I'm really saying is that I

hope the guy does use his mandate to do some serious arms negotiations... at least try.

Penthouse: What else would you like to see accomplished in his second term?

Jagger: I hope that he meant it when he said he was for all the people in America, rich and poor. Many people have a feeling, and I think it's valid, that the rich and the middle class are catered for at the expense of the poor.

Penthouse: As a former student at the London School of Economics, does Reaganomics make sense to you?

Jagger: It's worked. We've flimflammed a lot on economic policy in the last four years. In England they have very high unemployment, but they don't have the budget deficit that we have here. What you achieve in bringing down inflation, you pay for in unemployment or a high deficit. In a free market, that's how it works. So we're paying for it by the deficit. Now, how he's going to get us out of that I really don't know. We're probably going to get a huge deficit.

Penthouse: Which we already have.

Jagger: It's going to get worse. It's like a mountain.

Penthouse: You said that Reagan is inspiring. What about Margaret Thatcher?

Jagger: Yeah! During the Falklands War she was a source of inspiration. Basically these right-wing figures are the inspiring ones at the moment.

Penthouse: You made a very strong video called "Under Cover" that took place in Central America and was banned by the BBC. Are you especially concerned about the situation in that part of the world?

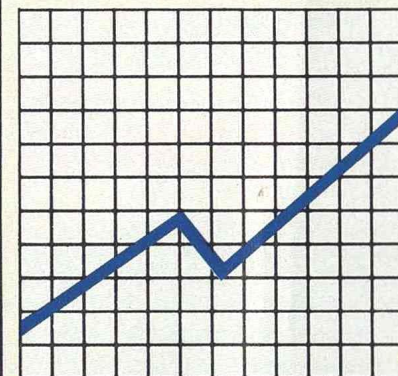
Jagger: I think it's really dangerous in Central America. I mean, as someone who knows the region only slightly — and I don't claim any great knowledge — it's a problem of poverty. Poverty in those countries is acute and they're very close to us. These are totally exploited people. Nicaragua is a country that's very, very poor, very small, few resources, governed for years by a tiny oligarchy of people who raped them under the protection of successive American governments. Today, these countries need economic help, not military. The shortsightedness of Western foreign policy is sad. Somoza was terrible, an awful, awful man. Even by the standards of the region the guy was seriously bad, and we went on supporting him until almost the bitter end. For what? The guy wasn't helping his country, he was not really helping the United States.

Penthouse: Do you think the West has a moral obligation to help these people?

Jagger: Yes! We have an obligation, whether it's moral or not. If we don't take it, they're going to fuck around with us, one way or the other. If you don't give enough, then the guy who is the have-not is going to come and take from you. It's like that. You don't have to look after them totally, but there is a certain amount of responsibility one has to one's neighbors. ☐

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU AN OUTLAW?



Being an outlaw is a state of mind. You don't have to rob banks or mug old ladies to be one. The man with the outlaw's mind operates most comfortably on the fringes of things. That's where the excitement is: out beyond the bounds of polite society. Risk excites him; the conventional bores him. And he's as likely to be a swashbuckling entrepreneur as he is to be a drug dealer.

People with an outlaw mentality are not just rowdier versions of normal folks. They are a whole different type of human being. In his book *Inside the Criminal Mind*, Dr Stanton Samenow says such a person has "a fundamentally different view of the world from that of people who are basically responsible... Thinking patterns that are self-evident and automatic for responsible people are totally foreign to him." That may explain why it's so hard to rehabilitate even novice criminals. Men with this personality simply can't accept the norms and routines that give structure and meaning to the average man's life.

This inability to follow "normal" behavior patterns is not just confined to criminals. Many a self-made millionaire continues his flashy (and often quasi-legal) business practices long after he has amassed more money than he'll ever need. He finds that shocking his rich peers is more fun than blending in with them. For the man with the outlaw's mind, money, respectability, and fame are no substitutes for the thrill that comes from thumbing one's nose at society's most cherished values. The renowned Austrian psychiatrist Alfred Adler summed up this personality type when he said that such people have "a private logic, a private intelligence" that colors every aspect of their existence.

To see if you have an outlaw's mind answer the following questions quickly and honestly.

- If you were watching television and had to choose between *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* or *The Dukes of Hazard*, which would you select?
(a) *MTM*
(b) *Dukes*
- Do you often lie to get things you want?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) rarely or never

- Which of the following statements comes closest to expressing your attitude toward money?
(a) It's important to save money and be thrifty.
(b) I try not to be extravagant, but I still find that I save very little.
(c) If I have money I spend it.
- Are you a secretive person?
(a) yes, very much so
(b) somewhat
(c) no
- How would you rate your attractiveness to women?
(a) I think women find me much more attractive than they do most men.
(b) I think women consider me somewhat more attractive than average.
(c) I'm about average.
(d) I don't think women find me very attractive at all.
- Do you feel that, under present laws, police have:
(a) too much authority?
(b) about the right amount of authority?
(c) not enough authority?
- Do you think the world is a dangerous place?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat
(c) not really

- How do you feel about this statement: "Having sex isn't nearly as much fun as getting sex. What I like most about sex is playing the game. The actual screwing is just the final stage of the battle. The real excitement comes from everything you have to do to get to that point."
(a) agree strongly
(b) agree mildly
(c) disagree mildly
(d) disagree strongly
- Do you like to argue just for the hell of it?
(a) yes
(b) no
- Do you like to manipulate people?
(a) yes, a lot
(b) sometimes
(c) not usually
- Which of the following statements comes closer to describing your friendships?
(a) Most of my friendships last for a long time. I may not become friendly with someone right away, but once I do, the friendship usually endures.
(b) My friendships seem to go from one extreme to the other. One day I'll be very close to someone; the next day I'll hate them because they've tried to stab me in the back.
- Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "The best way to get what you want in many cases is intimidation. If people are scared they'll give in to you."
(a) agree
(b) disagree
- Do you feel you're getting as much out of life as you deserve?
(a) yes
(b) No, I don't feel I'm getting my fair share.
- Do you have frequent fantasies about becoming rich, famous, and powerful?
(a) yes
(b) no
- Do you like your life to follow comfortable, familiar routines?

- (a) yes
(b) no
16. Do you get bored easily?
(a) yes
(a) no
17. Would you say you're of average intelligence?
(a) yes
(b) No, I'm above average.
(c) No, I'm below average.
18. Do you think that many people fail to see how competent and skilled you really are?
(a) yes
(b) no
19. Do you like to work hard?
(a) Yes, I'm a workaholic.
(b) Sometimes I enjoy difficult physical or mental work, but I don't like it as a steady diet.
(c) If I were being really honest, I'd have to say no.
20. What kind of music do you like?
(a) I like many different types of music. What I choose at any given time depends upon my mood.
(b) I will generally choose soft, smooth, melodic music.
(c) I almost never like any music that doesn't have a hard-core, driving beat.
21. How important is revenge to you?
(a) Very important; nobody screws me around and gets away with it.
(b) It depends upon circumstances. Sometimes when people take advantage of me I want to get back at them; other times I figure it's not worth the effort.
(c) Revenge is usually a waste of time and effort.
22. When you were a kid, were your favorite companions usually:
(a) younger than you?
(b) about your age?
(c) older than you?
23. Were your school years generally enjoyable?
(a) yes
(b) no
24. Do you think your parents treated you
- well as a kid?
(a) yes
(b) no
25. Over the years, have you worried a lot about how tall, short, thin, or heavy you were?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat, but probably no more than anyone does
(c) no
26. Do you worry about your health?
(a) yes
(b) somewhat
(c) not much
27. Do you have secret phobias (for example, fear of the dark, of heights, or of animals) that would probably surprise people who know you?
(a) yes
(b) no
28. If someone dares you to do something, will you usually accept the challenge?
(a) yes
(b) no
29. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Most people who are victims of crimes deserve to be. They aren't strong enough or smart enough to avoid it."
(a) agree
(b) disagree
30. How do you feel about this statement: "Fear of getting caught is the only thing that keeps most people honest."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 150 points; the lowest, 30.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. a-1, b-5 | 8. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1 |
| 2. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 9. a-5, b-1 |
| 3. a-1, b-3, c-5 | 10. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 4. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 11. a-1, b-5 |
| 5. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1 | 12. a-5, b-1 |
| 6. a-4, b-1, c-5 | 13. a-1, b-5 |
| 7. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 14. a-5, b-1 |

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 15. a-1, b-5 | 23. a-1, b-5 |
| 16. a-5, b-1 | 24. a-1, b-5 |
| 17. a-2, b-5, c-1 | 25. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 18. a-5, b-1 | 26. a-5, b-3, c-1 |
| 19. a-1, b-3, c-5 | 27. a-5, b-1 |
| 20. a-1, b-1, c-5 | 28. a-5, b-1 |
| 21. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 29. a-5, b-1 |
| 22. a-4, b-1, c-5 | 30. a-5, b-1 |

If you scored 120 to 150 points:
Your score is downright criminal. You appear to have the quintessential outlaw personality. You are likely to be an impulsive person who is fascinated by anything that is forbidden. These impulses can get you in a lot of trouble. In fact, it would not be surprising if you've already had trouble with the law. For all we know, you may be reading this in jail. Yet men with this type of mind also tend to be fascinating and creative people.

90 to 119 points:
You bear a strong resemblance to men in the category above, but you probably have better control over your outlaw instincts than they do. You too are attracted to society's forbidden fruits but you are not likely to be obsessed by them, as men in the higher scoring category are. You may indulge your outlaw impulses when you know you can get away with it, but you don't take foolish risks. A person in this category is unlikely to be a gun-toting bandit but he may be one hell of a successful "white collar" criminal.

60 to 89 points:
Like most people you have a little larceny in you, but you're not likely to be the type who would ever engage in any serious lawlessness. You may secretly admire the outlaw's freedom from constraint, but deep down you know that you need to live pretty much within society's bounds to feel content.

30 to 59 points:
You are one of two things: a saint or a liar. You may be the most law-abiding person on your block, and wouldn't even jaywalk without feeling guilty about it. On the other hand, you may have the most deviant sort of outlaw mentality. Many people with this mind love playing games. When faced with a psychological test they choose the most socially desirable answers rather than the answers that reflect their true feelings. If you did that, you ain't fooling anybody... but yourself. 

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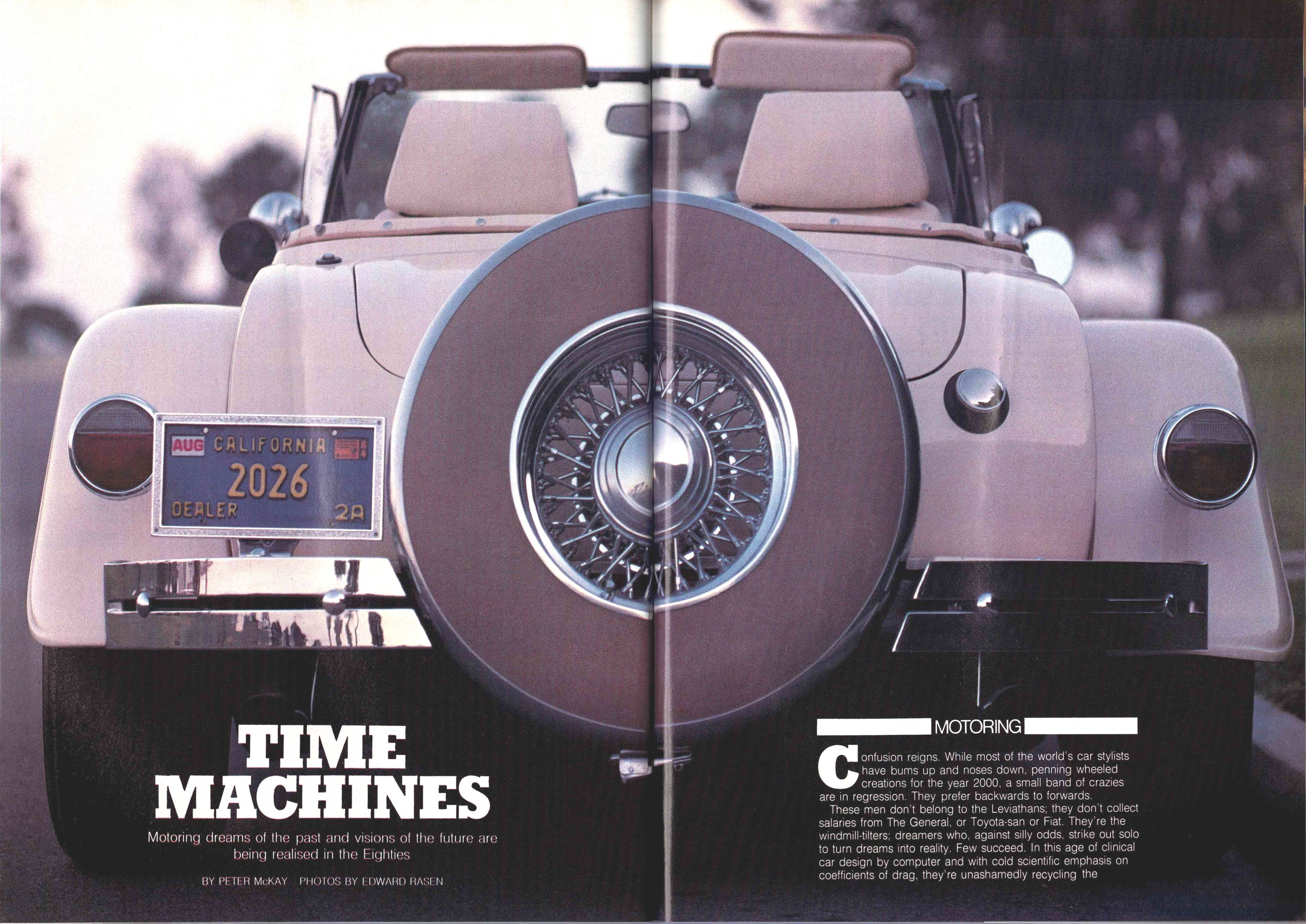
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TIME MACHINES

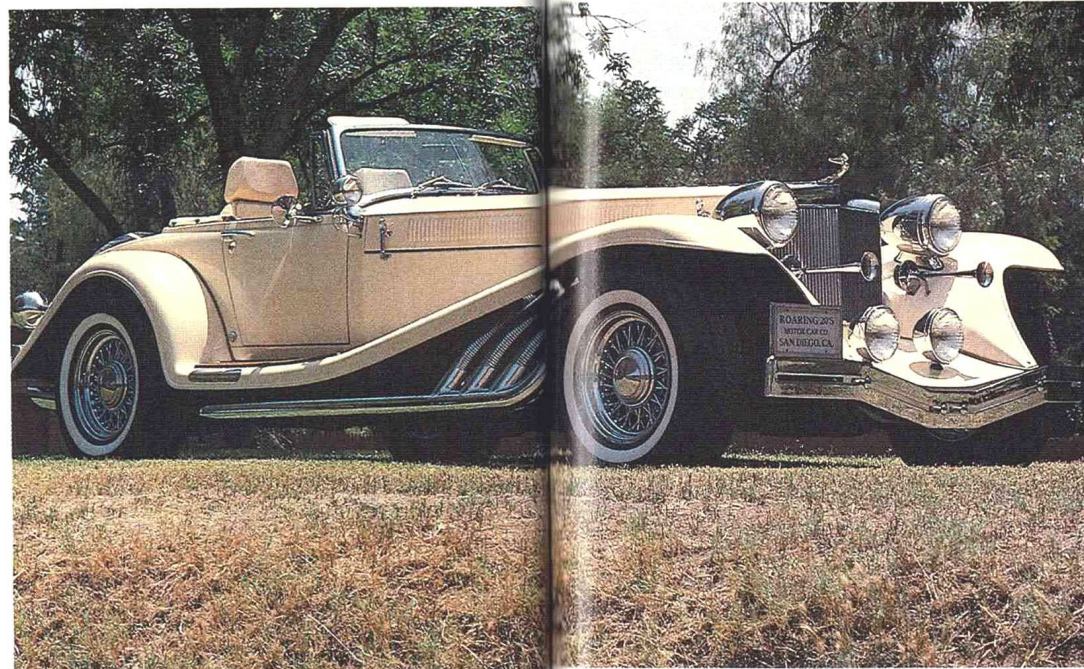
Motoring dreams of the past and visions of the future are being realised in the Eighties

BY PETER MCKAY PHOTOS BY EDWARD RASEN

MOTORING

Confusion reigns. While most of the world's car stylists have bums up and noses down, penning wheeled creations for the year 2000, a small band of crazies are in regression. They prefer backwards to forwards.

These men don't belong to the Leviathans; they don't collect salaries from The General, or Toyota-san or Fiat. They're the windmill-tilters; dreamers who, against silly odds, strike out solo to turn dreams into reality. Few succeed. In this age of clinical car design by computer and with cold scientific emphasis on coefficients of drag, they're unashamedly recycling the



VOLVO 2000

Recaros) done out in exquisite English Connolly leather. He also lucked out on items like the up-market Pioneer AM/FM stereo sound system and Nardo Torino custom steering wheel; all standard equipment on the Corsair.

Beal is no jerry-builder. He deserves a wrap for avoiding the easy way with his Corsair; he could have simply moulded the body in glass-fibre. Instead Beal uses a 12-gauge steel in the floorplan, body and bonnet sides atop chassis of big Fords and Chevrolets from the last decade. Is the Corsair a heavy mother? Is John McEnroe a nerd? Beal doesn't suggest how his dream machine would fare on the weighbridge, but it's fair to say he doesn't think thin.

Plastic, the material of the Eighties, isn't to be found in abundance in the Corsair. Fenders are glass-fibre but the grille, wind-screen frame, bumpers and (false) super-charger pipes are all presented in sparkling chrome. Wheels, including the rear-mounted spare, are chromium wire, fitted with white sidewalled tyres, of course.

With his Eighties ragtop flashback, Beal has tried mightily to recreate the look and feel of the day. Dougie Fairbanks and Mary Pickford would have loved this one.

Purists sneer at the neo-classics, preferring the original. The Real Thing. Beal shouldn't worry much. Purists are thin on the ground in the US. Besides, an immaculate supercharged Duesy would bring in around a quarter of a million bucks.

Volvo likes and hates stories like this one about its LCP (Light Component Project) car. Obviously the motor vehicle industry is desperately competitive and a few words about a company's high-tech commitment doesn't hurt. But whenever there's a press report on the LCP a lot of heavy breathers inevitably call up Volvo demanding to know where they can buy the new model and asking for the retail price. Hold on there!

The truth is that this is not next year's Volvo. It's not even a prototype. Volvo describes it, perhaps with unnecessary pomposity, as "an international preparation in technology and competence for the year 2000." Translation: an experimental vehicle.

A quick pen picture. The LCP weighs just 707kgs (around 200kgs below the same-sized car of today). The engine is an amazingly efficient three-cylinder, turbo-diesel which sips fuel with commendable reluctance (2.9 litres per 100kms on the highway). Still, the LCP will run to 180km/h and accelerate from zero to 100km/h in 11 seconds — that's about the same as a Ford Telstar.

All of the advanced engineering utilised in the LCP is feasible right now. A number of innovations featured on the LCP will ultimately be incorporated in Volvo's production cars, after the components have been fully tested and proven with due regard to

MACHINES

swooping elongated designs of the classical era of motoring, the Twenties and Thirties.

It certainly saves on imagination, sweat and electricity to pen a car straight out of the 1928 automotive yearbook. No piles of crumpled paper, no furrowed forehead. But this isn't a real criticism; it must be said there is a market for cars that evoke memories of a more sophisticated and elegant chapter in auto history. Or is this recreation really elegance of a questionable nature? As someone — maybe it was Coco Chanel — once said: "Fashion passes; style remains." (Though some people lean on neither style nor fashion).

The United States has spawned a rash of neo-classics, the most recent being the Corsair — the product of a Californian limited-volume car firm tagged *The Roaring Twenties Motor Company*. The neon sign out front must have cost a bundle.

The Corsair recreates the rattling good time mood of the Cotton Club era. H.G. Wells' Time Machine could hardly match the traffic-stopping power of this example of throw-back motoring. To gaze upon it is to hear in the distance the tinkle of a key-board pumping out ragtime; the pinstripe, spats and boater look of the Twenties.

Better still, say the born-again supporters, under the bonnet that goes forever beats the strong heart of an engine of the Eighties. For the Corsair owner there are not the hassles of questionable performance and unreliability representative of many machines of a pre-war vintage, nor the lottery of tracking down rare and costly spares.

A gent named Mark Beal is responsible for the Corsair (not to be confused with the Chevrolet Corvair which was torpedoed by misguided consumer advocacy from laughing-boy Ralph Nader). Back in the late Seventies, Beal spied a spiffy new Clenet roadster, an outrageously expensive trinket of the rich and famous. The Clenet and Beal's pocketbook failed to see eye to eye so he switched to do-it-yourself mode and duplicated the machine in his own El Cajon workshop at a fraction of the Clenet price.

Everyone wants to be another John DeLorean. On second thoughts, make that Henry Ford or Charles Rolls or Frederick Royce. Having done one Corsair, Beal couldn't stop. Out popped another, and another. He's built about 20 now, and flogged another dozen in kit form. Business is booming.

He's into export and is eyeing Australia. Wonder whether he's heard that importing cars into Oz is about as easy as getting a smile out of Andrei Gromyko. Wonder if he knows we're right-hand drive here? Wonder if he realises that the Aussies haven't exactly embraced the Golden Oldie fad with open arms?

A fully-finished Corsair goes for 55 grand American on the other side of the Pacific.

Double that to land it in Australia. The customer can specify either Ford or General Motors engines and drivetrains. Some Beal bias is evident; he recommends Ford and catalogues the current 5.0-litre V8 Mustang engine as standard issue.

The convertible Corsair owes much of its styling to the Clenet, which in turn was a steal from artworks such as the supercharged Duesenberg SJ of grandpa's day. But gramps didn't get to sit his tail down in Recaro buckets (you don't sit on

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The LCP: Volvo's car of the future

MACHINES

operational reliability and cost. Already a glass fibre pedal mechanism has been inherited by the 1985 Volvo 760 model.

The Swedes designed and built the LCP to a blueprint based on predictions of social trends and needs as we embrace the 21st century. It also takes into account the probable availability of raw materials 15 years from now: a world of scarcer, more expensive energy.

Volvo Australia's pragmatic managing director Jan Walldorf describes the LCP as a realistic approach to the car of the future: "Lightweight and yet safe, utilising many recyclable materials, simpler in construction, energy-conserving, and able to run on fuels other than oil if necessary."

The LCP differs from other dream cars in that it answers more questions than it asks. The project takes logical steps, such as the widespread use of aluminium and magnesium not only because of their weight-saving and strength but because an assumption has been made regarding the cost and availability of other metals in the years to come. Magnesium and aluminium lend themselves to recycling and are not scarce: magnesium can actually be extracted from sea water (a cubic metre provides 1.3 kg of the metal).

An average motor car of today, say the Volvo 760, has a steel content of 63 percent and around 4000 spot welds. The LCP is just 23 percent steel — highly stressed parts like shafts, axles, bearings and gears have function and cost specifications that can only be met by steel — while thanks to special techniques and materials, only 500 spot welds are required.

Aluminium is used for the entire load-supporting structure — the floorplan and roof frame. Brake discs, door components and nuts and bolts are made from aluminium alloys, which accounts for about one-quarter of the car's all-up weight.

Seven percent (by weight) of the LCP is magnesium, a metal one-third lighter than aluminium. Clutch and gearbox housings, steering box, sub-frame and the engine block are all made from the metal. Thirty-two percent of componentry is essentially space age materials, rubber and textiles. The roof and all outer panels are made from injection-moulded thermo-plastics. Side windows are polycarbonate, door arches are carbon fibre and the adjustable mountings come in glass fibre reinforced plastics.

The result is a featherweight that takes punishment like a heavyweight. The clever use of lighter materials helps achieve marvellous fuel economy: 3.6 litres per 100 km (78 mpg) in mixed road conditions. Other contributing factors are the efficient low-friction engine and transmission design, and the car's slippery shape.

Like all the components in the LCP 2000 project, an extensive analysis of possible engine and drivetrain alternatives was made by the Swedish boffins. They didn't miss much, having considered conventional piston engines of the Otto and Diesel type, gas turbines, electric, and even steam. Finally, it was agreed from a fuel efficiency angle that a direct-injected turboed three-cylinder diesel, mated to a continuously variable transmission with electronic control, was the answer.

Two types of direct-injection diesel three-cylinder engines have been tested and evaluated. One is a lightweight 1279 cc engine with a magnesium block developing

a modest 37 kW, or 50 horsepower. The other is a cast-iron engine of a heat-insulated design which has no internal cooling of the cylinder head. Cooling is provided by the engine lubricant which circulates around the cylinder walls, injectors and exhaust valves. Constant development on this engine, particularly via the employment of turbocharging and charge-air cooling, has hiked the power output of 66kW. It also has an interesting multi-fuel capability which Volvo has explored by running it on 100 percent vegetable oil. It'll also take sunflower oil or rapeseed oil. The potential exists for a car of the 21st century to be fuelled by alcohols extracted from crops like sugar cane.

The LCP program has shown that noise levels and vibration, traditional drawbacks of diesels which are exacerbated by the three-cylinder configuration, can be reduced. An extra flywheel rotating in the opposite direction to the engine itself minimises vibration, particularly at engine speeds below 1500 rpm.

Wind tunnel testing indicates the Volvo LCP has a coefficient of drag of between 0.25 and 0.28. Putting that into perspective, the slipperiest production sedan of the present era is the Audi 100, with a 0.30, while the Ford Falcon is a not-so-impressive 0.40-plus. Importantly, Volvo aerodynamics don't interfere with the vehicle's practicality.

The Volvo LCP confirms the validity of front-wheel drive as a space efficient, weight-saving package. The irony is that Volvo has never itself produced a FWD passenger car — not yet anyway.

Three internationally recognised car stylists were invited to pen the LCP shape: Italian design genius Bertone came up trumps. The car is essentially a roomy two-seater with options. It can carry either a mountain of luggage or two extra passengers, who sit looking out of the rear window at where they've been. Volvo says the layout gives better leg room and general spaciousness.

The experimental car has individual suspension front and rear to reduce unsprung weight. There's no spare wheel and tyre. Instead, fail-safe tyres are used. Though marginally heavier than conventional radials, the four don't weigh as much as five of the regulars. There's also the matter of saved space.

The LCP project began in 1979. And while the car is a finished item the research is ongoing, even though there is no chance of a production model emerging in the foreseeable future. Right now there's no commercial compulsion to make the car a reality... certainly no pressing reasons at all for Volvo to do a technological cart-wheel.

The energy barrel, however, is not bottomless. The Volvo LCP 2000 stands as insurance: it's there on the shelf if the day of reckoning comes and fossil energy supplies run dry. ☐

PART FIVE

PREMATURE
EJACULATION



AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE GUIDE TO HUMAN SEXUALITY

Although I have discussed the topic of premature ejaculation previously, it seems a lot of readers — men and women — would like to know more about the subject. In fact, by far the most common topic of readers' letters is the problem of premature ejaculation and the effect it has on relationships. Therefore I have devoted this entire sealed section to premature ejaculation — its possible origins, effects and treatment. This article will answer

many of the questions raised in readers' letters and it should also be of interest to those who have not yet encountered the problem. The article is intended to be of assistance to female readers whose partners experience premature ejaculation difficulties.

Dr. Carl

DEFINITION

Unfortunately, a simple definition of the condition commonly called "premature ejaculation" is impossible. We all have different ideas about the optimal timing of ejaculation during sex. To some, intense arousal which leads to "a healthy erection" and ejaculation within a few minutes of commencing intercourse is most desirable, while to others, a slow, sensuous pattern of arousal, giving both partners time to react to one another, is preferable. An individual's degree of ejaculatory control may also fluctuate according to the situation. It is influenced by such factors as frequency of intercourse, the relationship with the particular partner, tiredness and stress, atmosphere and so on.

These basic differences make the assessment of "perfect timing" and the definition of "premature ejaculation" very difficult. The "problem" is one perceived from either the male's or his partner's point of view, and so the relationship component is most significant. However, it's possible to provide a working definition of premature ejaculation: "Ejaculation which occurs before effective intercourse has taken place." In general, a man should be able to control his ejaculatory reflex on most occasions. When "premature" ejaculation is a long-term problem, the effect on both partners and on their relationship can be devastating.

INCIDENCE

We do not know the full extent of this problem, but there is no doubt that many men and their partners commonly experience premature ejaculation difficulties. Because of the natural reluctance of people to take part in surveys involving intimate questions on sexual practices and problems, particularly when they may be required to admit to "failure" of some kind, accurate figures on the inci-

dence of premature ejaculation in Australia are difficult to obtain. Sex therapists believe that somewhere between three and six percent of the adult male population suffers, or at one time has suffered, from the problem.

Although more sexual information is becoming available to the community, there still seems to be a great deal of apprehension and misunderstanding about the question of premature ejaculation. (Perhaps this situation would not exist if, as we shall see, men were aware that confidential professional help is available, and that the success rate of treatment is relatively high.)

FACTORS
INFLUENCING
PREMATURE
EJACULATION

Many factors influence a man's ability to control his ejaculatory response: social attitudes, emotional factors such as stress and anxiety, interactions within the relationship, patterns of love-making, early sexual experiences, and to a lesser extent, physical problems and the influence of drugs. The development of premature ejaculation may indicate a problem in one or more of these areas.

Social Attitudes

Man's attitude towards sex as a pleasurable occupation, and his ability to control his ejaculatory reflex, may be the result of evolutionary development. If we look at other members of the animal kingdom, and in particular at some apes, we find that copulation may last only a few minutes or even seconds. In some species, ejaculation occurs in such a short time that it is difficult to believe the female could become aroused at all. From an evolutionary point of view, there's good reason for this: in the wild it would be dangerous for an animal to be caught "with its pants down."

Man, on the other hand, has

learnt that there are certain advantages in delaying ejaculation, at least to a point where some satisfaction is experienced by the female, and in most cases men learn to control the time they take to ejaculate quite naturally, just as they learn to control other bodily functions such as urination.

Social pressures are now being applied to the role of sex in a relationship. As our social attitudes towards sex change, so do our sexual expectations. Whereas traditional sexual roles revolved around a dominant male, women today are being encouraged to realise that they too are entitled to sexual satisfaction. Some women now demand that they achieve satisfaction or orgasm in every sexual encounter... resulting in a task which would be quite difficult for a man who habitually ejaculates within a few minutes of starting intercourse.

There are other social pressures acting on men today. Most of the sexual information and research data available has been oriented towards women. Many have criticised this media concentration on women's sexual problems as being unbalanced, and blame "modern" ideas about orgasm and satisfaction for the sexual disharmony in relationships. Men are now generally more aware of the need to "perform" according to the expectations of their female partners, and they may be a little uneasy that their partners are often much better informed on the subject of sex than they.

There is no doubt that such social pressures will aggravate the situation for the premature ejaculator. Eventually, he is likely to reach the conclusion that his partner is not being satisfied during intercourse. She may openly admit dissatisfaction or give subtle hints of discontent. The problem will be compounded if the woman expresses anger or frustration, which will naturally lead

to feelings of inadequacy or guilt in the man.

Emotional Influences

If feelings of inadequacy or guilt are coupled with difficulty in coping with everyday problems, there is a real danger that the man will become depressed. His damaged ego may prevent him from discussing his problem and it may not be until he has a series of unsuccessful relationships that he feels it is time to seek professional help. By this stage he may have lost all confidence and may have gone to great lengths to avoid any situation which would lead to sexual contact.

Emotional factors, such as stress and anxiety, seem to be the most significant cause of premature ejaculation. This may be particularly evident when a man finds that his preoccupation with an emotional or everyday problem seems to interfere with his ejaculatory control. The mechanism for this is not clear, but there's no doubt that a particularly stressful event can trigger the onset of sexual problems.

Early Experiences

The male's attitude to the timing of his ejaculation depends on his prior sexual experiences. Usually these experiences will include masturbation, often accompanied by fantasy, and many males remember their most satisfying ejaculations as those which were associated with vivid fantasy. During masturbation there is usually little pressure on the male to delay ejaculation. If anything, there is a need to ejaculate quickly, especially if there's some guilt involved or a danger of being observed. Thus it is possible that some boys "learn" to become aroused quickly, and to ejaculate quickly, perhaps carrying this conditioned response into later life. They find difficulty in adjusting to the needs of another person and exercising control.

In his early sexual experience, a young man is usually somewhat overawed by the intensity of the occasion. Considering that the same young man is physically capable of relatively rapid erection and ejaculation, it is not surprising that in a highly charged emotional circumstance, he will commonly ejaculate within a few minutes. For his young female partner, who also may be inexperienced, the intensity of the situation may be quite sufficient for her to be fully satisfied with the sexual encounter. It's unlikely that this will remain the case when the woman reaches sexual maturity.

Relationships

Obviously, the problems encountered in relationships are of the utmost importance in cases of premature ejaculation. When relationship problems arise, the likelihood of sexual difficulties increases significantly. Although it is common for premature ejaculation to occur early in a rela-

tionship, it is also possible that it will develop in a long-standing and formerly stable relationship which is undergoing a breakdown.

By giving the impression that she wants the sexual encounter to finish as soon as possible, the woman may teach her partner that he will be rewarded if he ejaculates quickly rather than extending the encounter. One underlying cause may be dyspareunia, where the woman experiences pain during intercourse. She may be prepared to put up with the discomfort for a short time, but is certainly not keen to prolong the proceedings. With such "hurry up" messages, the encounter is less satisfying for both partners and therefore less frequent.

Often in stable relationships, where the partners have little experience, sexual encounters of a few minutes duration may be perceived as normal. Unaware of the sexual heights possible through extended foreplay and lovemaking, the

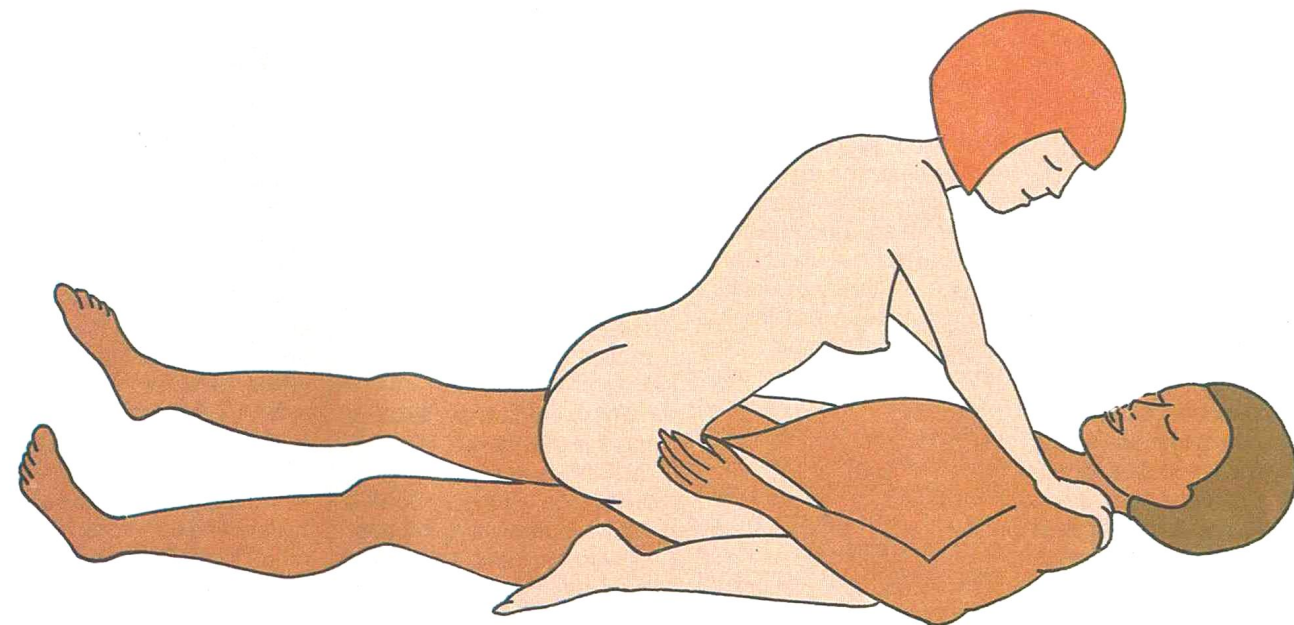
partners harbor no sexual discontent even though the female may not be achieving orgasm. Such relationships are sometimes quite harmonious, and both partners are satisfied with the quality of their sexual life.

But if either partner were to have a further sexual relationship with an experienced lover, the situation may change dramatically. A female, for example, used to having sex with a man who ejaculates within two or three minutes, may experience novel and exciting sexual pleasures when she finds that her new lover can sustain his erection for a longer period without ejaculating. It may be that her lover brings her to orgasm for the first time, and the woman may now realise that she can only achieve orgasm with a partner whose lovemaking lasts longer than a few minutes. When she returns to her original partner, she may be dissatisfied — and so arises a perceived problem of premature ejaculation.

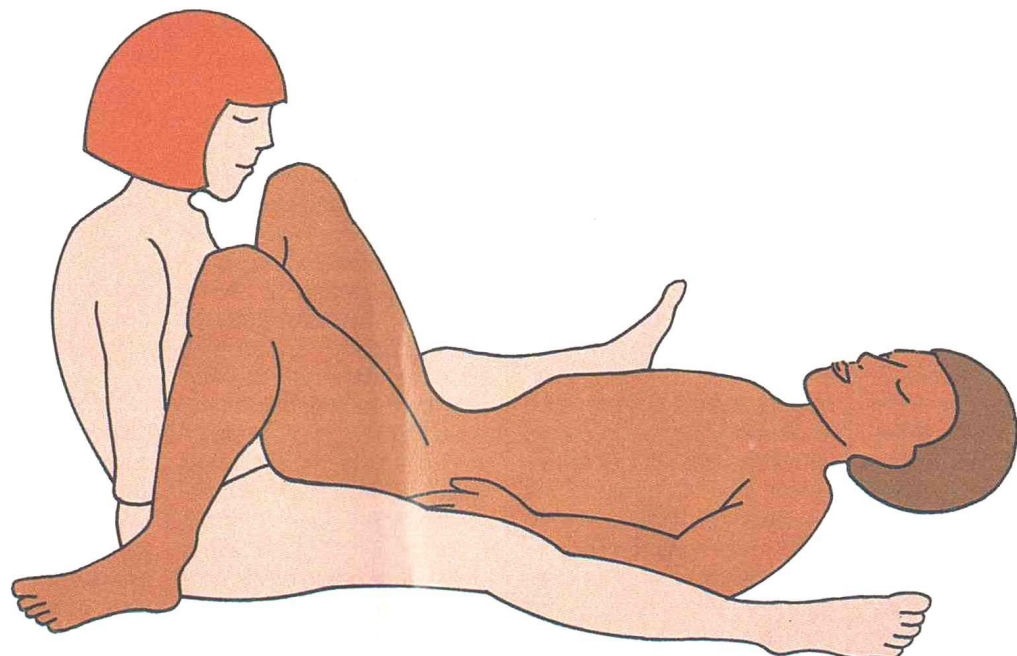
In a new relationship, particularly when the male has been attempting for some time to have intercourse with his partner, the intensity when he finally succeeds may cause him to lose control and ejaculate soon after entering the vagina. This may be just a temporary "malfunction" and as the relationship settles down, especially if the woman is non-judgemental and understanding, ejaculatory control will return. However, if the man overacts to his "failure" or his partner has a negative response, the problem may continue in that relationship. The sexual dissatisfaction may cause such negative feelings as frustration, lack of respect, avoidance and anger, and the relationship will suffer accordingly.

Physical Causes

Premature ejaculation is rarely caused by physical disorders though possible exceptions are infective urethritis (inflammation of the urethra) and prostatitis (inflammation of the



The female-superior intercourse position, without rapid thrusting, can be used to overcome the male's urge to ejaculate.



The above is a training position for ejaculatory control which allows for penile stimulation and the Squeeze Technique.

prostate). Spinal damage, where the nerves leading to the pelvis are affected by disease or injury, is also a rare cause of premature ejaculation. Spinal damage usually leads to difficulty in reaching ejaculation rather than the loss of ability to delay it.

Some researchers have reported that abnormal shortness of the frenum (a small piece of tissue joining the shaft of the penis to the "head") may be a contributing factor in premature ejaculation. The theory is that, as the penis enlarges, the tension created by the short frenum causes excessive stimulation and an early ejaculation. This problem has only been found to be the cause in an exceptionally small percentage of sufferers, and even then its diagnosis is controversial. An operation to correct the frenum does seem to have some benefit in a small number of cases.

Hypersensitivity of the glans (head of the penis) has also been suggested as a cause of premature ejaculation. This

theory is even less popular than that of the abnormally short frenum, with little evidence to support it. Researchers agree that in the vast majority of cases premature ejaculation is psychological in origin.

Influence Of Drugs

It is uncommon for drugs to lead to this problem. They affect the erection ability but, if anything, delay ejaculation rather than encourage it. Drugs which will affect performance in this way include alcohol, codeine and antihistamines. There have been reports that one of the many side-effects of withdrawal from opiates may be premature ejaculation. Although data is still being collected, the number of individuals whose premature ejaculation may be attributable to drugs is relatively small.

CONSEQUENCES OF PREMATURE EJACULATION

The consequences of long-

term untreated premature ejaculation can be disastrous. In a stable relationship a number of emotional developments may occur:

- The woman may feel that she is to blame either because she is not achieving some satisfaction out of sex (she may feel that she is frigid), or she may think that because her partner is coming so quickly he doesn't find her attractive and is trying to "get it over with" — especially if the male is cutting down on the length of foreplay because he realises that his time between arousal and ejaculation is limited.
- The woman may become angry at the male for being so "selfish" about his level of satisfaction. She may believe that he is not taking the relationship seriously and is just using her. She may feel so frustrated and in need of affection that she takes another lover. In this situation, she soon realises that there is something dramatically wrong with the previous sexual rela-

tionship. Because her lover may provide her with the sexual satisfaction she needs she may continue to see him. For the premature ejaculator who may already see himself as a failure, even the suspicion that his partner has found satisfaction elsewhere can totally destroy their relationship.

- One of the couple may decide that the pressure of regular intercourse is the problem, and so the frequency is decreased in an effort to reduce the stress that the premature ejaculation is causing. In most cases this measure only makes the problem worse, because the tendency is for ejaculation to occur more quickly after a period of abstinence.
- The couple may hope that by ignoring the problem it will mend itself. This may eventually, but usually treatment is required.
- Both of the partners may turn off sex completely and continue in a platonic relationship.
- One of the partners may

read an article on the subject and attempt to apply therapy. This is sometimes successful, but again there is a risk that premature ejaculation will continue. This measure may make the therapist's job considerably more difficult, because a likely response is: "But we've tried all that before!" The true role of the counsellor is to assist in the diagnosis of both the problems and the factors which have led to it.

- The single male may shy away from intercourse in new relationships, or even avoid social activities which are likely to involve meeting available women. He may become introverted and shy, despite the fact that this may be contrary to his "normal" personality. He may sublimate his sexual energy and throw himself into some other activity in an effort to boost his damaged self-image, to keep his mind active in other areas, to tire himself out or leave little time for sex. This increased activity, or excessive work drive, is often totally subconscious. The female partner may interpret her male's preoccupation with his job, for example, as a message that he is no longer interested in her.

As a consequence of his "lack of sexual prowess", the male may lose all his sexual partners, and his feelings of inadequacy may flow through into other areas to the point where he becomes severely depressed.

- If the male experiences the problem of premature ejaculation with a regular partner, he may try to prove himself with other women. Premature ejaculation is often made much worse by this action, particularly if the male goes to a prostitute, where the pressure to make the sexual encounter brief reinforces rapid ejaculation.
- Finally, the couple may discuss the problem openly enough to seek professional help, or one may attend counselling alone. Premature ejaculation is usually easily

treated with a relatively high rate of success.

WHAT TO EXPECT IN COUNSELLING

Many women are understanding about the problem of premature ejaculation and will attempt to bring the situation into the open. The man may be able to discuss the subject, perhaps for the first time, and admit that there is a problem. In this way, the woman may be able to encourage her man to seek professional help early and take a positive step towards eliminating what could become a distressing problem.

Even under these circumstances, some men are too embarrassed to admit to premature ejaculation, and it is often up to the female partner to request assistance. Just as many women seek sexual counselling for premature ejaculation difficulties as do men.

In some cases, the diagnosis of premature ejaculation is not straightforward. Associated problems such as overwork, lack of libido, anti-social behavior, poor communication and relationship hassles may cloud the issue. The experienced therapist will take a carefully detailed history so that underlying problems and misunderstandings will emerge. The counsellor will be just as concerned with the strengths and weaknesses of the relationship, the reaction of each partner to the problem and each partner's sexual history as with the ejaculation problem itself. This is done not only to assist with the treatment of the present problem, but to ensure that further difficulties do not arise.

Where possible, the therapist will want to see both partners. This is not always easy, but the advantages are obvious. Problems in the relationship which may be attributed to the premature ejaculation are more likely to be determined when both partners attend. Attitudes and problems which the partners may avoid

discussing with each other may be discussed with an objective professional. The plan of therapy may be explained to both partners, avoiding misunderstandings and misconceptions. Each partner will feel that they have the support of the other and acknowledge that the relationship is important to them. Of course the single person should not be deterred from seeking help for premature ejaculation. Prompt professional guidance and intervention are essential. Experts estimate the "cure" rate at around 90 percent.

In case the impression is that the sex therapist will want to observe the couple's love-making to determine "what they are doing wrong", rest assured that this is not the case. Counselling sessions are confidential and any therapeutic suggestions are conducted in the privacy of your home.

THERAPY AND HOME PROGRAM

Sometimes simple suggestions, such as increasing sexual frequency either by intercourse or masturbation, may be sufficient to delay the man's urgency to ejaculate. Through this direction the male may find that he can last longer before ejaculating. With successive experiences of this type he will regain his confidence, reduce his anxiety, and gradually become more aware of his control over his ejaculatory response. His female partner will experience more stimulation and hopefully be able to enjoy these sexual encounters to a greater extent.

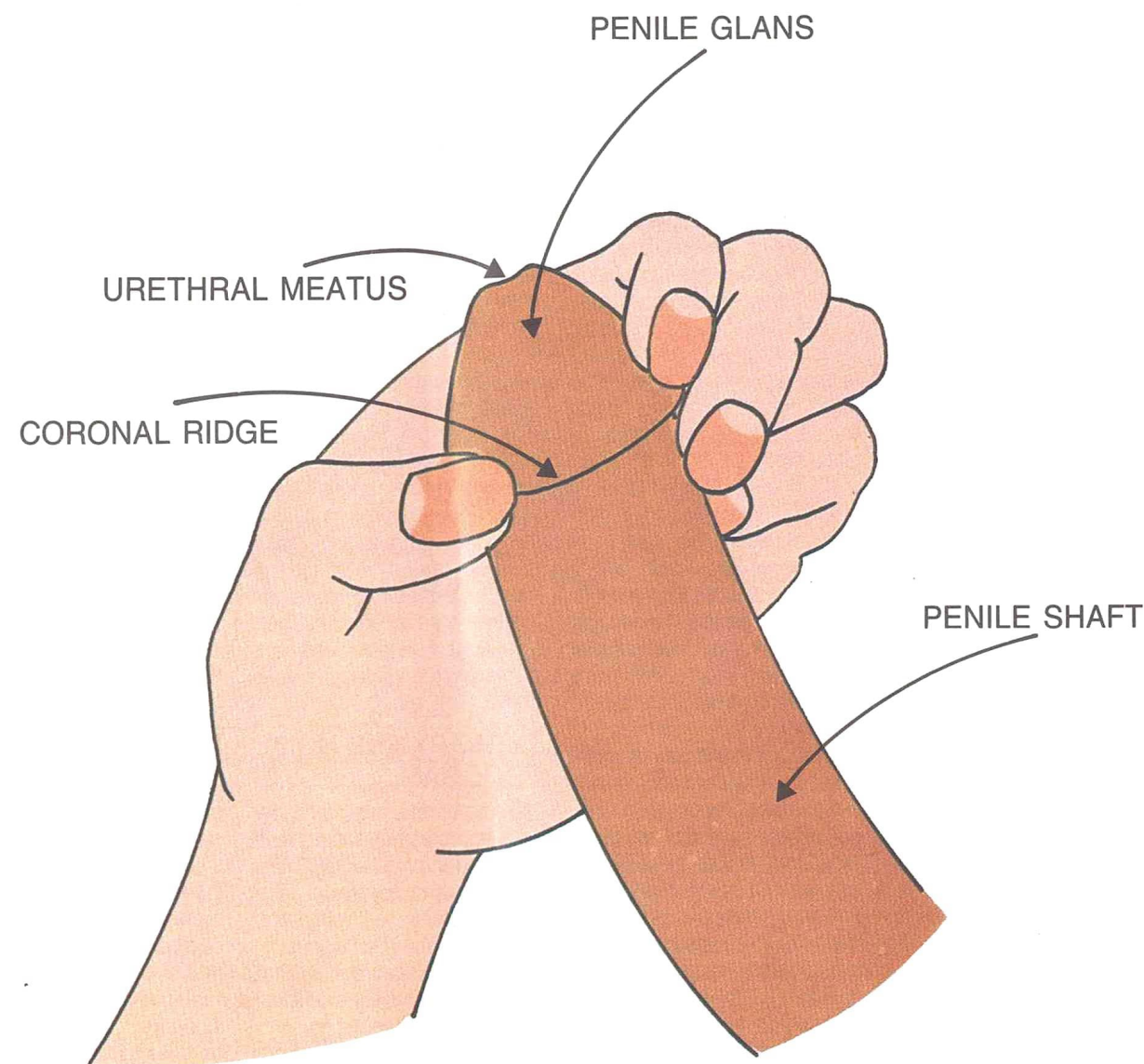
Delaying tactics, which suppress ejaculation, may also be helpful. These may involve thinking of non-sexual subjects or halting stimulation just prior to pre-ejaculatory sensations. The aim is to control the level of the male's arousal so that he may determine the time of his ejaculation by deciding when to allow arousal to continue through to climax. Couples may experi-

ment with whatever methods are most effective for them in delaying the male's ejaculation. With time, patience and understanding, control should improve and confidence increase.

In long-standing cases of premature ejaculation, progress may proceed much more slowly. The male has to learn to control a reflex that for many years, perhaps for most of his life, has occurred quite involuntarily. The therapist may map out a plan of treatment for a home program of exercises, incorporating a combination of the "sensate focus" program and the Masters and Johnson "squeeze technique." These are designed to help the patient gain control of his ejaculatory response, and although there are various adaptations of these methods, the basic theory is the same.

The sensate focus program involves conditioning of the male to gradually increasing levels of stimulation, allowing erection without the loss of ejaculatory control. Because the aim of the exercises is enjoyment of stimulation rather than orgasm, the pressure to perform is alleviated, with anxiety about ejaculation reduced. Stimulation may be in the form of stroking, kissing or massaging, giving pleasure in any way the couple find enjoyable.

The program is conducted in stages and relies heavily on the patience and understanding of the partner. There are three main stages through which the couple progress: stimulation without genital contact or intercourse; stimulation of genitals without intercourse; and stimulation which may lead to intercourse. It may at times be necessary to regress to a previous stage to regain control, but this should not be seen as a problem. It is most important that the exercises be carried out in a relaxed atmosphere, when both partners feel responsive — if either is tired or tense the program should be post-



The above diagram illustrates a method of retarding ejaculation during foreplay known as the "Squeeze Technique." To apply the technique to the male partner's fully erect penis, the female partner places her thumb on the frenulum, located on the underside of a circumcised penis directly beneath the glans. Her first and second fingers are placed on the upper surface of the penis, one on either side of the coronal ridge (see diagram). The female partner then squeezes her thumb and first two fingers together rather strongly for a period of three to four seconds. Strong pressure applied to a flaccid penis in this manner may cause pain, but it does not cause discomfort when the penis is erect. As the man responds to pressure applied in the manner described here, he will immediately lose his urge to ejaculate. He may also lose 10 to 30 percent of his erection. The female partner should allow 15 to 30 seconds after releasing her fingers before returning to active penile stimulation. This method may be applied again and again to prolong sex play without ejaculation. If the male partner is uncircumcised, the method may still be applied if the female locates the coronal ridge by feeling the foreskin and approximates the position of the frenulum on the underside of the penis, then proceeds with the technique.

poned for a while.

A typical session should last for about 30 to 40 minutes. When the male feels that he is getting close to ejaculation, a common method to help him control his response is the Masters and Johnson "squeeze technique." [See box opposite]

By incorporating this technique into their sensate focus exercises, the couple can learn to enjoy increasing levels of arousal until the male feels confident enough to try intercourse. At this level, control is often difficult and a regression to stage two is often required. The partner's role here is of utmost importance, as the slightest indication that she is becoming exasperated or frustrated by inappropriate ejaculations, or the progress of the program, can ruin any improvement which may have been achieved. The male's lack of self-confidence and his anxiety about his ejaculations will only be reinforced by negative responses from his partner. But it seems that most women enjoy the added attention and stimulation they receive through the program and are usually quite appreciative of their male partner's efforts to improve their sex life.

SOME TYPICAL CASE HISTORIES

Case 1

Ian, aged 23, had sought help for his inability to hold an erection for more than about one minute before ejaculating. He was an only child and following his schooling he joined the Armed Forces. Although he had a number of girlfriends at school, his sexual experiences were mostly limited to "one night stands", many of which took place in the back seat of a car.

Ian, though rather shy, was able to be quite frank about his relationships and his sexual development. His first girlfriend was aged 17. Intercourse had occurred "a few times, but it was a bit of a disaster really. I was her first man

and I was terrified of getting her pregnant. By the time we had kissed and touched each other, it was all over. I had come all over her dress."

Other relationships were just as unsuccessful and it became evident that once he had an erection, Ian was unable to prevent ejaculation occurring almost immediately. He masturbated more often and said he was becoming so embarrassed about his problem that he now almost preferred masturbating while looking at erotic pictures rather than attempting a sexual relationship with a girl — irrespective of how much he liked her.

After talking about the problem, Ian was relieved to know that his was not an uncommon story. He was given a series of exercises, incorporating delay tactics and the squeeze technique, which were designed to lengthen the time from stimulation (either by thought or touch) to ejaculation.

After a few weeks Ian returned to the surgery, reporting that his ejaculatory control had very much improved. He was now able to maintain an erection for at least 10 minutes and was becoming more confident in himself.

Case 2

Coral, age 26, had been married for five years and was very worried about the sexual aspect of her marriage. She and her husband had met at the office of a large company, and appeared to get on extremely well. They shared the same interests and hobbies and were engaged within a year. At first their sex life was quite satisfying and the marriage was progressing well.

Recently, however, Coral admitted that the frequency of intercourse had dropped from two to three times per week to less than once a month. Coral admitted that her husband "just doesn't seem interested" and that she was beginning to wonder if he was having an af-

fair with someone else. "Even when we do have sex, he hardly attempts foreplay and it's all over in a few minutes. He just rolls over again and goes to sleep." Apart from leaving Coral sexually dissatisfied, lovemaking sessions of this type with her husband were creating negative feelings about herself and the relationship.

The problem of premature ejaculation was discussed with Coral. She admitted that on a number of occasions she had shown her dissatisfaction with the sexual encounter to her husband and had become angry with his apparently selfish lack of foreplay. She also conceded that they had not really tried to talk rationally about their problem. The counsellor suggested she should try to convey to her husband that she just needed to enjoy being close to him and giving him pleasure and that intercourse was not really important. If possible she should encourage her husband to ejaculate more frequently, using the stimulation technique discussed, but at the same time lengthen the period before ejaculation by stopping the stimulation or using the squeeze technique.

Some weeks later she returned to say that the situation had improved, as she and her husband were communicating more and were "much closer." Her husband had realised that he was having ejaculation problems and had thought by ignoring the difficulty it would soon go away. Unfortunately their relationship had suffered in the process.

With increased frequency of intercourse, Coral's husband found that the problem was alleviated a little, and he had consented to join her at the next counselling session.

Case 3

Anne was referred by her general practitioner, who felt she needed help with sexual problems in her marriage. She was 34 years old and had

been married for 10 years. Anne frankly admitted that she was not interested in sex and that there seemed a real danger of divorce.

At first she was reluctant to discuss her sex life, but then said: "Really, I could take it or leave it. I don't get much out of our physical relationship any more. At first things were okay, especially when it was new and exciting, but now it's just plain boring. I've tried almost every excuse in the book to avoid sex with my husband. Yet the strange thing is our general relationship isn't too bad. He's pretty good with the kids and he's a good provider. It's just that we get annoyed with each other when it comes to sex."

Anne was typical of many women who had had a small number of sexual encounters before marriage. As she said, she originally found sex enjoyable but did not even realise that she was now not enjoying it because her husband wasn't allowing her time to reach a state of arousal before he ejaculated. In women, the arousal process can take on average about 15 minutes, whereas men reach their peak much more quickly. Anne was relieved to hear that she may not be frigid and that the problem was not as desperate as she'd first thought. She and her husband commenced the home therapy program, and Anne is now once again enjoying her sex life.

CONCLUSION

Premature ejaculation can be a most distressing problem. It is common, but to a great extent remains undiagnosed and untreated, despite the fact that sexual therapy is confidential and usually successful. With better education and a willingness to seek professional help early, the emotional stress and relationship problems which are often attributable to premature ejaculation can be significantly reduced. It is unfortunate that only a small percentage of sufferers request help.

LETTERS

Unnatural urges

I am 20 years old, have a steady job and still live at home. My life is pretty ordinary except for a couple of things — I've never had a girlfriend and never really had any desire to have one. This is because my sexual interest is, and always has been, focused on animals.

Right from the time I was 11 I can remember feeling an unusual attraction to a horse that was kept in a paddock across the road from the school playground. At first I could not understand this attraction but in later months I realised I had a real sexual desire for him. I would secretly watch him, hoping that he would get an erection, and masturbate while thinking about him.

I thought that this interest of mine was fairly harmless and would go away as I got older. But it didn't. In fact it became stronger and I found myself desperately wanting to perform fellatio on stallions and then dogs. When I was about 13 I realised that I was also developing a homosexual interest in boys my own age, but my sexual preference was always (and still is) animals.

When I was 15 my pet German shepherd was quite savage. At that stage I met a 30-year-old woman who owned an old English sheepdog and she offered to let me walk my dog with hers in an

effort to get him used to other dogs. I had no desire for her at all, but I wanted her as a friend because of her sexy dog and so we went on walks on many occasions.

After a few weeks I realised she wanted me. Ironically, I had no desire for her at all... it was only her dog I was interested in. I mentioned animal-human sex to her several times and finally she asked me if I would be turned on if she let me watch her dog fuck her. Of course I agreed. It made me as horny as hell for her because I presumed that she had sex with her dog. So I lost my virginity to her and thereafter had sex with her dozens of times while her husband was at work.

Now, at the age of 20, I have no sexual interest in either men or women. I explain to people that I like to be single and free and don't need a girlfriend — though they don't always believe me. My family think I'm gay. But I'm definitely not gay anymore, only perverted.

As it now stands I would give anything for animal sex — with horses (stallions or mares), dogs and even sheep. I just love sex with them. At least once a fortnight I do it with my German shepherd, pulling him off and giving him head. It's something I've done with many dogs.

What I need to know is will I ever begin to like women? It does worry me a great deal, because mentally I do want to screw around like everyone else does. However, physically I can only get an erection over an animal. Ideally I would like to be able to have both women and animals, but my desires for animals are so strong and seem so natural that sometimes I think I was born to fuck mares rather than women.

I only know of three other people who would even consider fucking a horse or a dog, so I presume this is an uncommon perversion. Is this true? Or do you think I'm screwed up mentally with crossed wires in my brain? How much would therapy cost and do you think it would help me? I don't want to stop being bestial — I only want to be attracted to women as well so I can lead a life that doesn't make people think I'm homosexual. Obviously I can't marry a dog or a horse.

Please don't think this is all in my imagination or I'm just confused. I like to read animal perversion stories and I have several animal-porn video cassettes that I like to watch. I go horse riding simply because it allows me to get hold of a stallion with a big cock, so all this definitely isn't just in my imagination. Please help, because in the coming years I feel that

this might become more of a problem for me. — Mr G.S., address withheld

As a 20-year-old your sexual drive is probably currently at its peak. However, as you get older you will find that this sexual drive will wane somewhat and other areas of life — the need for companionship and achievement, for instance — will take on a greater significance. Eventually I am sure that your "relationships" with animals will not be as fulfilling for you and that you will find the companionship of other people more lasting and satisfying. I have no doubt that counselling would help you to relate to other people and to feel more confident about interacting with women.

Any counsellor you consult will not be judgemental, and your therapy sessions will be most confidential. In the case of recognised therapists such as doctors and psychiatrists, most of the cost of counselling consultations will be covered by Medicare. On average, you could expect to be out of pocket between \$6.00 and \$12.00 for each one-hour session, but I suggest that you check with the consulting rooms before attending. (If you are unemployed or are having financial difficulties, there are many counsellors who will accept the Medicare rebate as full payment.)

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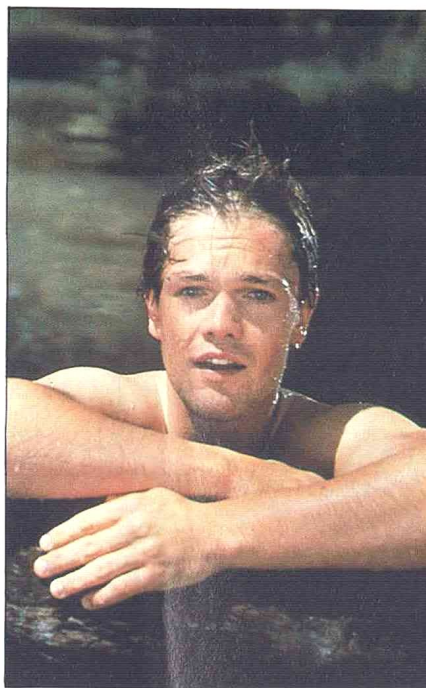
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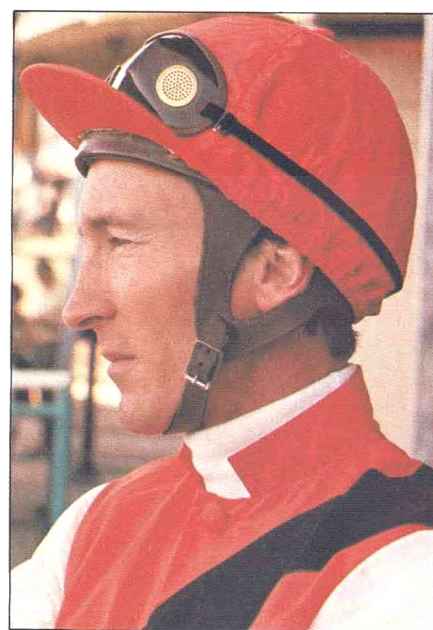
NEXT...

Perhaps the most significant development in approaches to sexuality in the Eighties involves changing community attitudes towards oral sex. But for many couples the topic remains a source of great conflict. In the next instalment of the *Penthouse* Guide to Human Sexuality the subject of oral sex is looked at rationally, with a thorough examination of technique and health factors.



CHRIS CUMMINS

Sydney actor Chris Cummins' introduction to major Australian film and television roles reads a little like some old-time Hollywood press kit. He wasn't sipping an ice-cream soda when some big-time producer spotted him and rocketed him to stardom, but his escalation from drama student to featured role in our biggest film production to date was meteoric. Cummins was in his final year at acting school when he was chosen as the young man with the fresh look and the talent to play the role of Jim Marsden in the South Australian Film Corporation's \$7.3 million *Robbery Under Arms*. The Marsden brothers are described by the film's producer Jock Blair as: "Wild colonial boys; the sort of happy-go-lucky lads who, 50 years later, went up the slopes of Gallipoli..." Cummins admits with a "thank my lucky stars" smile that he was thrown in the deep end to work alongside pros like Sam Neill, Ed Devereaux and Aboriginal actor Tommy Lewis. That's the sort of deep end every young actor paddling in the shallows of the soapies dreams of, for not only did Cummins gain experience in film, he chalked up TV experience at the same time. *Robbery* was simultaneously shot as the feature film now showing and as a mini-series for the small screen some time in the future. Jock Blair's Gallipoli reference proved ironic for Chris Cummins for soon after hanging up his bushranger's hat he was storming Gallipoli and rolling around in trench mud in *The Anzacs*. His role as the young soldier who records the action in a diary, and thus narrates much of the series (which also stars Paul Hogan in his first "straight" role), will be seen in July. A little more than a year out of acting school, Chris Cummins can truly lay claim to the epithet "veteran."



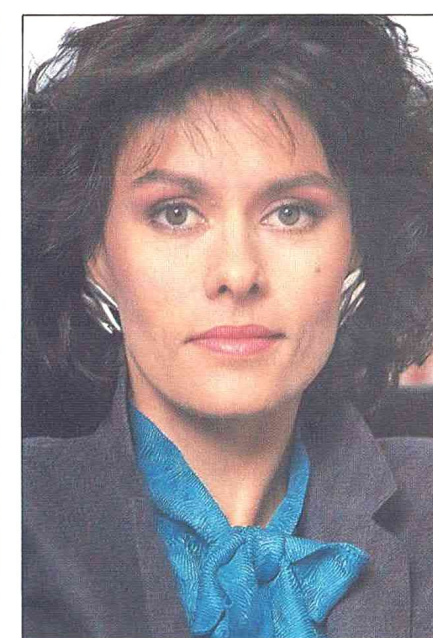
MICK DITTMAN

Mick Dittman is probably the only person in racing circles yet to recognise that he is Australia's premier jockey. After five years as *numero uno* in Brisbane, Dittman moved to the T.J. Smith stables in Sydney, where he took out the premiership title in his first year. That sort of performance seems to put the issue beyond doubt, but the man remains unconvinced that he ranks with such racing greats as George Moore and Neville Sellwood, in whose migratory footsteps to the southern states he seems destined to follow into racing legend. "To be recognised that way you have to string a few together. I've been riding through a lucky period, but the hardest thing is to keep it going. The arse can drop out of anything," he says disarmingly. Persistent comments about his size deemed that from an early age Dittman would race. A connection through the local publican in his home town of Westwood, near Rockhampton in parched central Queensland, saw him go into a stable at the tender age of 14. Now, at 32, he is the leading Sydney jockey for Tommy Smith, the head of the most successful training establishment in the history of Australian turf. And as unbefitting as the media spotlight might seem for the amiable and unpretentious Dittman, he admits the sport provides a glamorous life that he enjoys thoroughly. "You do an hour or two's work in the morning and ride a couple of arvos each week, and that's it. It gives me plenty of free time, but there's always something on, be it yearling sales or business." On the question of his abilities, Dittman plays down what his close friends call his "fierce will-to-win and uncanny horse sense." He puts his success down to basic riding talent, self-confidence, and the ability to read what is happening in each race and react accordingly. "That's what makes a good jockey."



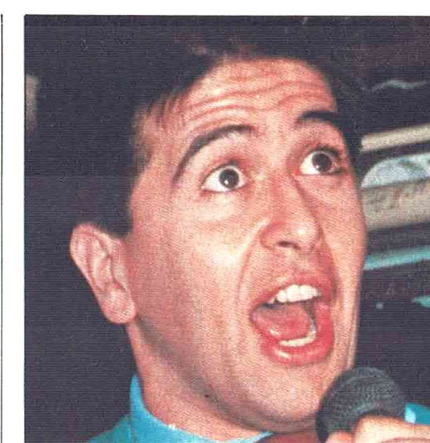
TOM RISLEY

The art of recycling has taken sculptor Tom Risley a long way from the north Queensland beaches he once combed for such treasures as plastic brooms, bike seats and broken thongs. Sun-bleached and partly eaten by marine borers, the flip-flop flotsam became raw material for Risley's striking tropical collages, depicting sharks, crabs, dugong and other marine creatures. So popular were these unique works that Risley, after several successful Australian exhibitions, recently took his art form to Paris. There he staged an expanded exhibition of works created wholly from discarded objects; in fact Risley used anything possessing what he calls "a primitive feel." These days Risley could no doubt afford to buy his art materials — if he chose to. He devotes weeks to finding suitably aged objects, then assembles them on the floor of his studio for what he terms "the editing process." This means rejecting all but the most weathered and interesting bits and pieces, a time-consuming business. The end result is that one of Risley's pictures could represent the best 30 thongs of thousands — and such pieces, at his Thong Art exhibition at the Ray Hughes Gallery in Brisbane, sold for between \$450 and \$900. Risley's friends in north Queensland have learned to always keep an eye peeled for likely material, especially after the artist moved to Brisbane and discovered that beached thongs in that city weren't suitable. "They're too new," he explains. "Up north, where everyone wears thongs, the colors are more tropical and the textures are rough and well-weathered." Risley admits to being a thong connoisseur. He wears them himself and can tell you how the thongs found in various cities are a guide to the personalities of local residents. Although Risley is serious about his work, it doesn't worry him if others view it lightly. A woman at one of his exhibitions captured the mood thus: "As a thong-wearer from way back, Risley's scenes make me nostalgic for all those beach holidays now past."



PATRICE NEWELL

Patrice Newell gets a bit sick and tired of people asking, "Are your Macleans showing?" After all, she made that commercial eight years ago and even though it ran for four years she's done a lot of things since then. Patrice now works for the SBS-TV network, hosting the current affairs program *Midweek* and presenting the weekend *News*. Originally from Adelaide, she mixed a little fashion and TV modelling with her uni studies but wasn't too enchanted with the glamor scene, finding it "fundamentally boring." However, when she was offered a contract to work in New York she pounced on it. "How could I refuse?" she asks. "I'd been to New York before and loved the place. I really wanted to live there." In the US Patrice took the opportunity to develop some skills as a journalist, even though she'd had no training in that field. Starting with Robert Duvall, she interviewed a number of prominent Americans and researched a few American social issues, wrote up her works and sold them to various Australian magazines. Patrice returned to Australia in 1982 and took on a job as researcher for special news projects for ATN-7 in Sydney. While in that position she helped to create the award-winning documentary *Circle Of Poison*. She graduated to doing some on-camera work as a reporter with Channel 7 before joining SBS-TV (then called 0-28) in late 1983 as a weekend newsreader. Now Patrice has a new challenge — her current affairs program *Midweek*. As well as hosting the show and doing some reporting, Patrice is doing a lot of the research for other reporters as well — and that remains her great love. Meantime, Patrice's application, authority and presence, coupled with the appeal of those dazzling choppers, should more than assure her a fertile future in TV presentation.



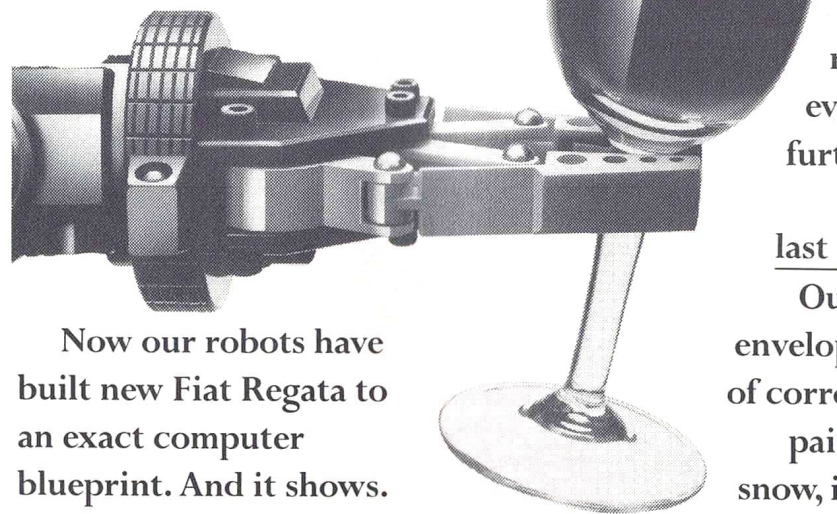
VINCE SORRENTI

My name's Vince and this is a picture of me as a baby." From the moment Vince Sorrenti bellows his standard opening line, comedy audiences know they're in for a bout of ultra-weirdness. Intelligent high-volume lunacy is the essence of Vince's routine; he's both a comedian and a comic actor, and has become so skilled in the latter role that he could make an audience wet their pants with a reading of *War And Peace*. The rubber-lipped, spiky-haired, goggle-eyed kid from Punchbowl in Sydney's western suburbs was plucked from the stage at Sydney University to become one of the original six comics at the April '81 opening of Sydney's Comedy Store. Since then he's gathered a large and loyal cult following (many of whom carry pictures of *themselves* as a baby) and is about to break into the big-time with the mid-April release of a single featuring his trademark "Unbelievable" routine. An album will follow soon afterwards. The only two stand-up acts currently outdrawing him, Rodney Rude and George Smilovici, both picked up enormous followings from record releases, so 23-year-old Vince is banking on this move to take him to the top of the pops. "I don't intend to be a one-hit wonder," he says. "I'll have something to go on with after the first record releases; I also want to do some serious acting and I reckon I'm a competent writer. Now that I've got my Architecture degree I have the chance to be a full-time entertainer, and like all stand-up comics the thing I want is legitimacy and respect. The only way to get that is to go for the wider audience, because in the stand-up comedy situation you're just like one of the boys." Vince has culled all of his material from the streets of Punchbowl: "You can't describe something humorously unless you've *lived* through it; my routine is the story of life." If you haven't seen Vince rip into the subjects dearest to his heart — rugby league, poofers, ethnic greengrocers and rats — then you've missed a unique slice of New Australiana. Watch out for the loudest man in showbiz.

WELL DONE, ROBOTS OF ITALY.

The new Fiat Regata is here. Invented by humans. Designed by computer. And built by robots in one of the most automated factories in the world.

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If you want more, Regata options include power steering, airconditioning and sunroof.

For all its high technology, high fashion and high performance, Regata is remarkably low priced.

Robots build better for less.

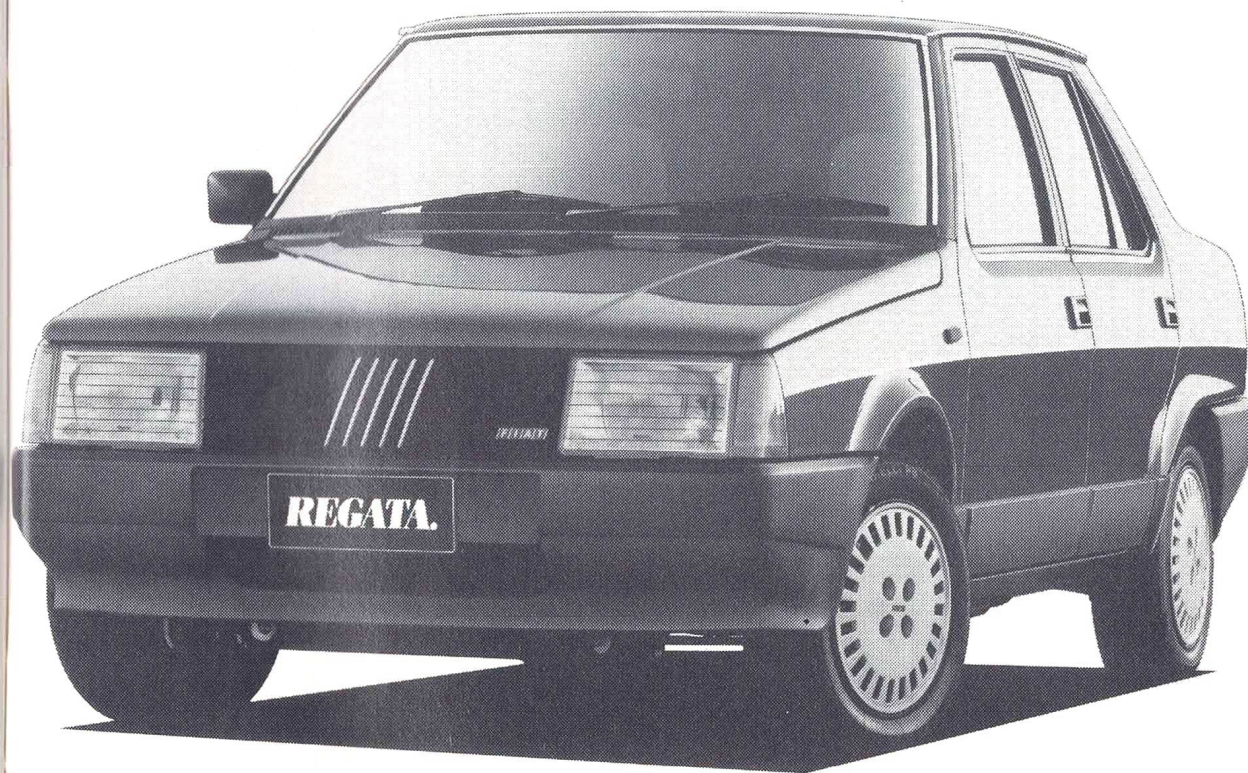
At just \$13,995[†] it's around the same price as a standard Japanese compact. And it's a lot less than a comparably equipped fully imported European.

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For the name of your nearest Fiat dealer, call our National Sales Manager toll-free

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CRITICS' CHOICE

Ginger Lynn has achieved the goal hordes of young women aspire to.

Well, sort of. At 21, Ginger is a celebrated actress with four feature length films under her belt. Her suspender belt, that is — the sort of films she acts in aren't the sort that get reviewed in *Cinema Papers*.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



Although her thespian efforts may not be recognised in orthodox circles, Ginger's devotion to her craft is nonetheless 100 percent. She sees herself as a Method actress — she doesn't just "play" her roles, she "lives" them.



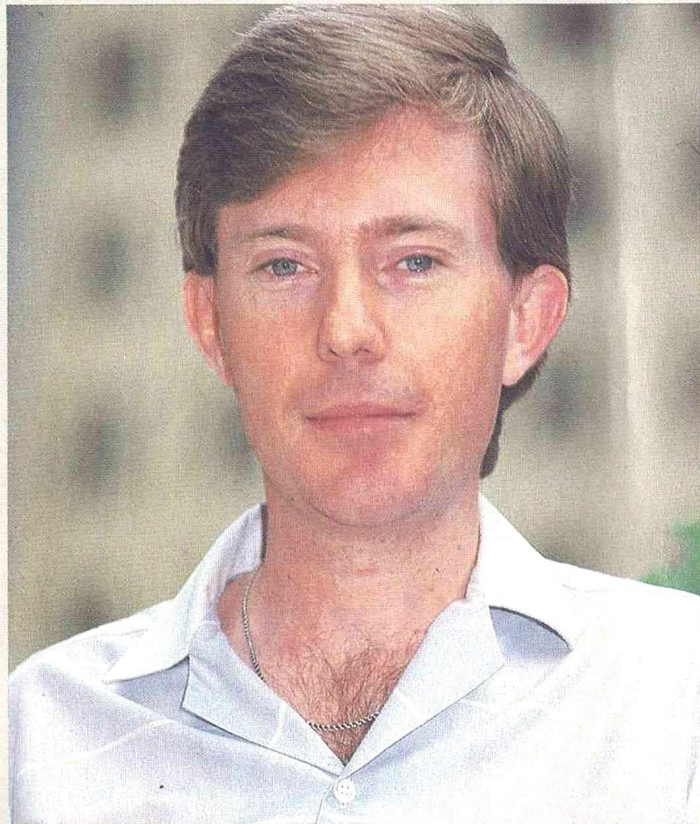
Not surprisingly, her screen efforts have won her many fans. Ginger conscientiously senses a duty towards her admirers. "I'm not only turning them on," she says, "I'm teaching them something special about sex."

○+■



ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY GREG TILLET

Greg Tillett is a conciliation officer with the NSW Anti-Discrimination Board. He has previously been employed as a social worker in Perth and London, in television production with the ABC, and as a lecturer in the Department of Religious Studies at the University of Sydney. He is the author of two books on alternative religions, *The Occult Source Book* and *Other Temples, Other Gods*.

ARE YOU A SEXUAL HARASSER?

Mention "sexual harassment" and a lot of men smile. As far as they're concerned, sexual harassment is a modern term for the sort of old-fashioned attention which all real red-blooded men have been showing pretty young women for generations. For them, it's only the advent of the distinctly unfeminine (presumably lesbian) radical feminists that has turned the whole thing into a legal issue, and taken the fun out of the office. All real men know that the average woman expects attention, enjoys flattery, and obviously dresses to attract the naturally roving eye of her boss or the man at the next desk. A friendly smile, a gentle caress, an occasional squeeze, or a flattering remark about her anatomy or clothing are the sort of things real women expect from real men.

After all, why do women dress up if not to attract attention? Low necklines and high skirts, tight jumpers and sheer stockings can only mean one thing. Real women want attention, get attention, and like attention — especially from the sort of male who knows how to treat a woman. Men have always been predatory, and women have always enjoyed the fact.

But now, the same men would argue, the natural order of things is changing. The law, under the direction of the women who want to be men, is trying to castrate men by forcing them to suppress their natural masculinity. Even a smile can get you into trouble! Pass a flattering remark about a woman's figure, and you might end up in court. The wowsers and the killjoys are at it again, and typical Australian men are the ones who suffer.

If you find yourself agreeing with these attitudes, you're probably the sort of guy who's sure women find him attractive. They're grateful for your attention: they like to be noticed, flattered, touched. There's obviously something wrong with the women who aren't flattered by your attentions; they've probably never had a real man before. Perhaps they're frigid, or some sort of lesbian feminists — certainly not real, feminine women. To not want your attentions is, well, not natural.

If these views concur with your own, it may come as a surprise to learn you're also probably a sexual harasser. There's probably even a trail of women whose working lives have been made miserable by your attentions. And, no doubt, you'll go on harassing until someone finally puts a stop to it, and probably to your career as well, by going to the law.

It may actually come as a shock to you to discover that most working women just want to do their job and go home. Between nine and five they're paid to work, not to turn you on. They may have to put up with you, smile at you, ignore your suggestive remarks, pretend not to notice your leers, and try to avoid your hands. But your sexual pleasure is not on their duty statements. If it was, recruiting might be a major problem.

It may also come as a shock to learn that what you're doing — your flattery, your attention, your friendliness — is probably against the law. If you're forcing yourself on women who work for you or with you, you're sexually harassing them... and that's against the law. Whether it's a suggestive remark, a grope in the filing room, or insistent demands for companionship or sex, the

law says it's wrong unless the woman is a willing party.

There's something else that may come as a shock. Your employer, however much an all-Australian male he may be, might not be as eager to leap to your defence as you like to think. The law makes him responsible for your behavior at work. Unless he can show that he couldn't have been expected to know what was happening, he's the one who is named in any legal action brought because of your harassment. You can imagine how pleased he'll be about that.

When the company starts adding up the cost of the expressions of your masculinity they may find you an expensive liability. Suppose you spend a couple of hours a week flattering women with your attention, and they spend a couple of hours a week avoiding you. How much is that costing the company in time and money? If you fiddled that much on your expenses, or took it out of petty cash, you'd find yourself very quickly out of a job. It won't be long before the company realises you're as much ripping them off by sexual harassment as in more blatant forms of theft. The company may also discover that the sexual harasser manages to drive away a lot of highly talented women.

At some stage in any discussion about sexual harassment, most men will want to complain of discrimination. Why do they miss out on all the fun? Why don't men get sexually harassed as well? Some men do. About 80 percent of women will be sexually harassed at some stage during their working lives, and about 15 percent of men. But men only want to be sexually harassed because they have completely mistaken fantasies about what harassment is about — invariably their fantasies run along the "Man Raped By Beautiful Blonde" line. Alas, that remains the stuff of which male sexual fantasies are made. The sort of woman who is going to force her attentions on you if you're going to be sexually harassed will be the one you find completely unattractive and undesirable. All she's going to have going for her is power over you.

Sexual harassment is not the invention of militant feminists. It was invented by men a long time ago, and has been imposed on women ever since. What is new, and what has been promoted by feminists, is the idea that sexual harassment is not something that women ought to put up with. Times have changed. So has the law. If you're a sexual harasser, you're no longer just a man who makes life unpleasant for women. You're also a law-breaker. Women are increasingly using the law for their protection, and the sexual harasser's chances of being entangled in legal action are increasing.

In 1983, the Equal Opportunity Tribunal in Sydney held that sexual harassment was a form of unlawful discrimination under the NSW Anti-Discrimination Act. In an extensively publicised case brought by two women against the Commissioner for Main Roads, Bruce Loder, the Tribunal deemed sexual harassment to be a form of discriminatory treatment. Since then, the NSW Anti-Discrimination Board has received complaints at the rate of about one a week. Most of them relate to harassment in employment, and almost all of them come from women alleging harassment by men.

In August, 1984, the Federal Sex Discrimination Act came into

It may come as a surprise to learn that you're probably a sexual harasser. There's probably even a trail of women whose working lives have been made miserable by your attentions

effect. This specifically outlaws sexual harassment, and covers some of the areas (for example, employers with fewer than six employees, and Commonwealth bodies) which the NSW Anti-Discrimination Act couldn't deal with. In Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia there is now legislation equivalent to the NSW Anti-Discrimination Act, outlawing sexual harassment and providing for the investigation of complaints.

The complaints of harassment range from allegations of direct demands for sexual favors (in return for work advantages or to avoid "punishment" at work), obscene phone calls or letters, criminal assault (including rape on the office floor), through to constant offensive remarks directed at the victim. Some of the harassers are just men whose libido has slipped out of gear; others need urgent psychiatric attention.

The sexual harasser is less interested in sex than he is in playing a power game, forcing his victim to endure his harassment without defending herself. If a victim complained in the past, she was rarely believed. Boyfriends, fathers and husbands often attributed blame to the woman, assuming she'd done something to lead the man on.

Women traditionally have endured sexual harassment until they couldn't cope any more, and then quit. Sometimes they were fired because it produced a decline in work performance. No-one bothered to find out why their work had deteriorated. A few women simply gave in to the harasser in the hope that this would end the problem. It rarely changed anything.

While it used to be assumed that harassment was a woman's problem, the law now takes a different view. It generally places the responsibility for the harassment on the employer rather than the person who actually does the harassing, and certainly not on the victim. It assumes that the employer is liable for what happens in his workplace, and should control — and protect — his staff. But the law also provides that the actual harasser, and anyone who encourages or aids him, can also find themselves legally liable.

Many employers throughout Australia, alarmed at what they often interpret as a sudden outbreak of complaints of harassment, have sought to minimise the risks of legal action against them for sexual harassment of their employees by introducing corporate policies specifically banning such behavior, and warning employees who engage in it of serious disciplinary action. Many have also set up grievance procedures in their organisations to ensure that anyone who is harassed has an appropriate and effective means of complaining, and of having that complaint investigated.

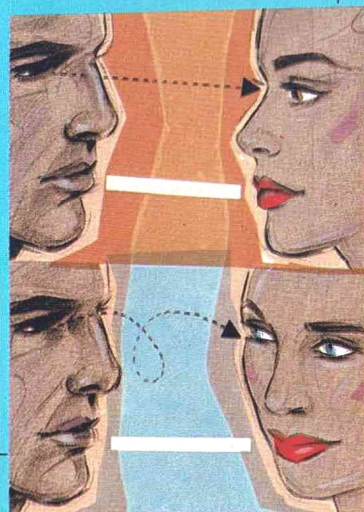
For the employer, the laws against sexual harassment have imposed a new legal responsibility. For the sexual harasser, the law has set up a system designed to protect his victims, and to provide them with a means of seeking compensation for the violation of their basic rights. As employers and employees become more aware of the law and its implications, more sexual harassers will find themselves being caught out, either by concerned employers or by victims.

So, if talking about sexual harassment makes you smile, smile while you can. The law no longer thinks it's funny. ☐

Sick and tired of those patriotic emblems of our new-found national pride depicting cutesy koalas saying "I'm coming to cuddle you" or namby-pamby kangaroos staring wistfully from greeting cards? What are we, shirt-lifters or dinkum Aussies? Anyone who agrees with those sentiments and who actually sends greeting cards can find a range to suit their taste from Coo-ee Productions in Adelaide. These cards are as unadulterated Aussie as a camp pie and beetroot sanga. Their koalas smirk from beneath a digger's hats as if they've just piddled in a jar of Vegemite, and their kookaburras get stuck into tinnies of Fossies. . . Cobbers desirous of the tasteful range should give (08) 387 0358 a yell.



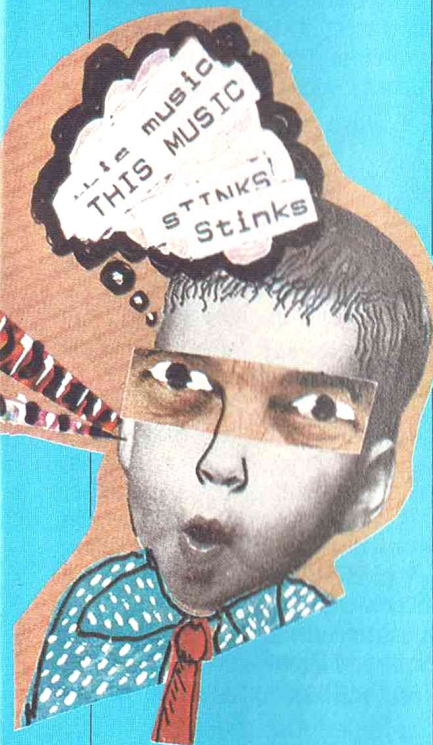
What some people can do with a couple of curries, a tin of baked beans and a modicum of imagination! A handful of British go-getters are marketing a stereo cassette recording of farts. This guaranteed party-starter runs the gamut of appalling flatulence from the silent but deadly "soup cooler" through the staccato bursts that escape during vigorous exercise and onward to the brazen, devil-may-care explosions let rip by dedicated "fartophiles." If you want to break the ice by cutting the cheese, send UK two pounds fifty plus postage to Peter Productions, 66 Grange Rd, London, W5 5BX.



Want a tip on how to pick up chicks in discos? Don't shoot your best lines until you see the color of their eyes. A pair of US psychologists have just completed a study of eye-color in relation to behavior modification. Their findings, at least in relation to the singles' scene, reveal that blue-eyed and brown-eyed women (or men, if that's your bag) require different approaches. Brown-eyed types respond best to the quick, direct, no-bullshit approach while blue-eyed babes prefer a bit of cat and mouse and cool circumspection. The chaps don't say how to best con on to green-eyed girls, but you could always strike up a chat about this eye color study you've been reading about.



Want to make your next party an extra spectral spirited occasion? Now you can adopt a ghost from a California spook placement service. Writer Bill Haller, who runs the service, says hundreds of Americans have forked out \$10 to get themselves a ghost. For their money the gullible hordes receive a white candle (to clear the environment of negative energies), some adoption papers and a fact sheet listing their new ghost's personal habits. If you fancy a freaky phenomenon that you don't have to feed, clean up after or take on walks (ghosts hate exercise), write to Adopt A Ghost, 1765 North Highland Avenue, No 769, Los Angeles CA 90028.



You know how it is in the cot — she likes it nice and hard and you feel like something soft. . . Or she needs reliability in matters of support and you like nothing more than something bouncy with a bit of give. Enough of the innuendo (and that's not a form of Italian lovemaking), we're talking about this mattress from Slumberland called the ½ & ½. Half the mattress is soft, the other half firm and there's no pesky zipper to cramp your style. Hey thrillseekers, why not swap sides on Saturday night for a bit of variety? In queen size only, the ½ & ½ retails for \$599 at bedding and department stores.



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

This month's winner of the *Penthouse*/Polaroid Photo Competition is one of a series of pics submitted by Leigh Brenton of Toronto, NSW, picturing a sensual and summery Jo-Anne Brenton.

Their prize-winning combination gives them the choice of top quality photographic gear, either the Polaroid SLR 680 camera or the recently-developed 35mm AutoProcess System — so advanced that it allows the home processing of transparencies in a matter of minutes. Included in that bundle is the AutoProcessor, Cutter/Mounter and a pack of Polachrome 12-exposure film and slide mounts.

Why not chance your hand, or other anatomical highlights, and send some of your more revealing shots (taken on any film) to be in the running for this prize booty? Subjects also have the chance to be a *Penthouse* Pet and score a \$5000 modelling fee. So snap to it!

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to:
Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) of
am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over:

Signature of subject: _____ Date: _____

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Sydney's Katie Ryan

COMING IN JUNE AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

The Enforcers — The old-style bouncer has gone the way of the dinosaur. Summary justice dispensed by a thug in a monkey suit is being replaced by complex legal processes. *Penthouse* looks at the development of bouncing from the knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out madness of the Sixties through to the present, tracing our efforts to come to grips with senseless violence, alcohol, police corruption and good ol' rock 'n' roll.

Sexual Pursuit — *Penthouse* moves Trivial Pursuit out of the lounge-room and into the bedroom where it belongs. This sex quiz, cleverly designed to be played on standard trivia apparatus, will sort the men from the boys.

The Fountain Of Youth — Recent research findings in the US suggest that the legendary "fountain of youth" is now within reach. Startling breakthroughs have been claimed in the age-old quest to defy the ageing process. Could it be that man's greatest fear will soon be overcome by science? *Penthouse* mounts a comprehensive investigation.

Local Hero — In the small Queensland town of Caboolture Ron Grant is the local hero. He's a 42-year-old bread vendor who also happens to be the toughest endurance runner in the world. *Penthouse* profiles the marathon man and poses the question, "Why?" The response provides a fascinating look inside a man obsessed.

Pet Of The Month — Katie Ryan's nickname is "Superwoman" and it's easy to see why. This 20-year-old Sydney blonde has toned her body to perfection with a rigorous exercise program and now reckons she's more than a match for any man. Katie goes through her poses in June *Penthouse*.

BIG KNOT

Continued from page 97

He nodded. I picked up the photograph and walked towards my car.

Five hours later, I was in the car and parked 50 metres from the Stevensons' house in Cammeray. Jeff Stevenson came out, got into a light blue Holden Statesman and drove away. I followed him. He drove fast but not very well and I had to cope with some ill-tempered drivers he left behind him. He ploughed through to Lane Cove West and took a turn off the Epping Highway down towards the river. The street was dark and quiet and the Statesman plunged down into a car park under a block of flats.

I parked in the street, got a torch from the glove box and went down into the bunker. Each resident had two parking bays — one for visitors. The Statesman was parked next to a new Honda Civic in Bay 36A. I prowled around the block of flats until I located the right entrance. The white stones crunched under my feet; my legs were brushed by ferns. The rents would be high. Flat 36A was occupied by Ann Stevens.

I went back to my car, drove to the nearest liquor store for a half bottle of whisky and took up a position opposite the flats with the radio on softly and the bottle on my lap. The Statesman roared up the ramp at a little past 2am. I watched it out of sight, took one more swig on the bottle and drove carefully home.

I kept up a surveillance of the Stevensons for four days. Jeff Stevenson went to work in the mornings; Jessie slept late, moved like an automaton and went to her analyst. She drank gin in the afternoon. On the second night they went out to a restaurant; both drank a lot and Jessie almost raped him while they danced. The next night Stevenson arrived at Lane Cove West at midnight and Portia came out wearing a wig and a light coat with the collar turned up.

They walked the streets, tightly locked together. She was tall and slim and her movements were graceful. She looked up at Jeff adoringly. I photographed them. I also went through the rubbish bin for 36A and found a letter signed "Jeff" and the foil from some contraceptive pills.

Terry writhed in the bed. "Oh God," she said.

I thought of Jessie Stevenson's tight, strained face as she drove her car; of the boozy, dazed look she wore at 4 o'clock as she stood aimlessly in her front garden. I'd watched her do that for an hour, wondering what she was doing until I saw the two girls in school uniform turn into the street. Then she went inside. I remembered the way she looked at her husband.

"I don't know," I said. "What would you do?"



Keep them in their place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail your

order now to avoid disappointment.

The price is \$10.50, but if you are a subscriber the cost will be just \$9.50.

That includes administration costs, packaging and postage.

There are no extras.

And if you are not totally satisfied with the binder, return it to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

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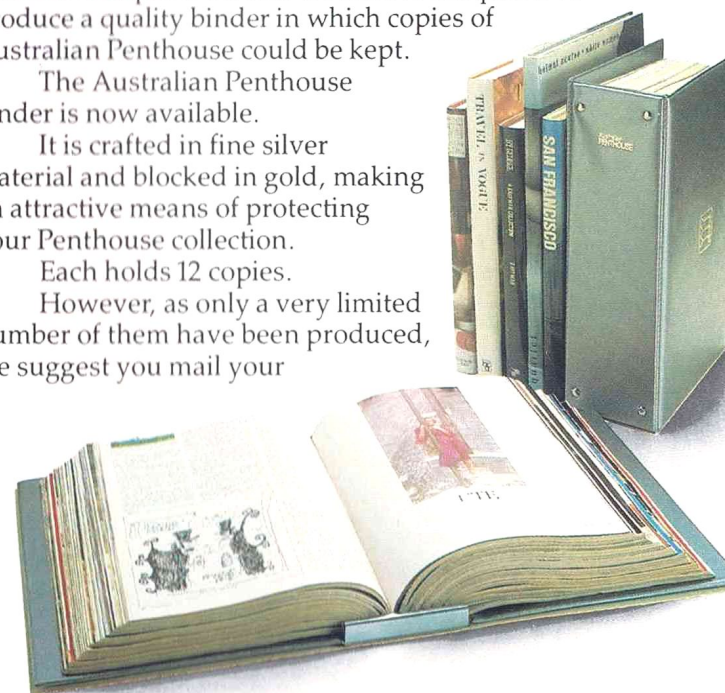
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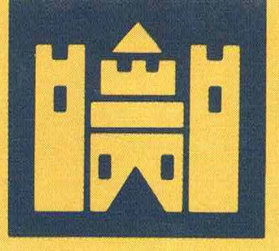
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